Lord of Mysteries
8
Fool
Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

Lord of Mysteries

8

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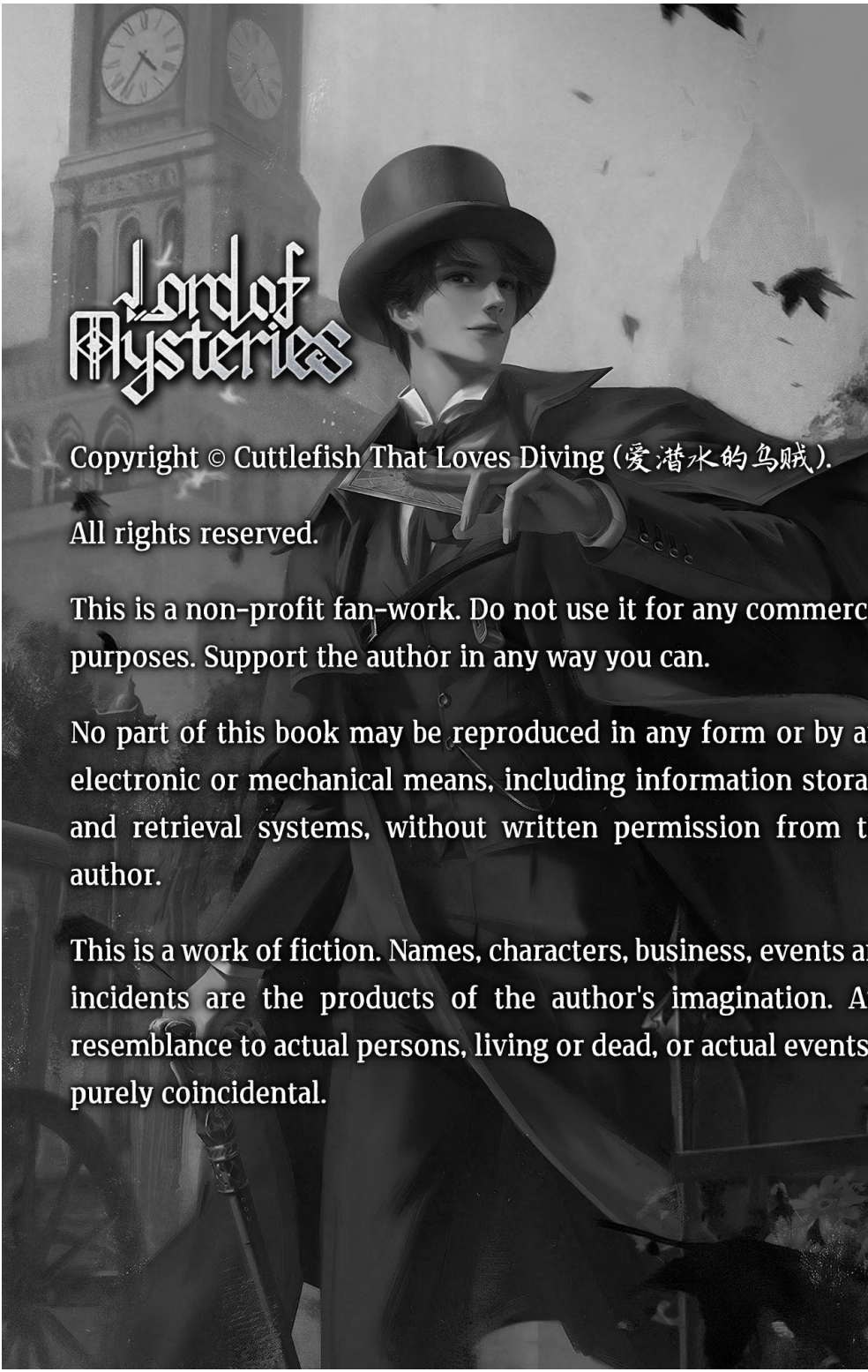

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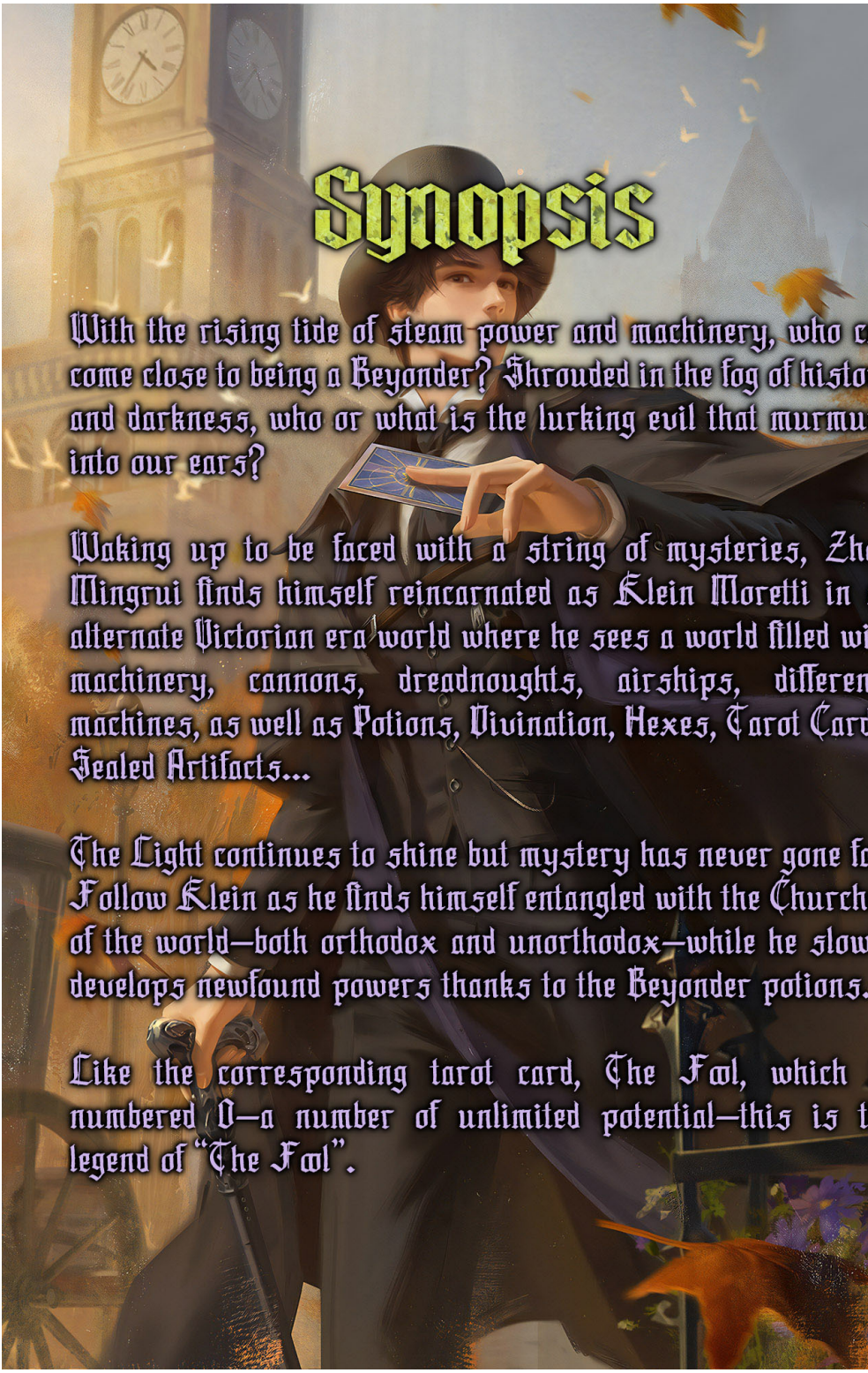

Synopsis

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who c
come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of histo
and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmu
into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zh
Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in
alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled wi
machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, differen
machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Card
Sealed Artifacts...

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone fa
Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Church
of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slow
develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which
numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is t
legend of "The Fool".

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BACK COVER

Chapter 1354: This Night

Late at night, the clanging sound of the door and windows opening woke Wendel up from his deep sleep. He warily rolled off the bed and surveyed his surroundings.

What happened? Utopia encountered a super heavy storm? It wasn't easy for the recently insomniac Wendel to fall asleep, but he had no choice but to get out of bed. His mind was still lethargic, and he looked rather lost.

He soon realized that there was no wind blowing in from the open window, nor did the rain enter. It was like he had opened it while sleepwalking to take in fresh air.

Wendel suddenly thought of the supernatural events that he had experienced and learned from the dossier. He was reminded of the fear of the unknown that once ruled his heart.

He didn't know what else would happen next, nor could he guess what he would encounter. He felt a chill run down his back as he shivered again.

At this moment, he heard the commotion outside the door. All sorts of voices entered his ears.

There were the loud sounds of running, the sounds of judgment, the declarations of orders to be changed, and unconcealed shouts.

"Something is wrong with the underground seal!"

“Be on high alert!”

Underground seal? What kind of item is sealed beneath the Irises Hotel? Wendel was surprised and confused. He couldn’t help but walk to the door and look around.

He then saw an MI9 colleague, who he barely knew, and Colonel Xio Derecha, who was on duty tonight.

Did MI9 find Utopia because of me? They’re here to handle the abnormality? Wendel instinctively frowned just as the thought flashed through his mind.

He discovered that the corridor outside was completely different from the Irises Hotel. Not only were there gas lamps on both sides, but there were also classical candle stands. The floor was very bright, and the ceiling was more than three meters high…

This… This isn’t the Irises Hotel… Wendel suddenly turned around and sized up the room he was in.

He quickly recognized that this was his sleeping quarters at MI9 headquarters. His luggage was placed quietly in a corner without any signs of movement.

Wendel clearly remembered that he had headed to Utopia through the washroom in his room. He wasn’t too confident in the process, so he didn’t bring his luggage and only held the subpoena from Utopia’s courts.

Tap! Tap! Tap! He quickly ran to the window and looked outside.

What greeted his eyes was the garden and lawn at MI9 headquarters.

I-I'm back in Backlund again? Or perhaps, I didn't return to Utopia at all. I was just too tired and ended up having a dream in my sleep? Wendel dazedly walked back to his bed and sat down.

After about ten seconds, he suddenly jumped up and picked up his coat from the ground.

Then, he saw the Utopian subpoena in the inner pocket of the coat when it should be inside a drawer.

Wendel fell silent, as though he had become a statue.

...

Travel columnist, Monica, also woke up from the banging of the doors and windows.

She sat up straight, pulled the blanket up, and placed it in front of her chest.

The sleepy-eyed Monica's first reaction was that a robber had barged into the hotel. She was about to scream and call for the police.

But in the next ten to twenty seconds, Monica didn't hear any footsteps entering her room. However, there were more and more people gathered along the corridor.

“What happened?”

“It doesn’t seem like a hurricane…”

“Was it a prank?”

“Damn clown, if I knew who it was, I would definitely kick his ass hard!”

…

The voices of discussion were mixed with all kinds of curses.

Monica didn’t think much of it when she heard it. Instead, she thought of using the crowd’s discussion to consider the reason underlying the paranormal activity and write it in her traveling column.

But as she listened, she gradually realized something was amiss.

How could Irises Hotel have so many guests?

She remembered clearly that on this floor, there were at most five rooms with guests. This included her room.

At that moment, Monica thought of the ghost stories she had heard. She immediately felt as if there were wraiths and shadows outside.

She had originally stretched her feet towards the bedside, preparing to leave the room to participate in the discussion and grasp more details for her writing material. But now, she retracted her feet and curled into a ball, trembling.

A few seconds later, she heard a man say, “I asked the hotel owner, and he said that he had no idea what happened. Perhaps there was a short storm just now.

“Return to your room and get some rest. Remember to lock the windows. Yawn. I have to get up early tomorrow to go to the Royal Museum.”

Royal Museum... Monica was stunned.

As a travel columnist, as a traveler who had been in Utopia for a long time, she naturally knew that there was no Royal Museum.

In the Loen Kingdom, a museum with such a royal name would definitely be in Backlund.

To take a steam locomotive from Utopia to Backlund required many hours. Even if he woke up early, he wouldn’t be able to arrive before the Royal Museum closed.

Monica was puzzled. She slowly lifted the blanket. She heard the sound of the door and windows closing continuously.

She got off the bed carefully and walked towards the door.

During this process, she gradually saw the room through the moonlight.

Hiss… Monica almost screamed.

This wasn't the guest room she had slept in previously!

Regardless of the layout or arrangement, they were completely different!

The ghost stories that she had thought of earlier surged into her mind again, causing her legs to give way, and she almost couldn't support herself.

Just as Monica's teeth were chattering, she saw a hotel name card on the table. It was prepared for guests. If she brought it out, she would be able to get someone to guide her back when she was lost—even if she didn't know the language.

Monica subconsciously approached it and used the moonlight to identify the words on the name card.

Carlpensa Hotel, Backlund West Borough, 19 Mourning Street.

Backlund West Borough… Backlund… Monica's eyes widened as she felt like space and time had gone topsy-turvy.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough, in a house with a fireplace.

Fors heard the door and windows open, but she didn't immediately wake up. This was because she had fallen into a strange nightmare and couldn't break free.

She dreamed that her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, had been influenced by the family's Sealed Artifact, dying in front of her with blood dripping. She dreamed that she had lost control and mutated, turning into a series of starlight insects that warped into the shape of doors. She couldn't help but fly towards a Door of Flesh and Blood. She dreamed that the apocalypse had dawned, and the surging blood-colored tide had drowned the entire world, preventing Xio, Gehrman Sparrow, and company from escaping...

Finally, Fors escaped the dream and sat up, panting heavily.

As a demigod, one who was once an Astrologer, she knew what such a dream meant. She hurriedly suppressed her emotions and looked up ahead.

The glass on the oriel window in the bedroom all bore open at some point in time.

Something must've happened... Furthermore, it has a certain relationship with the apocalypse, the Abraham family, and the Apprentice pathway... Fors silently muttered to herself before standing up and wearing a cloak, preparing to "Teleport" to her teacher to confirm his safety.

Such a change made her feel a sense of urgency towards advancing to Sequence 3 or even Sequence 2.

After learning about the apocalypse from Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow, Fors had actually been working hard, but the Secrets Sorcerer potion wasn't something that she could digest in a short period of time. Furthermore, without making any contributions, she couldn't bring herself to ask her teacher for the Wanderer's formula and ingredients.

Of course, if she was willing, she could've obtained it from Mr. Door. However, how could she have been bewitched after receiving all kinds of reminders?

Phasing away, Fors vanished from the room.

A few seconds later, she appeared at Dorian Gray Abraham's residence and saw her teacher sitting there, pressing down on his heart as though he had been frightened.

"...Do you need medicine?" Fors asked carefully.

She had purchased medicine from Mr. Moon to treat ailments of age.

Dorian took a deep breath and shook his head.

"There's no need."

Fors immediately relaxed.

"Teacher, I dreamed that you were affected by the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact. Uh, the windows and doors around me had undergone unnecessary changes, so I came over to take a look."

Dorian looked up at the window open and said with a serious expression,

"Your dream wasn't wrong. I nearly died just now, but at the most critical moment, the seal came into effect..."

Having said that, he suddenly stood up and said to Fors, “Quick! Bring me somewhere else. I’m worried that something might happen to the other family members!”

Without any hesitation, Fors immediately grabbed her teacher’s arm and asked for the exact location.

Their figures rapidly faded away and disappeared.

After traveling through the spirit world that was covered in gray fog for several seconds, Fors and Dorian suddenly left their present environment and landed in a place that looked like a study.

There were quite a few people standing there. They were members of the Abraham family who wielded different Sealed Artifacts and could “Travel.”

“Vilos? Why are all of you here?” Dorian blurted out.

Vilos and the others shook their heads at the same time, both confused and terrified.

In the next second, countless dazzling stars appeared out of the void.

The starlight quickly gathered together, turning into objects that fell to the ground one after another.

There was a miniature door of starlight, a crystal ball formed from insects. There was a translucent, strange-looking key, a resplendent torch that burned slightly...

For some reason, names after names appeared in Dorian and company's minds:

Sequence 3 Wanderer Beyonder characteristic... Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer Beyonder characteristic... Sequence 1 Key of Stars Beyonder characteristic, Sequence 2 Planeswalker Beyonder characteristic...

Furthermore, there wasn't just one of each Beyonder characteristic. There were even two Sequence 1 Key of Stars Beyonder characteristics! In addition, there were three Planeswalker Beyonder characteristics, and even more of the rest.

The key members of the Abraham family and Fors slowly turned agape, unable to close them for a long time.

By the time all the Beyonder characteristics dropped to the ground, nothing abnormal happened again. There was silence.

Chapter 1355: Wrapping Up The Matter

The nearly frozen silence lasted for nearly ten seconds before the Abraham family members uniformly cast their gaze at Fors.

After sensing the mixed emotions of wariness, guardedness, and fear, Fors took the initiative to take a few steps to the side and warned, “Be careful of the negative effects.”

Even if the Beyonder characteristics hadn’t fused with the surroundings and formed Sealed Artifacts, they contained certain negative effects. However, most of the time, it would only have effects from direct contact. Of course, the Beyonder characteristics here were all High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics. No one could be certain if they would actively expand their area of influence.

Seeing that Fors didn’t show any obvious greed, Dorian nodded and said, “When you finish digesting the Secrets Sorcerer potion, you can consider advancing to Sequence 3 Wanderer. I’ll give you the potion formula and prepare the corresponding ingredients for you. Of course, at this level, the higher the Sequence, the greater the danger you face. This is an objective situation. It doesn’t change because of your personal will and arrangements. When the time comes, you can decide whether you wish to advance or not.”

He said these words because he cared for his student, and on the other hand, he wanted to assure her that whatever the Abraham family possessed was equivalent to her possessing it. No one would treat her as an outsider and deliberately make things difficult for her on the matter of raising her Sequence.

This could effectively eliminate the heat brought by greed.

And after obtaining so many High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics, Vilos and the other members of the Abraham family weren't unwilling to part with a Wanderer Beyonder characteristic. They even believed that using it to exchange for "peace" was absolutely worth it. After all, there was only one demigod here—Fors.

Without the time to bring out their Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, and because of the ineffectiveness of the seals, the Abraham family members didn't dare take out most of the Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts. Under such a situation, Fors had the ability to finish all of them off.

Faced with her teacher's promise, Fors tersely acknowledged.

"Was the 'door' to the concealed space opened?

She thought that the High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics in front of her were all from the Abraham family's treasure vault and had been thrown into the real world due to the recent abnormality. However, she did feel that there were too many of them.

"No." Dorian slowly shook his head, looking confused.

The other Abraham family members remained silent, equally confused.

No one would believe that treasure would fall from the skies unless it happened before their eyes!

"Should we pray to Mr. Fool?" Fors tried giving a suggestion.

Dorian, who had a vague guess, immediately looked at the other Abrahams. He saw the ones who had changed faiths to Mr. Fool nod in agreement. Those who hadn't changed faiths were clearly hesitant and eager to object.

After some consideration, Dorian composed himself and said, "Gather the ones with negative area-of-effect traits while using the correct method. Prevent them from combining with the surroundings.

"I'll pray to Mr. Fool at the side."

"Alright." The few members of the Abraham family hesitated for two seconds before agreeing.

Following that, they seized the opportunity to identify the characteristics and attempt to gather them.

After some of the members had obtained a certain amount, Dorian finally retreated to Fors's side and bowed his head to pray to Mr. Fool.

Soon, a grayish-white fog and an ancient palace deep in the fog appeared in front of him. A high and solemn voice resounded in his ears:

"These are the relics of Mr. Door.

"Your bloodline curse has been completely removed."

Relics of Mr. Door... Relics... Dorian ruminated over the word and opened his eyes, casting his gaze at the High-Sequence Beyonder

characteristics.

He looked on silently, his vision gradually blurring.

...

East Chester County, the Hall family manor.

Alfred and the others, who had just figured out the source of the explosion and the “enemy attack” shout, saw the doors and windows opening at the same time as they crashed into the walls.

During this process, several pieces of glass shattered.

There is indeed something abnormal... Alfred raised his hand with a solemn expression. He said to his adjutant, squire, personal guards, and bodyguards, “Retreat back to the main house to prevent any accidents that might happen next.

“At the same time, send a telegram to the archbishop of East Chester diocese, and request for assistance.”

He felt that the most important thing right now was not to investigate the anomaly, but to protect his father, mother, and sister.

He had plenty of time to do the former after daybreak. But if anything happened to the latter, it would be impossible to make up for it.

After returning to the manor's main house and arranging for strict patrols, Alfred walked into the living room and said to Earl Hall, "There was indeed something abnormal, but the guard couldn't describe what he saw. He only felt extreme fear at that moment."

Earl Hall nodded calmly and said, "We'll do further investigations after daybreak.

"Sit down and get some rest."

Beside him, Audrey was holding her mother's arm as she quietly listened to her father and two brothers talking.

Of course, this was only an image. She had been continuously releasing Virtual Personas in an attempt to find the reason for the sudden opening of doors and windows from the memories of eyewitnesses.

After a few minutes, she ended the investigation, somewhat disappointed. For the time being, she temporarily attributed it to the influence left behind by the mind dragon, Ariehogg, and Mr. Wrath.

At that moment, she realized that the golden retriever, Susie, had a strange look in her eyes. She quickly sent out a Virtual Persona and entered the mind island of the other party's soul to have a private conversation.

"What did you discover?" Audrey asked directly.

On Susie's mind island, a voice resounded:

“I smell a thick scent of blood. At the edge of the manor, It happened sometime before the doors and windows opened. Yes, it happened about ten seconds after the explosion.”

After hearing that, Audrey pursed her lips and fell silent for a few seconds.

“Go take a look.”

Susie immediately stood up and tiptoed out of the living room. She left the manor’s main house from a side door on the first floor.

During this process, there would be people looking at her from time to time, but they didn’t mind her and didn’t attempt to stop her. After all, she was just a dog, a dog who had mastered Psychological Invisibility.

After walking the path to the furthest building from the manor’s main house, Susie twitched her nose and chose an open window before jumping in.

Then, she saw a bloody corpse on the bed. Its skin had shed.

And what she saw was equivalent to Audrey seeing it through the Virtual Persona that she planted in her mind island.

In the living room inside the main house of the manor, Audrey, who was holding her mother’s arm, lowered her head.

Then she lifted her head, and her eyes swept slowly and deeply across her family’s faces—Earl Hall, Lady Catelyn, Hibbert, and

Alfred.

She maintained her silence, becoming increasingly silent.

...

Bayam, inside the Cathedral of Waves.

Alger, who was wearing a robe embroidered with the Storm symbol, walked out from the underground area one step at a time. He nodded at the Mandated Punishers and priests who were waiting by the sides.

“The seals were restored to normal in time.

“You can return the items under your watch.”

“Yes, Your Eminence.” The Mandated Punishers, priests, and bishops heaved a sigh of relief as they struck their left chest with their right fists.

Alger didn’t say anything else as he responded with the same salute.

After returning to his room, he slowly looked around. He took a deep breath and found a seat to sit down.

The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era... Alger silently prayed to Mr. Fool, expressing his thoughts of preparing to leave the Church of Storms.

The explanation that the seal was restored to normal in time could only convince relatively low-level members of the Church. It was impossible to hide from any cardinal or high-ranking deacon, much less the pontiff and the Lord of Storms.

And if he didn't get Mr. Fool's approval and protection, Alger didn't dare leave the Church of Storms so casually. He would definitely suffer the wrath of a god.

A few seconds later, he saw the familiar boundless gray fog and heard Mr. Fool's reply:

"Okay.

"Go to the Church of the Sea God."

Phew... Alger relaxed, stood up, and took off his Storm robe.

After changing into a linen shirt, brown jacket, and pantaloons, Alger looked at the cardinal robe on the table and fell silent for a while.

Then, he reached out and folded the robe neatly.

After carefully examining it for a few seconds, Alger retracted his gaze and flew out of the cathedral through the open board window by controlling a strong wind.

He first flew to the bell tower and landed on the top. He looked down at the surrounding streets and down at Bayam.

During this process, Alger stepped on the edge of the roof and slowly circled it.

Finally, he closed his eyes.

A hurricane suddenly stirred as it swept Alger towards the Church of the Sea God.

...

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein silently sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool.

His figure would occasionally turn incorporeal, as though he was wearing a mysterious and classical black robe. During such instances, he wore a hood that made his face indiscernible. At other times, he would return to normal. However, he was enveloped in a faint gray fog.

The frequency of this change gradually slowed down.

And every time Klein transformed into the black-robed, hooded figure, slippery tentacles with strange patterns growing would extend out from under his clothes.

These nearly transparent tentacles flailed about, striking everywhere as if taking the palace for itself.

After a while, Klein's figure finally stabilized.

Out of habit, he raised his right hand and rubbed his temples as he muttered to himself, *The awakening of the Celestial Worthy's will is faster and more intense than I expected... If I hadn't devoured Zaratul's Beyonder characteristic and used the remnant mental imprint to balance it and stalled for time, I wouldn't have been able to adjust my state and stop "Him" from awakening...*

However, this made Klein's mental state rather unstable.

And he didn't lose control because his Miracle Invoker potion had already been completely digested, and the new Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic he consumed was mostly digested shortly after consumption. The identity of The World was a Blessed of the owner of Sefirah Castle, making it directly equivalent to the Attendant of Mysteries. Therefore, Klein had already acted the role of Attendant of Mysteries for a very long time, and it had been quite successful.

As for the second Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic, he still needed some time to digest it.

Chapter 1356: Urgency

After stabilizing his anchors, the will of the Celestial Worthy, and the weak balance of his consciousness, Klein leaned back in his chair and observed the various powers brought about by the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic.

Among them, there were three most important ones. They were all grasped by Klein using Sefirah Castle and the “curtain,” ahead of time, but he just didn’t know the exact names.

The first was “Regenerate”: If the materials that made up an item once had a Spirit Body, then the Attendant of Mysteries could use the powers of “Regenerate” to summon the corresponding Spirit Body Threads, making the item become his marionette. Then, he could establish a deep connection with the item and also naturally transform it into a marionette.

To put it simply, an Attendant of Mysteries couldn’t allow something that didn’t have Spirit Body Threads to produce Spirit Body Threads, but he could allow some items to regenerate their Spirit Body Threads that had long disappeared. The former represented metallic items, gold coins, gold pounds, and so on. The latter mainly consisted of beef, fish, and other food. Once humans ate food that were marionettes, they would also transform into marionettes, as though they had encountered intense corruption.

The second was “Reassembly,” which was also known as “Tampering”: It could reassemble many physical objects or abstract concepts into something different, resulting in an unbelievable effect. It was like changing the definition, logic, orientation, or rules.

The third was the “Realm of Mysteries”: This was an ability used to create an embryonic form of a divine kingdom. It could bring about a certain concealment effect.

“Reassembly” represents the authority of “change,” while the “Realm of Mysteries” represents “concealment.” The two essential elements of The Fool’s symbol are in place… However, “Reassembly” and “Tampering” doesn’t sound nice, and the meaning isn’t clear enough. “Grafting” is still better. It’s obvious at a glance… Klein mumbled inwardly before casting his gaze around.

Now, he had deepened his control of Sefirah Castle, he could directly borrow the powers nearing Sequence 0 of the Seer pathway. He could also use most of the Beyonder powers below Sequence 0 of the Marauder and Apprentice pathways. It was quite similar to Dark Angel Sasrir from back then.

Of course, Dark Angel Sasrir could only use the first Blasphemy Slate to indirectly use the powers of the Chaos Sea. As for Klein, he was the owner of Sefirah Castle, one that hadn’t fully gained control of the sefirah. Therefore, his level was higher than Dark Angel Sasrir’s.

As for strength, in theory, he was stronger, but his strength was affected by too many factors. Having only become a Beyonder after a few years, Klein couldn’t guarantee that he would definitely be able to defeat Heaven’s deputy and the left hand of God.

In short, he was now considered a king of the King of Angels, and he was very close to the level of a true god.

After gaining a deeper grasp of Sefirah Castle, the difference between me in here and in the outside world is almost gone. It wouldn’t result in me being a King of Angels outside but having

the power of a true god in Sefirah Castle... The greatest advantage here is it provides me a defensive barrier that even a true god can't break. Yes, whether the Outer Deities can do it remains to be seen... Klein slowly exhaled as he focused his attention on the current situation.

There were two things he was most worried about at present:

The first was the Primordial Moon, which was also the Mother Goddess of Depravity. Although "She" failed to fully descend into the real world with Mr. Door's return, a little portion of "Her" strength had invaded. Furthermore, "She" maintained it for a few seconds under the attacks of the five orthodox deities of Evernight, Steam, and company. Whether this would affect the surroundings, the corresponding pathways, and exert certain effects on some matters remained to be seen.

Second, Angel of Time Amon has already stolen Mr. Door's ritual and became Sequence 0 of the Marauder pathway. "He" would be Klein's most direct and most powerful enemy.

I wonder if Amon has taken the opportunity to accommodate Mr. Door's Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Key of Stars. If "He" has completed this step, "He" will be the most powerful true god in the real world. Hmm, I wonder how "He" compares to the Evernight Goddess. No one knows how much of the Death and God of Combat Uniquenesses the Goddess has accommodated.

Typically speaking, Amon shouldn't have the time to accommodate the Apprentice pathway's Uniqueness. Although Mr. Door's return is equivalent to the ritual itself, the most important matter at that moment was to replace Mr. Door, allowing the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway to gather together, resulting in a qualitative change. There's no time to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway. Also, this operation has a high chance of awakening the Celestial Worthy. Amon wouldn't

take such a risk...

In other words, Amon's subsequent focus is to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway and become a true god of two pathways. Otherwise, under the watch of the other true deities, it will be very difficult for "Him" to finish off a King of Angels like me.

Furthermore, even if "He" does take the risk and succeeds, "Him" having accommodated the Apprentice pathway's Uniqueness means that "He" has to slowly adapt and stabilize "His" condition, making it impossible to deal with me in a short period of time.

I have to make use of the time to become The Fool. Only by doing so can I use Sefirah Castle and my own level to resist Amon.

I don't have much time left... Klein silently gave a self-deprecating comment. He leaned forward and gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table.

He was analyzing the possibility of him becoming The Fool in a short period of time.

The digestion of the Attendant of Mysteries potion was relatively simple. By the time Klein used his anchor and consciousness to suppress the awakening of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and not lose control or become someone else, he could use Sefirah Castle to create an avatar like Amon. Then, he could use the power of Sefirah Castle to steal the undigested Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic he got from Zaratul.

At this point, Klein would immediately turn the avatar into a marionette to prevent any unexpected developments.

This way, Klein would drop to the level of an Attendant of Mysteries who had fully digested the potion, and he would have an Attendant of Mysteries marionette—this was one of the main ingredients of the potion.

And the Attendant of Mysteries who had digested the potion was qualified to consume The Fool's potion and become a Sequence 0 true god.

These series of operations weren't too complicated, but it was prone to mistakes. Furthermore, an ordinary dual Sequence 1 King of Angels from the Seer pathway couldn't do it unless "They" have a Sequence 2 Trojan Horse of Destiny friend of the Marauder pathway who's willing to sacrifice "Himself" to provide help. Of course, a Sequence 1 Worm of Time friend could do it.

Therefore, to Klein, the most troublesome thing was the other two matters: First, how to deal with The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family, and secondly, how to complete the ritual of "fooling time, history, or fate."

With my current level and strength, it isn't impossible to deal with the Antigonus family's ancestor. Of course, the prerequisite is that I should first familiarize myself with the corresponding Beyonder powers and changes in Sefirah Castle... Sigh, I don't have any idea on how to approach The Fool's ritual at all. Klein raised his hand and pinched his forehead, casting his gaze at the grayish-white fog beneath Sefirah Castle.

Among time, history, and fate, he was undoubtedly more familiar with history.

Now, he could use Sefirah Castle to directly influence the fog of history, allowing the corresponding powers of the Seer pathway to become stronger or weaker.

This was the embodiment of authority.

Fooling history... Fooling history... Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table again as various thoughts flashed through his mind, but he repeatedly wrote them off.

In his opinion, all the possible solutions didn't satisfy the requirements of "fooling history." This was because history objectively recorded what had happened. Whatever happened was definitely reasonable. And the solutions that could satisfy the requirements, such as returning to the past, consuming the potion, and becoming The Fool that came from history, wasn't able to achieve it. At the very least, Klein had never seen the ability to reverse time.

As his gaze moved deep into the fog of history, Klein suddenly had a feasible idea.

The present reality of history was this: The Tarot Club members believed that they were following The Fool that didn't belong to this era—an awakened ancient god or an existence that surpassed an ancient god. In fact, Mr. Fool was originally just an ordinary person hanging above the gray fog. He used all sorts of resources to package himself and improve himself.

Klein's thoughts were inspired by Amon.

He could use Sefirah Castle to create an avatar, and let the avatar use Sefirah Castle to steal the fate, consciousness, anchors, and Zaratul's Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic.

Therefore, the main body's Beyonder characteristic was formed purely from the one inside the "curtain," in which the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings was slowly awakening

in.

This way, the understanding of the Tarot Club members was correct. Mr. Fool was a great existence that was awakening.

This went against the true history, but it was a fact grounded in reality. It could fulfill the requirements of the ritual.

Of course, the premise was that the act of stealing an avatar needed to happen in Sefirah Castle or other concealed areas. Otherwise, it would also be recorded in history, preventing it from achieving the effects of "fooling."

As for how he was to deal with the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings when "He" awakened, and how his avatar was to kill his true form and make "Him" a potion, Klein was temporarily out of a solution.

The result of this attempt is equivalent to suicide. Heh, before being killed by the Celestial Worthy, my avatar's Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic would've been digested by then. After all, I successfully revived the Lord of the Mysteries... Klein shook his head and threw the incomplete plan to the back of his mind.

Under the circumstances where he couldn't think of a solution, he decided to seek advice from the existences that might know what to do.

He had two targets: One was Snake of Fate Will Auceptin, and the other was the Evernight Goddess.

The former might have some thoughts about "fooling fate," while

the latter probably knew what kind of ritual the ancestor of the Antigonus family used to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness.

After stabilizing his mental state, Klein left Sefirah Castle and directly "Teleported" to Backlund.

Chapter 1357: Meeting

Deep in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, on the peak of a mountain stood a gigantic cross that bordered the realm of reality and illusion.

There was a blurry figure hanging there. Ancient wooden stakes dyed with fresh blood that didn't drip down passed through "His" body, nailing "Him" to the cross.

At the bottom of the cross was the Angel of Fate Ouroboros, who was wearing a simple linen robe and had silver hair that reached "His" waist. "He" sat there cross-legged with a gentle and pious expression as "He" closed "His" eyes and prayed.

Adam, whose face was half-covered by a pale blond beard, walked over and stopped in front of the huge cross. "He" raised "His" head and silently looked at the hanging figure.

"He" held Arrodes in one hand and held the second Blasphemy Slate in the other. "His" eyes were limpid and his expression was calm.

After an unknown period of time, the image of The Hanged Man on the huge cross suddenly faded away, connecting to the sky and to the land below with a shadow curtain. Behind the curtain, there seemed to be a pair of cold eyes watching over the world.

In the next second, a rift appeared in the shadow curtain. It was dark inside, faintly reverberating with an illusory tidal wave.

Adam raised “His” left hand and let the ancient and mysterious magic mirror emit a faint glow.

In the light, a sticky but illusory black liquid surged out. A boundless sea that seemed to contain all colors appeared. It looked like it was at arm’s length but couldn’t affect reality.

Following that, Adam placed the second Blasphemy Slate into the illusory scene.

The illusory sea scene in the distance ebbed gently as it circled the second Blasphemy Slate, forming a certain connection with it.

The second Blasphemy Slate was a manifestation of the corpse of the ancient sun god—one which was extremely close to being a Great Old One, and almost equivalent to the owner of the Chaos Sea.

Upon seeing this scene, Adam’s left hand moved slightly, allowing Arrodes to fly up and fall towards the Angel of Fate Ouroboros under the huge cross.

The second Blasphemy Slate that “He” held underwent some subtle changes, and through the rift on the curtain, “He” walked inside.

The shadow curtain closed and quickly faded away, leaving behind a huge empty cross.

No one said a word throughout the entire process. Everything was carried out silently. Angel of Fate Ouroboros didn’t even attempt to open “His” eyes.

At the same time, Amon became a god and used the first Blasphemy Slate to block the tunnel that the Mother Goddess of Depravity was trying to enter through. The Lord of Storms finally smote apart the corpse cathedral that Adam had envisioned out of nothing, and one of Adam's identities.

After a while, Tail Devourer Ouroboros opened "His" eyes and cast "His" gaze at Arrodes, which had landed on "His" lap.

On the surface of the mirror, silver words appeared in the swirling illusory water:

"You should know the feeling of piously believing and following a great existence, right?"

Ouroboros nodded indifferently.

"So, can you send me back to my Lord?" On the surface of the mirror, silver words squirmed and formed a new sentence. "Once you answer, you can ask me two questions."

Ouroboros silently looked at the ancient mirror in silence for a long time.

Finally, Arrodes couldn't help but produce a new question:

"Why aren't you answering?"

Ouroboros looked at "Himself" in the mirror and replied calmly, "I haven't thought through it yet."

“Three questions…” On the surface of the magic mirror, the silver light slowly outlined two words.

…

In Backlund, on a lawn that belonged to a bungalow.

Will Auceptin, who was already over two years old, was happily chasing a fat golden cat with glistening fur. Beside “Him” was a nanny and a maid.

Ever since this Snake of Fate was born, Aaron Ceres’s career had improved by the day. Now, he owned a private hospital that provided medical services to high society.

As “He” ran, Will Auceptin stepped on a spot that was slippery. With a slip, “His” body involuntarily leaned back.

“He” took a few steps back and stepped on another rock.

This provided an impetus to stop Will Auceptin’s fall, miraculously allowing him to maintain “His” balance.

In regards to this encounter, alarms started ringing in this chubby toddler’s head. This was because with “His” luck, it was impossible for “Him” to step on a spot that could make people slip.

A familiar figure quickly appeared in “His” eyes.

It was Sherlock Moriarty wearing a half top hat and a black

double-breasted coat.

Will Auceptin turned “His” head abruptly and looked at “His” nanny and maid. “He” discovered that they hadn’t noticed the appearance of the stranger on the lawn.

“I have a nagging feeling you would say: ‘Go ahead and scream. No one will hear you,’” the two-year-old toddler mumbled as he turned around.

Without waiting for Klein’s reply, “He” spread “His” hands and said, “In short, I must congratulate you on becoming a King of Angels.

“Bullying children doesn’t suit your current status.”

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

“Do you know how to fool fate?”

Will Auceptin raised “His” head and looked warily at Klein.

“Giving me fake ice cream isn’t equivalent to fooling fate.”

With that said, “He” grumbled, “Why don’t you squat down? At my age, it’ll be bad for my neck’s development if I have to keep raising my head like this.”

Klein didn’t have the air of a newly advanced King of Angels. He squatted down with a smile, allowing Will Auceptin to look him straight in the eye.

Will Auceptin held “His” nanny’s hand and said, “Unless I’ve advanced to Sequence 0 and become a Wheel of Fortune, fooling me in any form doesn’t count as fooling fate.”

Klein thought and asked, “You haven’t found the opportunity to accommodate the Die of Probability?”

“No.” Will Auceptin shook “His” head before adding, “I have a premonition that it’s coming soon.”

Klein carefully looked at the chubby two-year-old toddler for a few seconds before suddenly smiling.

“If I were to give you and the Die of Probability to Ouroboros, would ‘He’ quickly advance to Sequence 0?”

Will Auceptin glared at Klein and said, “He will also need to wait for an opportunity to accommodate it. Furthermore, the opportunity to become a Wheel of Fortune, and the requirement to accommodate the Die of Probability isn’t the same.”

As “He” spoke, Will Auceptin curled “His” lips.

“If you wish to accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness, the corresponding ritual can be simplified. It won’t be that difficult.

“In such a situation, by ingeniously using the abilities of a Trojan Horse of Destiny and making a sacrifice to a certain degree, there’s a chance of fooling fate.

“However, when you attempt to advance to Sequence 0, even if you accommodate the Uniqueness and absorb three Sequence 1

Beyonder characteristics on separate occasions, you will still have to hold a ritual, allowing the corresponding items to fuse and undergo a qualitative change."

Is that so... In other words, choosing to first accommodate the Uniqueness is just a trick, but in the end, I have to truly fool time, history, or fate... Klein nodded slightly and said, "I roughly understand."

He smiled and added, "Enjoy your childhood. I wonder how long it will last."

With that said, Klein's figure turned transparent and vanished from the lawn.

Will Auceptin's other empty hand instinctively grabbed forward before retracting it weakly.

"He left just like that... He's so rude. He actually didn't prepare a present when he visited..." the child couldn't help but mutter.

...

North Borough in Backlund. Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Klein, who had transformed into Dwayne Dantès, walked into the prayer hall and found a corner to sit down.

He looked at the Evernight Sacred Emblem on the altar, lowered his head, clasped his hands, and began to pray.

“The Evernight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity. You are also the Mother of Concealment, the Empress of Misfortune and Horror…”

As he prayed, Klein’s body and mind gradually settled down as though he had entered a half-awake state.

After an unknown period of time, a boundless darkness appeared in front of him. Beside his feet was a clump of night vanilla and slumber flowers.

This place was so quiet that even breathing seemed to disturb those in slumber around him.

Before Klein could survey his surroundings, a figure suddenly descended from the depths of the darkness.

There was clearly no sky or land here, but the figure seemed to come from the crimson moon or the stars in the sky.

“She” was wearing a long, layered black dress that didn’t seem complicated at all. It was adorned with countless resplendent lights, as though the starry night sky had been draped upon it.

“Her” head was indistinct and difficult to discern. He could only confirm that it was a female.

“Long time no see,” the figure said gently before Klein spoke.

“Her” voice was like a lullaby.

Klein bowed in a gentlemanly manner and said, “Is this directed at the former Lord of the Mysteries, or me who was previously hung above Sefirah Castle?”

Klein was very certain that this was a dream, but a dream didn’t mean that it was fake.

The Evernight Goddess’s projection said with a smile, “I’m not sure where you were hanging above that door of light. After I left, I never went back again.”

Indeed… Klein sighed inwardly. From the details, he confirmed the origins of the Evernight Goddess Amanises.

“The three cocoons of light that tore open were side by side,” he replied simply.

The Evernight Goddess’s projection was silently floating in the darkness, giving off a surreal feeling.

“She” said softly, “The people there were all candidates meant for the Lord of the Mysteries’s revival, but due to some unknown incident, “He” lost control of many things.

“If it wasn’t for that, I would’ve died long ago, and lived with the identity of the Lord of the Mysteries. Then, you and Roselle wouldn’t have had the chance to return to reality.”

This means that the death of the Celestial Worthy is more thorough. “He” can only rely on the will left inside the Beyonder characteristic and the mechanical arrangements of Sefirah Castle to revive? Klein sighed and smiled.

“I can already hear ‘Him’ whispering into my ears.”

Chapter 1358: Conversation

The Evernight Goddess's projection calmly said, "For 'Him' or 'Them,' we are unable to defeat or stop 'Them.' All we can do is resist and suppress 'Them.'"

Perhaps, at certain times, a tiny oversight or relaxing even the slightest will turn us into "Him"... On the path of being a Beyonder, danger is always accompanying us. No one knows when one will fall into the abyss... Klein silently added a few words for the Evernight Goddess.

He thought for a moment and asked, "Did you cause some sort of disturbance when I was born?"

Seemingly fused with the surroundings, the Evernight Goddess nodded slightly.

"I used the Uniqueness in Antigonus to indirectly affect Sefirah Castle to 'Tamper' the Beyonder characteristic that accompanied your birth to the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

Indeed... Klein sighed and frowned.

"The Uniqueness of Antigonus can indirectly influence Sefirah Castle?"

The Evernight Goddess's projection replied gently like a lullaby, "'He' has already lost control.

"This also means that 'His' self-awareness is no longer able to

suppress the Lord of the Mysteries's will in 'Him.' The two psyches are stitched together, revealing the most primitive, most instinctual, and also most bloody and crazy side.

"And the Lord of the Mysteries is the former owner of Sefirah Castle. The present Antigonus can indirectly influence Sefirah Castle by using this identity very naturally."

It's no wonder the Evernight Goddess has a greater understanding of the strange door of light than Emperor Roselle. On the one hand, "She" was born from Sefirah Castle, and on the other hand, "She" had imprisoned the crazy Antigonus... Klein was enlightened as he continued asking, "Why didn't you have any Beyonder characteristics accompanying you and Roselle when both of you were born?"

In that case, be it the Evernight Goddess or Emperor Roselle, they definitely would've chosen one of the Seer, Apprentice, or Marauder pathways.

The Evernight Goddess's projection said indifferently, "This is also why I said that something unknown had happened to the Lord of the Mysteries, causing many of the prior arrangements to be out of control.

After two consecutive failures, Sefirah Castle experienced a certain change.

"This is also a good thing for you. As the apocalypse arrives, the remnant will of the Lord of the Mysteries has dissipated. In the end, all that's left is a mental imprint that's attempting to awaken.

"If you were born in the Fourth Epoch, you would've become 'Him' the moment you became an Attendant of Mysteries."

This was because Klein had used the “curtain” left behind by the Celestial Worthy during his advancement. As for the Beyonder characteristics in the bodies of Antigonus and Zaratul, they had undergone generations of Beyonders and Beyonder creatures, diluting and wearing off the will.

Klein had a nagging feeling that the Evernight Goddess had some guesses about what had happened to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. However, since “She” deliberately didn’t mention it, it wasn’t appropriate for him to probe further. All he could do was say, “How did Antigonus manage to accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness?”

The Evernight Goddess’s dream projection didn’t hide anything as “She” replied gently, “‘He’ sought the help of Adam and Amon.

“‘They’ were supporting Alista Tudor back then.”

Using the abilities of the Trojan Horse of Destiny? Klein acutely grasped the core reason based on Will Auceptin’s explanation and his inference.

The Evernight Goddess’s projection that was like the starry sky of the night quietly comforted “Her” surroundings.

“‘They’ captured a demigod from the Solomon Empire and got Adam to do a deeper level hypnotism act and a transplant of the corresponding memory, making him believe that he was Antigonus.

“Then, with Amon working with Antigonus, ‘He’ stole Antigonus’s identity and fate while Antigonus used the ‘Tampering’ authority to combine the identity and fate with the experimental subject.

“That demigod from the Solomon Empire began living in the state of Antigonus, and after some time, he took the initiative to accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness.

“‘He’ undoubtedly lost control. At this moment, the real Antigonus removed the ‘Tampering,’ allowing ‘His’ identity and fate to return into Amon’s hands. Amon ended the theft and returned them to the original owner.”

Klein listened attentively and added thoughtfully, “If that’s the case, it’s equivalent to ‘Antigonus failing to accommodate the Uniqueness and turning into a monster’ and ‘a perfectly well Antigonus with no problems at all.’ The two completely different fates existed in the real world at the same time. Therefore, fate has been fooled to a certain extent…

Before he finished his sentence, Klein sensed some latent problems and hurriedly asked, “Aren’t there problems with this?”

“It’s very risky,” the Evernight Goddess’s dream projection calmly replied. “Fate isn’t easy to bear. If one can’t retrieve the fate from the target in that short period of time while he’s losing control, things will undoubtedly fail. Retrieving it a second earlier will not achieve the effect of the ritual. Retrieving it a second later will lead to Antigonus shouldering the fate of losing control and inevitably end up with the same outcome.”

That’s right. One has to naturally bear the burden of the troubles brought about by fate… If not for that, Amon would’ve long stolen my fate and swaggered into Sefirah Castle… Klein mumbled inwardly as he began to think about how he should imitate the ritual of the Antigonus family’s ancestor.

It was difficult to complete a normal ritual, and with the urgency of the matter, using a simplified ritual to accommodate The Fool Uniqueness was the best option.

Once I become The Half-Fool, my control over Sefirah Castle will improve. My level and strength will at least reach the level of a true god. This way, even if I face a dual pathway true god like Amon, I'll be able to protect myself and wait for reinforcements even if I'm not a match for "Him"... As Klein thought about the strength match-up and development he hoped for, he began coming up with a preliminary ritual plan.

He planned on using the Evernight Goddess's help to suppress the Antigonus family's ancestor and use Sefirah Castle to steal "His" identity, fate, and self-awareness.

This way, his body would have his own consciousness, the will of the Celestial Worthy, Antigonus ancestor's self-awareness, as well as the anchors from the New City of Silver, New Moon City, and Rorsted Archipelago. He would also become Antigonus to a certain extent and accept "His" fate of losing control and going mad.

The reason why Antigonus went crazy was that "His" self-awareness could no longer suppress the awakening Celestial Worthy—the two psyches were stitched together. When "His" self-awareness reached Klein's body, "He" would undoubtedly repeat the same process. This was because the Celestial Worthy's will in Klein's body was no less than the one in "His" actual body.

In other words, the fate of losing control and madness was unavoidable. Klein believed that there wouldn't be any additional burden when bearing it. At the same time, with him having more anchors than Antigonus, his own consciousness could remain center stage and in a harmonious state, maintaining a sliver of rationality.

In such a state, he would use the identity of the Antigonus family's ancestor to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness. And in the corresponding fate, this was something that "He" had long accommodated, so it wouldn't bring about any further

repercussions.

Hence, fate had been fooled.

After the ritual ended, Klein would remove his theft and restore his original identity and fate, and no longer be affected by the madness, allowing him to become The Half-Fool.

The main problem of this plan was in two places: First, it was to maintain his own state. Any slight accident could easily cause Klein to go crazy and be powerless to save himself. Second, no one knew for sure how much the Celestial Worthy's will in the body of the Antigonus family's ancestor would awaken or bring about unsuppressed changes. He could only rely on the Evernight Goddess to balance it out.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess's projection seemed to have guessed his thoughts.

"If you wish to steal the fate of Antigonus, it's best to let 'Him' enter a temporary state of eternal slumber.

"I can try to help you, but I need a medium to have the necessary confidence. This is an angel that had accommodated The Fool's Uniqueness."

"What medium?" Klein asked, seemingly in thought.

The Evernight Goddess's projection said with a smile, "The river water of the River of Eternal Darkness."

As expected... To Klein, this answer wasn't surprising at all. It

was even within his expectations. This made him feel rooted to the ground.

He deliberated for a moment and said, “Just the river water?”

The Evernight Goddess’s projection nodded slightly and said, “You won’t be able to take away the entire River of Eternal Darkness at the moment. You’ll understand once you reach the depths of Calderón City.

“You can ask the questions when you’re back.”

Without waiting for Klein to answer, “She” added, “For you, there’s an unusual danger there. You better wait until your mental state is stable before you go.”

“Alright.” Although Klein didn’t know what he would encounter in the depths of Calderón City, he knew that he wasn’t in the right state to take risks, especially when it involved a sefirah.

The Evernight Goddess’s projection continued, “When you wake up, hold a bestowment ritual. I will give you an item that can be used to scoop up the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness.”

Klein nodded and said without a word, “Adam is part of the ancient sun god, one of ‘His’ identities.”

The Evernight Goddess’s projection didn’t show any obvious signs of emotion. “She” gently said, “‘He’ has already gone to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and met the True Creator.”

That's fast... After feeling a little surprised, Klein felt that it was only right.

The reason why Adam allowed the secret to be exposed was that the secret was no longer of value.

The Evernight Goddess's projection continued, "No matter what happens next, it will take a long period of time. You don't have to pay attention to it for now."

After Klein nodded, the figure in front of him quickly turned blurry. The night vanilla and slumber flowers under his feet flew up one after another, scattering throughout the darkness.

He opened his eyes and saw the dark hall and the pure light shining through the holes in the wall. The latter were like stars embedded into a velvet night sky.

Chapter 1359: Early Morning

Klein watched as scarlet flames suddenly appeared and engulfed him.

When the sparks scattered, his figure had already vanished from Saint Samuel Cathedral.

In an ordinary inn's empty room, Klein walked out of the sudden rising flames and began setting up a bestowment ritual.

Soon, the mysterious door formed by candlelight opened. An ancient accessory flew out from the endless darkness and landed on the altar.

This accessory seemed to be made out of gold. It looked like a slender bird, surrounded by a pair of wings formed by white flames. The bronze eyes shimmered with layers of light as though there were illusory doors hidden within.

Klein sincerely thanked the Evernight Goddess, ended the ritual, and picked up the golden bird-shaped accessory.

This seems to be the image of the legendary Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace...

Beyond this ancient Death's own pathway, "She" had apparently grasped partial authority of the Apprentice pathway. This is a preliminary conclusion from the city ruins in the Forsaken Land of the Gods that believed in the Phoenix...

It's no wonder most ancient gods find it difficult to control their emotions. They were on the edge of madness. No, they were constantly teetering between madness and rationality... Before the first Blasphemy Slate appeared, none of the Beyonder creatures had the concept of a Sequence pathway. They only had the concept of convergence, reproduction, and blind attempts... As Klein carefully examined the golden bird-shaped accessory, he sighed inwardly.

As the owner of Sefirah Castle, he could sense that there was a subtle connection between the accessory and the River of Eternal Darkness.

So it can contain the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness? Yes, the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness is definitely not river water in the true sense of the phrase, but an abstract concept or symbol. Klein nodded in thought and threw the golden bird-shaped accessory into Sefirah Castle, sealing it in the junk pile to prevent any unnecessary accidents.

...

On a mountain peak outside Bayam City.

The Red Angel evil spirit watched as the edge of the sea gradually lit up as an orange sun slowly left the horizon.

At some point in time, a young man wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe appeared beside "Him."

The man played with a crystal monocle and wore it on "His" right eye. It was Amon, who had become Mr. Error.

Sauron Einhorn Medici turned “His” head and glanced at Amon.

“The sacrifice you provided was actually the original body.”

“If it wasn’t my true body, how could I have the time to steal the ritual and replace Bethel?” Amon replied with a smile. “As a qualified Conspirer, you shouldn’t have not thought of this.”

The Red Angel evil spirit scoffed.

“How would I know that you weren’t trying to trick me? Perhaps you’d predicted my prediction?”

Amon smiled and didn’t answer directly. Instead, “He” took out a strange crown covered in rust and blood.

“This is your reward.” “He” threw the item to Sauron Einhorn Medici.

After the Red Angel evil spirit caught the strange crown, “He” was somewhat surprised.

“Wow, you actually didn’t try to go back on your word.”

“Doing something that doesn’t match your expectations is also a form of deception.” Amon pinched the monocle on “His” right eye and said with a smile, “I’m looking forward to you becoming the Red Priest and devouring that Demoness. When that happens, your image will definitely be extremely interesting.”

As Amon said this, “His” smile carried an unconcealable sense of

warped humor.

Sauron Einhorn Medici fell silent for a moment before saying, “I don’t think it will be very different from how I am now.”

Two bloody mouths opened on both sides of “His” face before quickly closing.

Amon adjusted the monocle on “His” right eye and looked to the other side of the sea.

“The situation in the Western Continent seems interesting.”

With that said, the present Mr. Error, the former Angel of Time turned into light and dissipated.

The Red Angel evil spirit looked in the direction of where Amon was looking at and tossed the strange crown in “His” hand.

On both sides of “His” face, the bloody mouths appeared once again as “They” said, “After absorbing this Beyonder characteristic, you’d better stay away from Bansy.”

“If you wish to grow breasts and have your body swell up, you can continue staying there.”

Medici curled “His” lips and said, “Isn’t this something you both wish for?”

...

Facing the altar filled with materials and artifacts, Klein raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

The table in front of him instantly became empty and clean. All the junk had been split up in categories and returned to their original location.

This was a Miracle that stemmed from one of Klein's accumulated wishes.

Compared to the past Miracle Invokers and Attendants of Mysteries, the "Miracles" I can create can be described as quite varied. It's very practical, including but not limited to building houses, interior design, garbage classification, and environment protection... Klein looked at the cleared and laughed self-deprecatingly.

He then opened the door and left.

He wanted to return to the real world and return to human society to strengthen his humanity and stabilize his mental state. His problem now was relatively problematic. If he directly sought Miss Justice's treatment before first suppressing the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, he would only contaminate her and allow his psychiatrist to suffer mental illnesses. Of course, if Miss Justice had reached Sequence 2, the effects wouldn't be too great.

The current Backlund had been rebuilt, and the number of pedestrians coming and going had returned to their previous peak. Just as Klein pushed open the inn's door, he heard all sorts of voices.

"Wait! Wait!"

“Fresh fish from Pritz Harbor. It has plenty of meat and little bones. It’s great for frying!”

“Special ginger beer matched with muffins and potato wedges!”

“Hot and fresh oyster soup!”

“The freshest vegetables!”

…

Most of the noise came from the street vendors, and some came from a small number of passengers who were chasing the public carriage or pedestrians who were knocked down by people in a rush. The early morning rush painted such a noisy, sonorous, and chaotic scene.

Klein listened to these unfamiliar yet familiar shouts and silently looked at the scene in front of him. He didn’t move for a few minutes.

Only when a thief came close did he put his hands into the black coat’s pockets and walk towards the nearest coffee shop.

“A cup of good coffee, a set of mutton stewed with peas, and a piece of oatmeal bread,” Klein said to the affordable coffee shop’s owner.

“A total of 11 pence,” the boss said after a mental calculation.

Then he added, “The price of everything is rising now.”

Klein didn't say anything. He took out a one-soli note from the junk pile in Sefirah Castle and handed it to the boss.

He then found a seat by the window which wasn't very greasy. He took out a few pieces of tissue to line the table.

Following that, Klein placed a piece of letter paper on top of it and took out a dark red fountain pen.

After watching the morning scenery and pedestrians, he finally wrote:

"Dear Mr. Azik,

"I haven't written to you for another month, because I had no choice but to sleep for some time. This isn't because I'm hurt, but because the ritual requires it.

"When I woke up and walked into human society again, on the streets, it suddenly reminded me of the life I had when I was in Tingen.

"At that time, it was always very noisy in the morning. A large number of citizens would leave their homes, rushing to the factories or companies. The mobile peddlers gathered on the street and peddled their vegetables, food, and fruits of questionable quality. They were always cheap.

"I would always protect my wallet and carefully squeeze through them before heading to the station and wait for the public carriage with many people.

“I worked at the Blackthorn Security Company at 36 Zouteland Street, and had a group of good colleagues.

“Dunn Smith was the Captain, the supervisor there. He was an experienced, kind, and responsible Beyonder. He had a mild personality and was experienced in his job. He also cared for all the members in the team, and his only flaw was his bad memory. For matters which weren’t too important, he might forget about it the moment he turned around. He often said ‘hold on, there’s still another thing.’ Of course, there was a reason why: he had lost too many companions. He hoped that they would all stay in his dreams, so he often became lost as to which matter was reality and which belonged to dreams.

“Old Neil was my first mysticism teacher. The most useful skill he taught me was expense claims. He always designed strange ritualistic magic, hoping to obtain help from the Goddess. Some of it succeeded, while others produced ridiculous accidents. Until today, I can still recall them. He was a very kind person. Even when he was seeking to fulfill his everlasting dream, he didn’t wish to harm others.

“Leonard is a poet with his own secrets. At first, I thought he was very mysterious, and a hidden expert that needed attention to be placed on. Later, I realized that he was a crude, simple, impulsive, rebellious, aloof, and rude young man. Furthermore, he really doesn’t have any literary talent, so he could only rely on memorizing things to complete the acting requirement. Yes, he barely has some merits. He’s considered rather brave, and he has sharp intuition and terrifying reasoning abilities in certain matters. However, this is limited to certain matters.

“Frye was a cold-looking Beyonder who no one dared to approach. But in fact, he has a sense of responsibility and a warm heart. He would always extend his hand when others needed help.

“Kenley was very short. He used to be a civilian staff member, and he then took the initiative to apply to become an official member. He was quite smart, but he would never decline a case. Every time he played cards, he would talk about his fiancée.

“Rozanne is the receptionist at the Blackthorn Security Company. She’s lively and lazy, and she’s loved by everyone. To us, she’s like a younger sister. She also likes every single one of us, but she also hates all the official members because her father was once an official Beyonder who later died in the course of duty. Perhaps, in her heart, official members were equivalent to people who received a notice that they were infected with a critical illness.

“Mrs. Orianna is an accountant, a victim of a supernatural case. She’s delicate and gentle, and she pursues an exquisite life. She usually doesn’t speak much, but she takes good care of everyone and doesn’t make things difficult for us regarding finances. For example, she rarely rejects Old Neil’s expense claims—no matter how ridiculous the reason was. She would only leave it to the Captain to make a decision.

“Ma’am Seeka Tron has rare natural white hair, and she’s an unsuccessful author. She has an outstanding temperament and a quiet personality. She doesn’t seem like a Beyonder who fights at night. She’s also very brave and very firm. Even when facing death, she doesn’t flinch.

“Ma’am Royale is very similar to Frye. They don’t talk much but are very concerned about their colleagues. Yes, except at the card table.

“Bredt is the best at writing reports among the clerks. He’s a romantic gentleman. Even though he’s been married for fifteen years, he still loves his wife very much. I think he’ll live a good life because he lives by the maxim that the less he knows, the longer he’ll live.

“Cesare Francis is our carriage driver. Despite being a civilian staff member, he often encounters dangerous situations. Therefore, the Captain handed over the matters regarding the purchase of goods and applications to him. He doesn’t make his presence known, and perhaps this is the key to his survival.

“I occasionally think about it. If it weren’t for the things that happened later, I would definitely still be living in Tingen. I would work on time every day. I’ll be on duty to man the basement, and I would deal with the few cases that crop up while playing cards with my colleagues. I would occasionally accompany Melissa and Benson to watch a play or a circus show. If I can come home early one day, I’ll study cooking. That’s a huge hobby of mine. When the weekend comes, I might come to visit you and talk about the history of various fields…

“It’s a pity that life is always pushing us forward and making us face changes.”

Chapter 1360: Choice

After Klein wrote down his impression of Tingen, he briefly mentioned that he had completed the ritual to become a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries, as well as resolve one of his long-time traumas—the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul.

He didn't describe his predicament in detail, only seriously discussing the mental problems that angels suffered.

Putting away the fountain pen and folding the paper, Klein reached out to take out Azik's copper whistle from Sefirah Castle and blew at it.

Inside the cheap coffee shop, white bones spewed out like fountains, forming a huge messenger.

The messenger then shrank his body, becoming only the height of a normal person.

At the same time, it knelt down on one knee and stretched out its palm.

"There's no need to be afraid of me." Upon seeing this, Klein laughed. "It's not like I would do anything to you?"

As he spoke, he picked up the letter and placed it in the skeleton messenger's hand.

The messenger nodded heavily a few times; it was unknown what it was agreeing with.

Then, its body disintegrated, turning into bones that drilled into the ground.

At this moment, the boss brought coffee, oatmeal bread, and mutton stewed with peas.

As Klein enjoyed breakfast that wasn't too delicious but was filled with a bourgeois style, he looked out the window and enjoyed the morning scenery without any reason. He admired the pedestrians, carriages, trees, mist, food, and machinery that made up the scene.

If there was no apocalypse, it's best to be a Sequence 7 Beyonder to maintain the life in Tingen and live rather leisurely while being capable of handling most cases. When prepared, a Magician, who has many tricks up his sleeve, won't appear too weak when facing Sequence 6 and Sequence 5 Beyonders. As for Faceless and Marionettist, one can easily get lost while acting. It's relatively easy to lose control when one advances, making it rather dangerous. Of course, if one has a sealed Creeping Hunger, it would be perfect... Klein casually thought as he recalled Creeping Hunger which had landed in Amon's hands.

He didn't know how Amon would treat this Sealed Artifact, but he only felt that an item of this level was of no value to an Angel of Time. After playing for a while, "He" would probably throw it into a secret "warehouse" in the darkness.

I wonder if there's a chance to retrieve it. Just as this thought flashed through Klein's mind, he suddenly felt a little guilty.

This was because even if he could snatch Creeping Hunger back from Amon's hands, he would throw it into the junk pile, making it wait to be bestowed to the Blessed or believers that needed it.

This was no different from being in Amon's hands.

Klein quickly diverted his attention.

I lost the mirror again.

Adam shouldn't be interested in a mirror at the saint level. Perhaps, I can get it back...

No, Arrodes seems to have been spewed out from the Chaos Sea. In certain matters, it's possible that it can be a medium... Sigh, I only hope that Adam doesn't damage it, and that I have the time to retrieve it...

After becoming an Attendant of Mysteries and gaining a deeper control of Sefirah Castle, Klein already possessed a certain level of authority in the "Concealment" domain.

Whenever he was thinking about important matters, there would always be a thin shadow around him that no one else could see.

This was equivalent to the embryonic form of a divine kingdom, the Realm of Mysteries.

Therefore, he dared to directly think of Adam's name.

After sighing, Klein suddenly recalled something and hurriedly got the Worms of Spirit on duty in Sefirah Castle, to "Graft" a certain area in the spirit world he fixed when he advanced over.

Immediately after, he finished the leftover mutton and the last bit of oatmeal bread that he dipped into the soup. He finished the coffee beside him.

After putting on his hat and standing up, Klein took a step forward and entered the spirit world that corresponded to Utopia.

Then, he removed the “Grafting” and returned to the ruins of Utopia.

This was to use the abilities of “Grafting” and his ability to freely enter the spirit world to indirectly achieve a “Teleportation” effect. Of course, the prerequisite was that he could locate the corresponding region in the spirit world. On this point, as the owner of Sefirah Castle, Klein had a unique advantage. As for Zaratul and the other Attendants of Mysteries, they could only rely on “Their” preparations.

As soon as he stepped into the ruins of Utopia, Klein surveyed the area and discovered that the collapsed houses and charred corpses were shimmering with different colors.

They were the Beyonder characteristics inside the monster marionettes, the wealth accumulated by Klein back in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

This might be useless to him, but he still had many believers and Blessed that would gradually increase in numbers. As a “deity,” he had to stock up some Beyonder characteristics in order to bestow them.

Thankfully, the Lord of Storms didn’t take the opportunity to sweep them away… As Klein silently muttered to himself, he couldn’t help but thank Leodero.

...

East Chester County, inside the Hall family manor.

After the sun finally rose, the suffering people returned to their rooms one after another to make up for their lack of sleep. Only Alfred, Earl Hall's personal bodyguards, the deacons, and Nighthawks sent by the Church of Evernight to investigate the reason behind the incident last night remained.

As Audrey used the golden retriever, Susie, to monitor the development of the situation, she opened her bedroom door and walked in.

Through the curtains and the weak sunlight in the room, a figure sat quietly on a high stool like a large doll.

It was a huge, snow-white rabbit.

Audrey's brows twitched as she whispered, "Mr. Wrath."

This was Mr. Wrath from the Psychology Alchemists that had pursued the mind dragon, Ariehogg. It was suspected to be one of Hermes's identities.

As she spoke, Audrey reached out her hand and closed the door.

And with this action, the back of her hand flashed with a star-like crimson tattoo.

"I'm sorry; I made use of you." When the door closed, the giant

white rabbit took the initiative to say, “However, I might have been used by someone else as well.”

Audrey thought of the opening of the doors and windows in the middle of the night and took two steps forward. She replied in thought, “There’s no need to apologize. Just don’t disturb me in the future.”

She was tactfully expressing that she wanted to leave the Psychology Alchemists, hoping that no one would come looking for her again.

The huge white rabbit stared at her with its bright red eyes for a few seconds and said, “Your previous wish was to protect your parents and family, but don’t you think that you’ve been embroiled in too much trouble? The danger that you’ve brought them is greater than the help you provide?”

Audrey fell silent. She didn’t speak for a long time.

“Normally speaking, a saint can indeed allow the family and family to gain more safety, but the premise is that they do not involve themselves in the struggle between angels or deities. Or perhaps, they are part of a powerful organization that can be relied on in the true sense of the word.” Upon saying this, the huge white rabbit slowly said, “I have two gifts to express my apology. You can choose one.”

“Two?” Audrey asked in a low voice.

The giant white rabbit nodded, its ears constantly wiggling.

“One is to truly become Miss Pride of the Psychology Alchemists.

We can ignore all your other secrets and tacitly allow your other operations—as long as you don't reveal our matters and bring danger to the Psychology Alchemists. Of course, there will be a certain disadvantage. You will shoulder the burden of certain matters and might be embroiled in quite a bit of trouble. The only difference is that you will receive a lot of help and be rescued in time."

"What about the second one?" Audrey had no intention of getting compensation from the Psychology Alchemists. To not have the secret organization disturb her again was the best form of apology.

Furthermore, she suspected that Mr. Wrath's true intention behind "His" apology was just another form of exploitation.

The huge white rabbit answered calmly, "I can help you divide another identity for you so that 'she' can stay by your family and provide them with some protection and emotional comfort. As for you, you will stay away from them and live on in this world with another identity.

"This way, your troubles will not affect the people you want to protect.

"In the supernatural world, under certain circumstances, distancing yourself is the best form of love and protection."

Audrey fell silent once again as her green eyes seemed like a still lake.

"You don't need to answer me at once. Or you can combine the two methods." The giant white rabbit got off the high stool and stood up. "You know how to get into the Garden of Eden."

As it spoke, its figure gradually disappeared into the sea of collective subconscious.

...

Bayam, in a room in the Church of the Sea God.

The Oracle, Danitz, dressed in a gorgeous robe, sat on a chair, silently looking at Alger Wilson.

The sleepiness from waking up in the middle of the night was gone from the fright.

The cardinal of the Church of Storms actually wanted to defect to the Church of the Sea God!

This was a huge matter in the field of religion, in the world of mysticism and international politics!

Even though he only had a rough understanding of the Church of Storms, Danitz believed that with their style in handling matters, they definitely wouldn't let this matter go. Perhaps a calamity was already on its way to the entire Rorsted Archipelago to destroy it.

Furthermore, a cardinal is definitely highly valued by the Lord of Storms. Alger's betrayal might attract a god's punishment at any time... The more Danitz thought about it, the more he trembled, afraid that he would be affected.

This made him recall a saying from his hometown:

"Don't be near people abandoned by the gods."

This was because those guys might get implicated when lightning smote down.

If not for the fact that Gehrman Sparrow had sent me a message in the name of being Mr. Fool's attendant to help me settle Alger Wilson in, I would've already tied up this ticking bomb and sent him back to the Church of the Lord of Storms... The more afraid Danitz was, the more he couldn't help but mutter inwardly.

Of course, he was just letting his thoughts run wild. He didn't even consider their difference in strength.

After a while, someone knocked on his door.

Danitz jumped up and quickly walked to the door, opening a crack.

"Any results?" he asked in a low voice.

The intel supervisor of the Church of the Sea God said simply, "Lord Oracle, the Church of Storms has switched cardinals."

"What about the original one?" Danitz pressed in surprise.

"It's said that he was transferred back to their headquarters," the intel supervisor recounted what he learned from some of the servants at the Cathedral of Waves.

Transferred back to their headquarters... As Danitz was confused,

a grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of him.

He heard Mr. Fool's words:

"From this day forth, Alger shall wear a mask and become the pontiff of the Church of the Sea God."

Chapter 1361: Joint Operation

Pontiff... Danitz jumped in fright, nearly unable to believe the revelation he had received.

If it wasn't for the fact that this order directly came from Mr. Fool, he would have definitely cursed.

Of course, if the person opposite him was Gehrman Sparrow, he would suck it up.

"Lord Oracle, is there anything else?" The intel supervisor of the Church of the Sea God saw that Lord Danitz's expression was rather odd. This left him a little afraid.

Danitz retracted his thoughts and forced a smile.

"Pay close attention to the development at the Cathedral of Waves."

"Yes, Lord Oracle." The intel supervisor heaved a sigh of relief and hurriedly bowed to bid farewell.

Danitz turned his head and looked at Alger Wilson as he said with a brilliant smile, "Mr. Fool has already issued a revelation."

Alger didn't hesitate. He immediately stood up and pressed his right palm against his left chest.

Danitz straightened his back and solemnly said, “God said that from this day forth, Alger shall wear a mask and become the pontiff of the Church of the Sea God.”

“Mr. Fool’s will is my will!” Alger couldn’t hide his smile as he bowed.

Half of his smile was for Danitz to see, showing his humility, while the other half was from the bottom of his heart. This was because the revelation meant two things:

Mr. Fool and the Lord of Storms had reached a certain agreement. With a tacit understanding, his betrayal would no longer be pursued. Of course, he had to wear masks and use a fake name to prevent humiliation to the Church of Storms.

Becoming the pontiff of the Church of the Sea God was a critical step to reaching the throne of Sea God.

From Alger’s point of view, this meant that he had officially become Mr. Fool’s subordinate. In the future, be it the exchange for the identity of Sea God or being the leader of the Church of The Fool, there would be plenty of opportunities. As for Mr. Fool, “He” was a great existence that was at the same level as a true god, or even higher. How could “His” proxy not be an angel?

After the bow, Alger waited patiently for Oracle Danitz to bring him a silver-black mask.

He received the mask and wore it solemnly.

...

While wearing a red glove, Leonard strolled along the shores of Midseashire, enjoying the R&R earned from closing a supernatural case.

As for the mysterious opening of doors and windows last night, he had already received the orders from the Holy Cathedral not to pursue it through investigations or learn more about the matter.

Regarding this order, Leonard couldn't do anything about it because he had long learned the general truth from Old Man Pallez Zoroast:

Mr. Door had returned to the real world, and Angel of Time Amon took the opportunity to steal "His" apotheosis ritual and advance to Sequence 0 Error. Almost at the same time, Mr. Fool awakened further. Through Sefirah Castle, "He" had briefly and weakly connected to Beyonders of the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder pathways.

As an angel of the Marauder pathway, Pallez Zoroast was undoubtedly able to sense the changes in Amon's corresponding authority and "His" apotheosis. "He" also discovered that Sefirah Castle had established a connection with "Him."

"Old Man, Amon has already advanced to Sequence 0. You shouldn't be of much use to 'Him' now. Why do you still want to Parasitize my body?" Leonard took in the fresh morning air as he suppressed his voice and asked with a hint of concern and confusion.

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"*Naive.*

"Do you think that you don't need my guidance anymore after becoming a saint and having mastered a lot of mysticism knowledge?"

"You can choose to teach me face-to-face," Leonard said after some deliberation.

To him, having an angel "Parasitizing" his body was both a boon and bane for him.

The good thing was that even if he encountered a real Mythical Creature, he wouldn't be completely defenseless. As long as he softly shouted "Old Man," the problem might be resolved. In addition, history and various rare mysticism knowledge from the Fourth Epoch were also rather useful.

The greatest disadvantage was that his life was in the hands of the Parasite. If the other party had any evil intentions, he couldn't stop it.

This question was once Leonard's greatest worry, but it wasn't too problematic now. This was because Mr. Fool's awakening was deepening, allowing "Him" to completely suppress Pallez Zoroast. Furthermore, Leonard had also become a high-ranking deacon of the Church of Evernight. He would definitely be under the watch of the Evernight Goddess, and he could even be specially marked by "Her." Under such circumstances, it was impossible for a deity with the "Concealment" authority to not discover Pallez Zoroast. If Old Man had any nefarious thoughts, he would've been resolved long ago.

What Leonard was most vexed about was that many things weren't too convenient as a result.

Although he was already used to having an old man

“Parasitizing” his body, and he would even casually chat with him while on the toilet, he still preferred having that time to himself in such situations.

Therefore, he felt that having Old Man leave his body, and letting “Him” live in his house like an elder would be a better way of getting along with “Him.” When he needed to deal with more dangerous matters, he could get Old Man to temporarily “Parasitize” him.

Upon hearing Leonard’s suggestion, Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

“Are you still thinking about removing the “Parasitizing” when you return home, and ‘Parasitize’ when out?

“Do you think I’m your bodyguard?”

Leonard laughed dryly before saying, “If you haven’t fully recovered and wish to continue ‘Parasitizing,’ I have no objections.”

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for two seconds before his slightly-aged voice resounded in Leonard’s mind.

“Next up is actually the most dangerous period. For the position of the Lord of the Mysteries, The Fool and Amon will definitely have a battle. When the time comes, under the influence of all kinds of Beyonder characteristics, angels of the same pathway might be affected. Heh, it’s better to be kept under the protection of Evernight’s gaze.

“When the Lord of the Mysteries is born, I won’t even bother with you even if you were to beg me to be ‘Parasitized’!”

Leonard was slightly taken aback as he subconsciously repeated the name.

"Lord of the Mysteries?"

"This isn't something you can fully understand. Of course, with me around, there's no need to worry," Pallez Zoroast sighed and said with pride.

Leonard was just about to take the opportunity to ask when he suddenly saw a Red Gloves team member running over with a telegram.

"Reverend, a telegram from the Holy Cathedral," the team member said respectfully.

Leonard nodded slightly and received the telegram. He quickly scanned it.

"Head to the Southern Continent and participate in the besieging of the Rose School of Thought."

Southern Continent... Rose School of Thought... Leonard narrowed down to two keywords.

He quickly returned to the largest cathedral in this city and used large-scale ritualistic magic to establish a connection with the Holy Cathedral. In his dream, he met the Pope, Ma'am Arianna, and other high-ranking officials.

After a simple exchange, Leonard roughly understood the essence of the mission:

The various orthodox Churches would delegate three to four demigods to head to the Southern Continent to besiege the Rose School of Thought which had become very active after the world war.

This was a long-term mission. As the Rose School of Thought's demigods knew how to hide their tracks, they did things in a rather secretive manner, they weren't easy to locate or lock onto. It wasn't easy to deal with them either.

According to what the Pope had said, it was already considered quite good to see enough results within three years.

During this process, the Holy Cathedral would observe the situation and rotate demigods to ensure that the archbishops and high-ranking deacons were in a relatively stable mental state.

After leaving the dream, Leonard looked around and suppressed his voice.

"Old Man, things are a little strange. Why would the various Churches suddenly target the Rose School of Thought?"

This wasn't an easy task. In the past few centuries, it wasn't as if the orthodox Churches hadn't made similar attempts, but they could only suppress and weaken them, without being capable of eradicating the Rose School of Thought.

On the one hand, it was because there were cracks in their alliances. There was suspicion among each other and a lack of cooperation. On the other hand, due to the Rose School of Thought's demigods' indulgence, their mental states might be abnormal, but when faced with danger, they knew how to avoid, hide, and conceal. They wouldn't throw themselves into danger

for no reason.

In addition, with the blessings of the Chained God and the Mother Tree of Desire, it was difficult for the deities to provide precise guidance for their actions.

Pallez Zoroast didn't immediately answer Leonard's question. After about ten seconds, "He" sighed and said with a slightly-aged voice, "*This is to eliminate potential threats, and to prepare for the apocalypse.*"

Prepare for the apocalypse… Leonard turned agape and wanted to say something, but he eventually fell silent.

…

Backlund, Harvest Church.

Emlyn White had just entered the hall, but before he could head to his room and change his clothes, he saw Father Utravsky stand up in the front pew, like a mountain rising from the ground.

"Earth Mother has instructed us to head to the Southern Continent and bury the evil-doers." The Blessed spoke in a low voice.

His voice reverberated in the hall, like a slow clap of thunder, causing the praying Sanguine believers to open their eyes.

So the dream last night was real… Emlyn was enlightened.

Last night, he dreamed of the Ancestor, and he dreamed that "She" wanted him to work with Father Utravsky and the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction to head to the Southern Continent to deal with the Rose School of Thought members who believed in the Primordial Moon.

Of course, if there was a chance, the enemies who believed in the Mother Tree of Desire would not be spared.

As he often had fake revelations, Emlyn didn't take this dream to heart. He planned on changing his clothes and completing his prayers before seeking confirmation with Father Utravsky.

He tersely acknowledged before replying to Father Utravsky in a rather composed manner.

"There's no rush.

"I'll first contact the members of the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction."

Father Utravsky nodded nonchalantly and said, "Select some volunteer Sanguine too."

...

In the Intis Republic, in the capital, Trier, a supervisor of an intelligence agency was assigning tasks to his subordinates.

Suddenly, his vision blurred as he heard a distant voice ring in his ears.

“Orville… Dylan… Orville… Dylan…”

Chapter 1362: Witness

As a Beyonder who joined the Intis Public Security Bureau as a member of the Secret Order, it wasn't the first time that Antoine encountered something like that.

In the past, whenever he advanced, he would hear "Hornacis... Flegrea... Hornacis... Flegrea..." He nearly lost control of himself several times.

Unlike before, the content of the whispers seemed to have changed.

After the ravings died down, everything in front of him returned to normal. Antoine frowned and muttered to himself, *My mental state has been very stable recently, and I haven't consumed the potion or attempted to advance. Why would I hear the whispers of a secret existence?*

This doesn't seem to be the same as before...

What does Orville mean? I lack enough information. I can't understand it at all...

Dylan, Dylan, yes, the brass of the Order have mentioned that our mysterious and terrifying leader once hid an ancient castle called Dylan...

Tsk, once I recall that existence, I can't help but shiver. Although "He" has returned to normal in the past two years, the terrifying legends and physical destruction that "He" left behind is enough to give people a lifetime of nightmares...

Antoine calmed himself down and suppressed his puzzlement. He continued to assign missions to his subordinates.

...

In front of a tombstone, Klein, who had just put down the white flowers, turned his head slightly, as though he was listening to something.

Although he didn't hear anything, as a King of Angels who wielded control over a portion of his pathway's authority, he could acutely sense that something was amiss. Some secret information was being transmitted to specific targets.

Zaratul isn't completely dead yet? Klein retracted his gaze and muttered to himself.

Back then, he had relied on his level, status, and authority to forcefully stop Zaratul's resurrection. He didn't sense anything abnormal, but after studying himself, he realized something problematic.

The Beyonder characteristic he had absorbed from Zaratul was one that contained an entire set of Sequence 9 to 1 Beyonder characteristics.

That also meant that this only included a single Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.

And Snake of Fate Will Auceptin had mentioned that Zaratul and the ancestor of the Antigonus family had both taken an additional Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic in "Them."

Therefore, the reality of the situation was that there was no doubt that there was an additional Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic on Zaratul which had vanished. As for whether there were any additional Beyonder characteristics like Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer, Klein had no way of guessing due to his lack of understanding of Zaratul.

Based on this situation, Klein had long suspected that Zaratul wasn't completely dead.

Of course, if the other party wanted to revive, it wouldn't be that simple. This was because using too simple a method would result in a lack of concealment. It would definitely be discovered by the higher Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway, and thus, an effective prevention method would be set up.

When Zaratul was able to separate a Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic from "Himself," "He" was undoubtedly a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. There weren't many enemies that could restrain "Him"—ones that had to be dealt with using the most cautious of attitudes.

Therefore, Klein believed that "He" had used the portion of the Beyonder characteristics that "He" had dissociated from himself to seize an opportunity. However, it wasn't to directly use it to revive. Instead, it was a way to make plenty of preparations. "He" needed an opportunity or some mediums to make the preparations play out.

From the looks of it, "He" hid that portion of the Beyonder characteristic that contained the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic in a particular manner and concealed it carefully. Otherwise, when I advanced to Attendant of Mysteries, I should've been able to use Sefirah Castle to directly see it...

Yes, the next step should be to use some concealed method to guide

or entice a specific target to revive "Him." Heh, "He" hasn't accommodated a Uniqueness, so "He" can't "broadcast on all channels." Besides, "He" has to be sure that the advanced me or Amon doesn't hear the corresponding content and spoil "His" plans. Therefore, the number of targets "He" can entice is rather limited... All members of the Secret Order, or a portion of the members? Klein, who was genuflecting, nodded in thought.

He exhaled and grumbled without hiding anything.

Why are High-Sequence Beyonders of the Seer pathway so difficult to kill?

There were all sorts of preparations and trump cards.

This made him truly understand why the Goddess didn't directly kill the ancestor of the Antigonus family.

For The Half-Fool, death might mean a new lease of life!

However, an intricate and complicated setup often means that the ability to take risks is inferior. Who knows if Zaratul's resurrection plan will benefit some lucky Secret Order member. The possibility of this happening might even be higher than "Him" returning from the fog of history. Also, there's a chance of being interfered, influenced, or exploited by the Outer Deities... Klein sneered inwardly as he slowly stood up.

He temporarily didn't have any thoughts of finding the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic. This was because, under the immense pressure brought by Error Amon, he had no choice but to seize the opportunity to strengthen his humanity and stabilize his mental state. He had to head to Calderón City in the spirit world to retrieve the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness, so as to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness. He had no time to

waste on non-urgent matters.

By the time he successfully advanced and restored a new balance for the situation he was in, he didn't mind heading to Intis and dealing with the members of the Secret Order in search of the hidden treasure vault that Zaratul had hidden. This would completely put the angel who had lived since the Fourth Epoch to eternal rest.

He reined in his thoughts and lowered his head to look at the tombstone in front of him. Klein slowly retreated, inserted his hand into his pocket, and turned to the side to enter the spirit world.

In recent times, he was like a tourist in mysticism. Occasionally, he would return to where he used to be, and occasionally, under the guidance of fate, he would casually travel around the spirit world, heading to different realities to witness different scenes.

As a result, his self-awareness and self-consciousness gradually recovered and solidified. He was now able to use his anchors to suppress the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy to a certain extent.

This made his mind a lot more stable than when he met the Evernight Goddess.

In the spirit world—the saturated layers that resembled an abstract oil painting—Klein wandered aimlessly as he walked a few steps in a direction that wasn't in the usual meaning of the word direction.

Following the guidance of fate and spirituality, he left this place and returned to the real world.

The first thing that appeared before him was a small square and a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess.

At this moment, many people were entering the cathedral, looking delighted.

I'm back in Backlund? Klein looked up at the sun that penetrated the thin clouds and followed the crowd to the cathedral's door.

The moment he passed the entrance, his gaze suddenly froze.

He saw Benson.

Benson Moretti.

The black-haired, brown-eyed man's face looked somewhat similar to Klein's. However, the slightly older-looking man had his hair combed neatly backward, revealing his broad forehead.

He stood beside the altar, wearing a well-ironed suit, looking a little nervous.

Klein stared for two seconds before quickly looking away.

Following that, he swept his gaze across the front pew and saw Melissa in a white, conservative dress.

Compared to before, the young lady's face no longer had that adolescent look on it. There was more meat to her face, making her no longer look so skinny.

She kept chatting with the people around her, skillfully handling all kinds of matters and socializing.

She still dresses in such an old-fashioned manner. Thankfully, she didn't wear black… The corners of Klein's lips curled up as he mumbled. He walked to a corner of the cathedral and found a seat to sit down.

About ten minutes later, Melissa finished her work and sat in her seat.

The joyous music started to play as it gradually turned solemn.

A lady wearing a clean, white wedding gown held her father's arm in one hand and held her mother's arm with her other. She walked down the aisle towards the altar.

Benson, who was standing near the altar, gulped a mouthful of saliva and couldn't help but smile.

This was his wedding.

Klein, who was in the corner, saw this scene and leaned back a little. He lowered his head slightly and muttered, "He smiles like a curly-haired baboon…"

After the bride was brought to the front of the altar by her parents, she bowed to Benson before facing the Sacred Emblem and the priest.

Benson bowed and turned around.

After the bride's parents sat down, the priest said, "Dear friends and family, we are gathered here today to witness and celebrate the union of this couple in marriage under the auspices of the benevolent Goddess.

"Praise the Lady." All the guests present raised their right hands as long as they were believers of the Evernight Goddess before drawing four points in a clockwise fashion, drawing out a star.

This included Klein.

When everyone settled down, the priest turned his head and said to the bride, "Do you, Lucy Brook, take Benson Moretti to be your lawfully wedded husband, promising to love and cherish, through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, and whatever challenges you may face, for as long as you both shall live?"

The lady named Lucy looked at the Evernight Goddess's Sacred Emblem and nodded solemnly.

"I do."

Benson's smile reappeared.

The priest turned to look at him and said, "Do you, Benson Moretti, take Lucy Brook to be your lawfully wedded wife, promising to love and cherish, through joy and sorrow, sickness and health, and whatever challenges you may face, for as long as you both shall live?"

Benson immediately nodded and said, "I do!"

Upon seeing this and hearing him, Melissa's vision turned blurry. Her heart winced along with joy.

After going through all sorts of ups and downs, their family was finally welcoming a new member.

Suddenly, she turned her head subconsciously to the corner and saw an empty seat. There was no one there.

Melissa immediately pursed her lips and shook her head slightly.

After scanning the area for several seconds, she slowly retracted her gaze and looked back at the altar.

It wasn't until the priest announced that Benson and Lucy were man and wife did Melissa smile again.

...

In the Hall family manor in East Chester County, Klein walked out of the void.

He had stabilized his mind, and could now seek treatment from his psychiatrist. At the same time, he needed to solve a problem.

Chapter 1363: Treatment Plan

On the veranda covered by the autumn sun, Audrey wore a refreshing vacation straw hat and sat on a lawn chair as she leisurely flipped through a fashion magazine.

There were exquisite pastries and a cup of black tea made from tea leaves from her family's manor on the round table beside her.

Suddenly, she looked up to the edge of the veranda and saw Gehrman Sparrow walking over in a black trench coat and silk top hat.

Audrey turned her head and glanced at her maid, Annie, and realized that she, like the servants around her, ignored the stranger who had appeared out of nowhere.

At the same time, Audrey noticed that the surroundings seemed to darken a little.

She stood up, lifting the corners of her skirt as she curtsied.

During this process, she had originally planned on seriously discussing the matter between the Psychology Alchemists and Mr. Wrath, but on second thought, she smiled again and said in that infectious and brisk tone, "Mr. World, are you here to seek psychological counseling, or to deal with Mr. Wrath's problem?"

If it was just the former, Audrey believed that The World Gehrman Sparrow would let her meet him above the gray fog. That would be more convenient and faster. Therefore, this angel

was definitely here under Mr. Fool's instructions to complete a mission in the real world.

At the same time, she acutely sensed that Mr. World's emotions were rather mixed. He was satisfied and happy, yet depressed and sad.

As Gehrman Sparrow's main doctor, this situation wasn't rare. It often meant that he needed a certain degree of counseling or comfort.

"Both." Klein pulled a chair over and sat by the round table.

"Do you want black tea or coffee?" Although Audrey hadn't taken the initiative to investigate Mr. World, she had met Dwayne Dantès many times before. They had attended meetings, banquets, and dances together, and under the keen observation of a Spectator, many details weren't secrets.

For example, Audrey knew that when Dwayne Dantès was Gehrman Sparrow, he preferred food that was sweet with a little sourness. He liked to drink coffee with sugar without milk; for black tea, he loved having lemon slices; out of all the pastries, his first choice was the cream pastries. He loved foie gras, roasted chicken skin, and loved rib-eye steaks more than beef tenderloin. His love for Desi pie far exceeded bread.

In addition, Audrey was undoubtedly certain that the other party was a spice enthusiast. He had high expectations of condiments, and his preferences in this aspect were inclined towards that of Desi County.

Due to these details, Audrey believed that it would be very rude to not invite Mr. World to enjoy the pastries on the table. And the beverage of choice to match these snacks was undoubtedly

either black tea or coffee.

“Black tea,” Klein answered after some thought.

Miss Justice’s relaxed and amiable attitude made him feel much more at ease. He felt that this state would be more beneficial for the subsequent “Placating.”

Since that was the case, it would definitely be better for him to enjoy the pastries while receiving psychological treatment.

“Give me another cup of black tea and add a lemon slice,” Audrey said to her maid, Annie.

Annie wasn’t surprised by the instructions, finding everything reasonable. She turned around and walked to the veranda’s entrance, giving instructions to the servants standing there.

Audrey wasn’t in a rush to begin the psychological treatment process, nor did she ask Mr. World why he was in a complicated mood. She smiled as she carefully introduced the local products of the manor. She made a comparison with Dwayne Dantès’s Maygur Manor and naturally informed him of the present situation regarding his butler and servants.

Some stayed in the manor and continued their previous work. With Maygur Manor’s production, it was perfectly fine sustaining them. There was even some surplus that could be converted to funds to repair the houses and be donated to charity organizations. Audrey only sent an accountant, an assistant butler, and a staff member from the foundation to do a check on them. Some felt that, without a true employer, they couldn’t play their role to their fullest potential. They felt ashamed of the salary they received and chose to resign and look for work. Some of them developed an interest in charity work and found a new

calling to life and joined one of the foundations under Audrey's name...

Klein listened silently, occasionally raising a question, as though he was chatting with a friend.

When the tea was served, he took a sip and nodded in satisfaction.

After watching him eat a piece of cream cake, Audrey's green eyes darted around as she said with a smile, "Food doesn't seem to be necessary for an angel, right?"

"Yes, it's just a hobby," Klein answered simply before adding, "It can be used to maintain one's humanity."

Maintain one's humanity... Audrey ruminated over the sentence. "This is to resist the godhood within you? Your mental problems come under such a category?"

She gently guided the topic to his psychological treatment.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "That's right.

"You should've experienced it. Every Beyonder who has obtained godhood will definitely experience it in some way. The difference is in the quantity."

Audrey seriously recalled and said, "I occasionally dream of a ball of light that illuminated the entire world. Occasionally, I would hear an indescribable sound, and I would see a blurry, strange, illusory ocean that seemed to contain many conflicting

thoughts. I'm certain that it was an illusion, but it was also so real.

"Well, I occasionally dream of a huge cross. I heard someone praying softly but I couldn't tell the specifics no matter how I tried."

The second is likely from the sefirah, Chaos Sea, and the indirect corruption from within. The third is Visionary Adam beginning to exert influence on the Beyonders of the same pathway... The first one is the Primordial One awakening in the ancient sun god's body, the ancient God Almighty? Klein thought for a moment before saying in a deep voice, "The original Creator created all living things and also split into various Beyonder characteristics. This is the source of being extraordinary.

"Therefore, every one of us has godhood in our bodies. They have the original Creator's will. The more Beyonder characteristics gathered, the more 'He' will awaken and replace us."

He used the most common and most ambiguous method to explain the root of the problem in a way that wouldn't lead to corruption.

This had been discussed to a certain extent at the Tarot Club, so Audrey didn't find it difficult to understand. She said thoughtfully, "That's why one needs to use one's humanity to resist godhood. At the same time, anchors are needed?"

"Yes, the light you dream of, the indescribable sounds you hear, and the illusory ocean that you see are all a type of corruption. And the gigantic cross and prayer sounds should be a result of the influence that Visionary Adam has on the Beyonders of the same pathway," Klein explained the two different situations.

Audrey subconsciously sat up straight and looked around. She appeared a little afraid.

Gehrman Sparrow actually said the name of the He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named!

“Don’t worry. ‘He’ can’t hear me with me by your side,” Klein explained.

Audrey retracted her gaze and didn’t hide her surprise and astonishment.

“You’ve already advanced to Sequence 1?”

Isn’t that too fast… “He” had only become a Sequence 2 angel slightly more than half a year ago!

Klein answered frankly, “More like a King of Angels.”

“…” Audrey was silent for a few seconds. She pursed her lips and said with a “vexed” smile, “I nearly had a psychological problem just now.”

Klein chuckled as well.

“To me, becoming a King of Angels isn’t necessarily a good thing.

“Yes, High-Sequence Beyonders of the Spectator pathway have to pay particular attention to their mental state. To other pathways, the enhancement of godhood and the worsening corruption is rather obvious. But this isn’t the case for a

Spectator. You have to constantly inspect and check yourself. Any tiny changes to one's personality and their understanding of things should be traced back to the source. It must be confirmed that there are no problems and that the difference can be considered a normal change. Otherwise, you'll unknowingly become another person who can coldly kill those who you originally wanted to protect.

"It's not easy for Beyonders of the Spectator pathway to go crazy, but it's also the easiest for them to go crazy."

Audrey replied in shock, "I understand."

She continued the topic and began asking, "Your mental state is unstable, and you have a psychological problem. Is it because you became a King of Angels in such a short period of time that it exceeded your expectations?"

"Yes." Klein drank a mouthful of black tea and said, "The will that doesn't belong to me within me has mostly awakened. I can only barely suppress it and maintain some basic level of mental stability."

As Audrey listened to Gehrman Sparrow's description, she used her Beyonder powers to observe and analyze him.

After the other party finished speaking, she revealed a comforting smile and said, "I roughly understand your current situation. The initial treatment plan is divided into two steps: I'll first enter your mind world and awaken the memories related to your humanity. Oh, it doesn't include the kind that will make you so miserable that you wish to give up. Then, when your godhood reacts, I'll use Placate, Hypnotism, and other Beyonder powers to reduce the corruption and the negative effects it brings, so as to help you better suppress it."

Klein was silent for a moment before saying, “Okay.”

He decided to use his unique trait of maintaining lucidity in the dream and the mind world, and first gather up the memories related to The Fool before “Grafting” them to the Worms of Spirit above the gray fog.

At that moment, Audrey got her maid, Annie, to bring over a white silk scarf.

Then, she used the thin scarf to cover her eyes and ears.

Klein watched this scene in puzzlement as he waited for Miss Justice to explain.

After tying the scarf, Audrey smiled and said, “This is a hypnotism that allows me to seal my Spirit Body’s perception.

“This way, even if I were to enter your mind world, I wouldn’t be able to hear or see those awakened memories. Of course, I’ll keep my spiritual intuition; otherwise, I wouldn’t be able to find your island of consciousness, and I wouldn’t be able to sense the changes in your godhood.

“I could’ve just hypnotized you, but you’re already a King of Angels. I’m worried that I’ll be affected by your consciousness, so I’m using this symbolic ritual to achieve the state of being hypnotized and strengthen the effects.”

She calmly explained, calming Klein’s mood without him realizing it.

He nodded gently and said, “Alright, let’s begin.”

Chapter 1364: Proactive Klein

After opening the “door” to the Body of Heart and Mind, Klein carefully extracted the memories related to The Fool. He gathered them together and “Grafted” them above the gray fog.

Following that, he saw the blonde-haired Audrey, who had a light white silk scarf covering her eyes, appear on the ancient stone steps. Step by step, she landed onto his mind island via the sea of collective subconscious.

After some hesitation, Klein no longer allowed his consciousness to stay high in the sky. He gave up the corresponding control and allowed them to return and fuse together.

If he didn’t do that, he would maintain absolute rationality in the subsequent treatment, making him unable to be moved by all kinds of memories and lose the possibility of strengthening his humanity.

This meant that Audrey’s treatment was destined to fail right from the start.

After arriving at the mind island that resembled a dream world using her spiritual intuition, Audrey stopped and spread her arms slightly.

She recalled her parents’ love for her, the excitement she felt when she first became a Beyonder, and the joy she felt after helping others to change her emotions and emit corresponding fluctuations.

This was a method of awakening Gehrman Sparrow's memories related to his humanity. It was a Beyonder manifestation of the effects of "empathy."

Scenes that were worth cherishing, or those hiding deep within, flashed across Audrey's mind one after another. Beneath her feet, from the surface of the island that represented Klein's mind, firefly-like light points seeped out of the "soil" and floated up.

Every point of light presented a different scene:

"A kid taking a stride forward with his short legs, receiving an ice-cream;

"A student secretly reading novels and comics under the cover of a textbook."

"A teenager sitting in front of his computer and playing games with full focus. Hearing the sound of a key suddenly being inserted into a keyhole, he jumped up and performed a force shutdown on his computer. Rushing back to his room, happy that his actions weren't discovered, he had a bounce in his step. Going to the living room, he asked his mother for pocket money, before appearing beside his father to casually ask questions about his studies;

"A young adult and his companions pushing a bashful friend to the corridor, right up to the person he had a crush on. Then, turning around, he laughed loudly;

"A young adult with some hint of adolescence to him stealing a glance downstairs, watching a figure leave, but unable to open his mouth no matter what;

“An employee with a slightly protruding belly waving his hand impatiently when he returned home for the holidays. After telling his parents not to serve him food or set up blind dates for him, he sees his parents’ white hair and loses himself in thought when he calmed down;

“A scholarly-looking man and his brother and sister moving out. When they saw the dirt and dust on each other’s faces, they laughed;

“…”

Klein sat at the round table at the veranda, one hand holding his top hat and the other hanging in midair, as though he wanted to cover his face.

Two transparent drops of water slowly slid past the two sides of his nose bridge and dripped into the void.

Klein closed his eyes, his expression soft and pained.

In his mind island, Audrey seemed to have transformed into a whirlpool of emotions as she pulled together similar memories.

After the entire island was covered in firefly-like points of light, a faint gray fog emerged.

In the fog, there was a door of light that was dyed bluish-black. It was formed from illusory and brilliant spherical light.

The main body of each spherical light was composed of transparent, ringed, or starlight-like worms and insects. They

embraced each other and intertwined like mythical creatures.

The door of light looked a little odd at first glance, but if one looked closely, they would discover that its surroundings were dark. It was as though it was wearing a hooded black robe.

Thus, on a whole, it looked like an unknown mysterious person hiding under a robe.

In the next second, a slippery, illusory tentacle appeared under the deep black robe of the mysterious person.

At that moment, although Audrey's consciousness couldn't see or hear anything, her spiritual intuition gave her a strong sense of danger. She had a feeling that a sea consisting of corruption was about to drown her.

No, this isn't an illusion! She believed that if things continued to develop like this, she would get infected with a severe mental illness, or even lose control and go crazy on the spot!

Audrey was just about to "Placate" herself with all her might, weakening the corruption ahead of her when the firefly-like light dots floating above the island rapidly gathered. They illuminated the grayish-white fog, diluting the darkness around the strange door of light, making the tentacles covered in mysterious patterns shrink back.

This was also the reason why Klein could receive psychological treatment only after barely suppressing the awakening Celestial Worthy's consciousness.

This made Audrey sense the weakening of the danger, and she

quickly did a Psychoanalysis. Then, she immediately “Placated” the corruption, performing a true act of hypnosis.

After repeating it over and over again, Audrey took an unknown amount of time before she finally managed to obtain the initial results she expected.

She then left Gehrman Sparrow’s mind island and returned to her body.

This treatment was very difficult, so she didn’t use a “Virtual Persona” and directly used her Body of Heart and Mind.

After sensing the end of the treatment, Klein raised his hand to wipe his face, allowing The Fool’s memories “Grafted” above the gray fog to return to his true body.

A few seconds later, Audrey removed the white silk scarf wrapped around her eyes and nose, snapping herself out of her self-hypnosis.

She looked at Mr. World opposite her and muttered to herself poignantly, “Is this the mental problem brought by godhood?”

How terrifying…

Klein nodded slightly and said, “Yes, every angel has one. The only difference is whether it’s serious or very serious.”

“Saints have it too. Even Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders who aren’t demigods will have it

too.” Audrey added with Gehrman Sparrow’s former explanation.

“To a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder, the remnant mental imprint of the former owner of the characteristic is relatively more dangerous.” Klein picked up the gold-lined cup and took a sip. “This is the cruel law of the mysterious world. This is because our Beyonder powers come from external objects, from the Beyonder characteristics.”

Audrey nodded before shaking her head gently. As she contemplated, she said, “I don’t think it’s that pessimistic, just like the source of every human life comes from something else: air, bread, meat, water, etc.

“When we absorb them, we will also absorb their negative effects, accumulating all kinds of problems that eventually make us fall sick. However, this doesn’t mean that we have to completely resist them and treat them as external objects. Once they’re absorbed, there will always be some part of it that belongs to us.

“I didn’t express it well, but I believe you should understand what I mean.”

Klein was taken aback for a moment before replying thoughtfully, “A Beyonders acquisition of a Beyonder characteristic is like humans having food?

“Then, one should have peace of mind and not have too many repulsive thoughts; it’s about resisting it, but also working alongside it; and suppressing it, but also fusing together with it?”

“Roughly like that.” After Audrey said that, she laughed self-deprecatingly. “However, this also seems to imply a negative message: humans will eventually die, but Beyonders…”

She didn't finish her sentence, unwilling to agitate the patient opposite her.

She switched topics and said, "Pay a visit another two times this week. I'll be able to stabilize you under normal conditions. Yes, normal conditions.

"Also, you can reminisce about things when you're free, or go somewhere you yearn to go."

Klein nodded and said, "What do you have in mind about Wrath's suggestion?"

The smile on Audrey's face slowly disappeared as her expression gradually turned serious.

"Do you have any suggestions?"

Klein put down his teacup and calmly said, "Strictly speaking, the danger you bring is divided into two categories: One is when you actively or passively involve yourself in certain matters, attracting powerful enemies to your side, implicating your family, relatives, friends, and the innocent. The other is that your very existence allows some factions to target the people you value the most, doing so to threaten you.

"For the latter, unless you're dead, there's no way for you to ever avoid them. Of course, most of these things are a result of the former.

"If you give up on all your current identities in the mysticism world, and only be Mr. Fool's believer and Miss Audrey Hall from now on, no longer taking the initiative to participate in matters

related to Beyonder or other matters with unpredictable elements, you can avoid most of the risks of the former and drastically reduce the latter.

"Under such circumstances, with the Evernight Goddess favoring the Hall family, and Mr. Fool's protection provided to you is enough to deal with the rare instances of dangers, ensuring your family's safety.

"That's why there's no need to split off another identity."

Audrey fell silent for a while. She bit her lower lip indiscernibly and asked, "What if I do want to split off an identity?"

"As long as you let that identity believe in Mr. Fool, it's not much different from what I said just now. The only difference is that, from this point forth, you'll have to stay away from your family and friends and live with another identity." Klein's voice sank slightly as he said in a serious tone, "Also, are you really fine with Hermes splitting off an identity for you?"

Audrey's emotions were disrupted by this question. Her eyes flickered as she said, "However, splitting identities should be a Beyonder powers of a Sequence 3 Dreamweaver."

She definitely wouldn't be able to accomplish it by herself.

The corners of Klein's mouth curled up as he suddenly asked, "You're able to use that Pride mask to enter the Garden of Eden directly?"

As Audrey couldn't take the initiative to mention the Psychology Alchemists, he very directly pointed it out.

Audrey nodded gently, surprised, puzzled, and guessed something.

“I’m unable to pay the equivalent price, and…”

Without waiting for her to finish, Klein said with a cold expression,

“On the one hand, Adam has drifted from Mr. Fool and nearly killed me. On the other hand, with the apocalypse approaching, Mr. Fool has prophesied something: when the time comes, ‘He’ might fall asleep again. As ‘His’ Blessed, I won’t be able to escape a similar fate. The payment you need to pay is that, when such an anomaly happens, perform certain dangerous things according to Mr. Fool’s instructions and try hard to awaken ‘Him.’”

Without giving Miss Justice a chance to digest this sentence, Klein extended his right hand and grabbed a few times at the void ahead of him, pulling out a grayish-white, cold persona mask.

Using his status and Audrey’s trust in him, he forcefully summoned the projection of the Pride mask from the Historical Void.

“It’s connected to my mind, so no one else can use it.” Audrey subconsciously pointed out the problem when she saw this.

“Give me a strand of hair,” Klein said calmly.

Audrey didn’t think too much about it. She plucked out a strand of blonde hair and handed it to Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein took the strand of hair and wrapped it in the eye holes in the persona mask.

Then, he held his silk hat in one hand and the grayish-white mask in the other as he slowly stood up.

During this process, he mobilized Sefirah Castle and “Deceived” the rules.

Pa!

Klein wore the Pride mask without facing any resistance. Immediately, he saw human-clothed animals walking upright.

He had entered the Garden of Eden directly.

Looking at the black cathedral in the middle of the city, Klein curled his lips and took out the Staff of the Stars and wore the silk top hat over his head.

Chapter 1365: Destruction

The moment they sensed the intrusion of a stranger, the animals wearing cloaks or exquisite long skirts stirred as they looked at Klein with the desire to attack.

At that instant, Klein, who was wearing the Pride mask, felt as though he was an enemy of the entire city.

He wasn't unfamiliar with the situation in the Garden of Eden. He knew that the upright animals dressed as humans were in different aspects of Bestial Desires. They were more like conceptual and abstract entities instead of being physical.

In other words, they didn't have Spirit Body Threads, so they wouldn't suffer any physical harm. Otherwise, Klein could've hoisted these animals up, allowing them to sway with the wind.

In the next second, with the bear whose suit was about to rip apart taking the lead, the animals in the Garden of Eden either bared their fangs or let out low growls as they surged towards Klein from all directions.

Once bitten or hugged by them, one would be corrupted by the corresponding Bestial Desire. One could only rely on their willpower or the various Beyonder powers of the Spectator pathway to resist them.

Faced with such a situation, Klein, who was wearing a half top hat, tapped the Staff of the Stars. Without panicking in the slightest, he raised his left hand, spread his fingers, and suddenly closed them.

The Garden of Eden, formed from gothic-style architecture, was suddenly covered in a layer of gloom, as if a giant curtain had draped over it.

“Realm of the Mysteries,” the embryonic form of a divine kingdom!

Klein sealed off the Garden of Eden to prevent the powerhouses inside from escaping.

Following that, he walked forward one step at a time, like a gentleman taking an after-meal stroll.

The animals who mimicked humans by wearing human clothes rushed to his side when they naturally changed directions and embraced each other.

The python with its flicking tongue devoured a canine creature filled with the desire to mate; the strange person with a colorful spider as a face bound a huge, red-eyed rat up with a web; a violent werewolf bit the languid cat; the brown bear walking upright gave the fox with shiny fur a bear hug…

These animals that represented Bestial Desire fused together as they canceled each other out in pairs.

Klein, who had grasped the authority of “Grafting,” slowly walked through them, as though he was inspecting the concepts of humanity and Bestial Desires.

Just like that, he walked to the eighty-meter-tall cathedral and stopped.

Then, he lifted his head and looked at the skulls embedded in the black pillar for two seconds.

Klein's expression didn't change at all. He raised his left hand to press down his hat and walked up the stairs into the cathedral.

He immediately saw a grand and spacious hall, with a huge cross and a grayish-white dragon statue wrapped around the cross.

In front of the cross was a small long table with five seats on both sides of the long table.

At this moment, at the end of the long table, there was a man in a black wheelchair. His face was abnormally pale, and his pale yellow eyebrows were long. His hair was neatly combed, and there were some wrinkles on his forehead.

This was the leader of the Psychology Alchemists, Pauli Derlau.

At the same time, he was also the famous hermit Eric Drake, and the King of the Black Throne Barros Hopkins.

Of course, whether he was the main body or one of his various identities, no one knew.

Seeing Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat, walk over slowly and in an extremely oppressive manner, Pauli Derlau clasped the armrest of the wheelchair with both hands.

When the other party entered the Garden of Eden, he didn't

hesitate to leave this mind city, but he failed to do so.

The eyes beneath the Pride mask that seemed to move towards his forehead seemed to be mocking him.

Phew... Pauli Derlau quickly "Placated" his emotions before his eyes lit up with a pure, illusory light.

This light formed a pair of holy wings in front of him. Under the layers of wings, there was a pious person of light genuflecting in prayer.

This was an angel.

At the same time, an elder with white hair and ordinary looks appeared to the left of Pauli Derlau. To his right, a priest with a pale blond beard covering his face stood up.

Ancient angel, Hermes! Visionary Adam!

Klein didn't stop walking forward as he muttered to himself, "I wish for all illusions to disappear."

Just as he said that, he raised his left hand and snapped his fingers.

The Angel of Light, Hermes, and Visionary Adam, instantly dissipated and vanished, leaving behind a single Pauli Derlau sitting in the black wheelchair.

He had just used the Beyonder powers of a Dreamweaver to

weave a few almost realistic images. Once the enemy believed that they were real, they would become real. Although the damage they caused didn't have any physical manifestations, it would make the target die for unknown reasons.

Pauli Derlau has made countless targets die from fright in such nightmares.

Unfortunately, he had encountered Klein—a King of Angels who could maintain his lucidity in dreams and also possessed true vision. He used the "Wishes" power of a Miracle Invoker to easily crack the illusion.

Seeing this, Pauli Derlau's eyelids twitched. Without any hesitation, he pushed himself up from the black wheelchair.

During this process, his body rapidly expanded as he transformed into a huge grayish-white dragon.

Dragon Transformation!

An incomplete Mythical Creature form!

Compared to a Sequence 4 Manipulator, the incomplete Mythical Creature form that Pauli Derlau exhibited was even larger. Furthermore, there was a certain change to his head, making it closer to a lizard and not a human. It had golden vertical pupils and scales that were intertwined with mysterious patterns, making it cold and warped.

As the incomplete Mythical Creature form appeared, all kinds of thoughts, consciousness, desires, and wills swept out like a storm, attacking Klein's mind island in half-illusory and half-

realistic ways.

This was a combination of “Mind Deprivation” and “Mental Plague,” allowing every creature that was affected to experience corruption and go crazy on the spot.

To an angel, such attacks were the most sinister. This was because all of “Them” had certain problems with “Their” mental states. “They” could lose control at any moment due to the tilting of the scales!

Klein, who was wearing the grayish-white Pride mask and half top hat, didn’t stop walking forward. He didn’t attempt to avoid the plague storm at the mental level. He remained firm and stoic as he walked step by step towards Pauli Derlau.

In the next second, transparent insects appeared on the back of his hand. His clothes expanded as though countless indescribable monsters were crawling underneath.

Suddenly, Klein lost control and turned into a huge whirlpool formed by transparent maggots.

The vortex extended out slippery tentacles with strange patterns. In the middle, there was a door of light that was dyed bluish-black.

Upon seeing this scene, even in his incomplete Mythical Creature form, Pauli Derlau, found it difficult to stop his thoughts from coming to a halt as he stood rooted to the ground.

The massive grayish-white dragon seemed to have become a puppet; its head was filled with mush and its joints were all

rusted.

He had stared straight at a great existence that he shouldn't look at!

Above the gray fog, Klein, who was sitting at The Fool's seat, immediately dispersed the out-of-control historical projection.

After entering the Garden of Eden and pulling out the Staff of the Stars, he had switched places with the Historical Void projection that the Worms of Spirit inside Sefirah Castle had summoned, and directly returned to his ancient palace.

He clearly knew that Visionary Adam had gone to the Forsaken Land of the Gods and was attempting to fuse with the True Creator, making it impossible for "Him" to descend with "His" true body any time in the short foreseeable future. At most, "He" would send out one of "His" other identities, but it would be useless against a king of Kings of Angels. However, Klein still felt that he should be cautious, lest he fall into Adam's or Amon's trap.

Following that, he summoned himself from the fog of history. He wore the Pride mask and held the Staff of the Stars in his hand as he projected himself back into the cathedral of the Garden of Eden.

Seeing that Pauli Derlau had lost most of his rationality and was unable to control his body, Klein didn't directly control his Spirit Body Threads to turn the mind dragon into his marionette. He maintained his pace as he slowly approached the target.

In Pauli Derlau's eyes, Gehrman Sparrow was like death incarnate. He approached him slowly with his own rhythm, but there was no chance of escape.

At that moment, the grayish-white dragon statue on the huge cross behind him moved.

Almost simultaneously, Klein raised his left hand and pulled downwards.

The shadow curtain that enveloped the Garden of Eden instantly contracted, enveloping the huge cross, the grayish-white dragon statue, and Pauli Derlau within.

In the next second, Klein raised the “curtain.”

The incomplete Mythical Creature that Pauli Derlau had transformed into combined with the gigantic cross as though it was a knotted giant tree.

And the grayish-white dragon statue connected the entirety of the Garden of Eden, turning the city outside the cathedral into an abnormally illusory sea that contained all colors.

This wasn’t the Chaos Sea, rather the “loaning” of its strength. It had been “Tampered” by Klein and “Reassembled.”

At that moment, Gehrman Sparrow, who had been walking slowly forward, arrived beside the knotted giant tree. He raised his right hand, and under the vacant yet slightly fearful gaze of Pauli Derlau, he lashed out with the Staff of the Stars.

This cane that was embedded with many gems hit the target heavily, separating it into two.

Between the sounds of parts falling to the ground, Pauli Derlau’s

body that had been combined with the huge cross fell to the ground.

The leader of the Psychology Alchemists died before he could even say his last words.

While waiting for Pauli Derlau's Beyonder characteristic to appear, Klein looked around and chuckled inwardly.

As expected, Hermes's true goal was to use the faction backing Miss Justice to destroy the Garden of Eden and use it to escape from Adam.

The mind dragon, Ariehogg's words made "Him" steel his resolve...

However, "He" should've still left a few Sealed Artifacts for me. There's no need to abscond with everything... Could it be that the rabbit should be wearing a Greed mask instead of Wrath?

The Psychology Alchemists might appear again in the future, but the one controlling it in the shadows is no longer the Twilight Hermit Order, but Hermes "Himself."

Chapter 1366: Set Up

Retracting his gaze, Klein cast his gaze at the Beyonder characteristic that Pauli Derlau's body had produced.

It was formed from thin mist, seemingly an unreal, grayish-white brain from a dream.

He believed that the Garden of Eden was the safest place, so he placed his true body here. All activities in the outside world are just his many different identities? Who would've known that Hermes, who was supposed to be a defensive barrier, had abandoned this place. If a real angel were guarding the Garden of Eden and had fully utilized the uniqueness of this mind city, I wouldn't be able to so easily "Deceive" the rules and successfully infiltrate it... As Klein thought to himself, he randomly made a wish to accelerate the Beyonder characteristic's formation and condensation.

Pa! He snapped his fingers and fulfilled his wish.

Following that, he picked up the Dreamweaver Beyonder characteristic and something that could be used as the supplementary material. He took off the Pride mask on his face and left the Garden of Eden.

As he left, the remaining parts of the city collapsed and merged into the boundless sea of collective subconscious.

From that point onward, the legend of the Garden of Eden would emerge in many dreams, eventually drawn out by some artists, or fabricated into widespread stories.

And all of the stories would come to a consensus—the Garden of Eden was eventually destroyed.

Returning to the Hall family manor's veranda, Klein looked at Miss Justice, who had already composed herself, and handed over the Dreamweaver Beyonder characteristics, the corresponding ingredients, and the potion formula he had seen from the second Blasphemy Slate.

Before Audrey could say anything, he said in a deep voice, "You can go back on your word before officially advancing."

Audrey received Mr. World's gift and nodded silently, indicating that she would seriously consider it.

Wearing the exquisite straw hat, she watched Gehrman Sparrow turn around and walk to the edge of the veranda, disappearing step by step.

...

After removing his traces and concealing the clues, Klein cleverly used "Grafting" and the uniqueness of Sefirah Castle to return to Backlund, appearing in front of Judgment Xio, who was on holiday.

The MI9 colonel, who was munching on an apple, immediately put down the food in her hands. As she wiped her mouth with a tissue, she stood up.

"W-what's the matter?"

She cautiously didn't address him as Mr. World, nor did she call him Gehrman Sparrow.

Klein nodded slightly and said, "Mr. Fool got me to ask you if you wish to obtain the potion formula, Beyonder characteristic, and supplementary ingredients for Sequence 4 Imperative Mage?"

Xio frowned slightly, not feeling any joy. She asked solemnly, "Then, what's the price?"

Klein nodded approvingly.

"The apocalypse is coming. Many changes are beginning to happen, and Mr. Fool has prophesied some matters.

"When the time comes, it's very likely that 'He' will enter a period of slumber again. And as 'His' Blessed, 'His' left-hand man, I'm unable to escape the same fate. The price you need to pay is that when such a situation really appears, follow the revelation left behind by Mr. Fool, doing something that might be dangerous or simple. It might be an attempt that will take a long while, or just a short moment, so as to awaken Mr. Fool."

As a King of Angels Seer, the owner of Sefirah Castle, Klein had long been able to make certain levels of prophecies. Recently, he had seen some blurry visions and inspiration. Therefore, without any solid plan, he consciously started putting in place various arrangements.

Right now, I'm a real charlatan... he lampooned himself in thought.

Before Xio could speak, he added, "You can choose to decline. You

are not the only person chosen."

Xio believed that Mr. World wouldn't use sarcasm when it came to such matters. She didn't immediately answer as she seriously considered the matter.

Without the pending apocalypse, she felt that she would've rejected the offer. Although a demigod was powerful and terrifying, being able to rule a battlefield and control the fates of others, and was a creature that truly possessed godhood, becoming a Sequence 4 wasn't a matter that was urgent for her.

As a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin, she was able to ensure that she completed most of the missions as a colonel of MI9, with her own capabilities. With her salary and additional income, she could maintain a very decent life for her family.

Even if she were to encounter danger, she could obtain sufficient aid from the official factions. Furthermore, she could make preparations by getting Leymano's Travels in advance, and ask her friend, Fors, to protect her in secret.

In addition, she had investigated the cause of her father's death and fulfilled her wish to restore his honor.

Therefore, no matter what, she didn't have to pay the huge price to become a Sequence 4 Beyonder. Besides, it wasn't impossible for her to get an opportunity from MI9.

Of course, Xio had no idea how much longer until this would happen in the future.

Be it Mr. Fool's warning, or the various prophecies I deliberately

gathered using my job, it clearly or vaguely points out that the apocalypse is coming… There are only sixteen years left… Xio subconsciously turned her body to look at the second floor.

Under my present living conditions, Mom will definitely be able to live for another sixteen years. At that time, she wouldn't be too old. Furthermore, Mr. Moon has provided all kinds of medicine to maintain her health… Sixteen years later, Rio will be a young man in his prime, at the peak of his career… Fors might already become a Sequence 3 Beyonder, and in order to deal with the apocalypse and seek hope, she would be busy running around, but I wouldn't be of much help… Xio slowly retracted her gaze as she fell silent.

Then, she looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow and nodded solemnly.

"Okay."

"You can set up a ritual at any time and make a wish to Mr. Fool. 'He' will fulfill your wish." Klein didn't waste any time and gave a simple explanation.

His Imperative Mage Beyonder characteristic and potion formula were all obtained from the New Moon City's sacrifice. Of course, he had also bestowed his believers with the Sealed Artifact, General of the Pupil-less Eye, in exchange.

After Xio made her decision, she stopped worrying about the matter and said, "Wendel apparently went to Utopia, but strangely, he returned that very night and didn't go to court to testify.

"That makes him puzzled and worried."

“Tell him that there’s no need to worry about this matter anymore. All the people of Utopia were buried in a natural disaster.” With that said, Klein turned and walked into the spirit world.

…

In the outskirts of Backlund East Borough, in a cemetery.

Klein silently looked at the niches filled with urns of ashes and didn’t look away for a long time.

After a while, he slowly walked under a tree’s shade. He took out the historical projection of the adventurer’s harmonica and blew it.

With four blonde, red-eyed heads and dressed in a dark and complicated long dress, Reinette Tinekerr immediately walked out of the void.

Without waiting for Miss Messenger to speak, Klein asked, “The various Churches are preparing to besiege the Rose School of Thought and plan on joining forces with you.

“Is there anything I can help you with?”

He had learned of the matter from Leonard and Emlyn.

Reinette Tinekerr’s four blonde, red-eyed heads said, “There’s…” “Nothing…” “For…” “Now…”

“Talk…” “After…” “Locking on…” “Target…”

That is to say that, with the interference in divination, and prophecies, and the protection from Outer Deities like the Mother Tree of Desire, Primordial Moon, as well as Kings of Angels like the Chained God, the Rose School of Thought demigods aren’t that easy to find. They need a certain amount of time to employ various strategies? That’s right. Even Arrodes wouldn’t dare spy on them under such circumstances. Perhaps I can summon its Historical Void projection… Klein thought for a moment and said, “If there are items directly related to them, using them as a medium I can lock onto the corresponding target.”

When the time came, he could use Sefirah Castle’s power to penetrate the shield.

“Alright!” Reinette Tinekerr’s four beautiful heads bobbed up and down at the same time.

With nothing left to discuss, he planned on letting Miss Messenger return.

He had originally intended to jokingly ask, “Do I need to pay for the summoning this time?” His spiritual perception suddenly stirred as he fell silent.

A few seconds later, he took out a gold coin from Sefirah Castle.

This was one of the five gold coins that had been tainted by Sefirah Castle’s aura.

“The payment this time.” Klein handed over the gold coin with a smile.

“No need…” “This time…” After Reinette Tinekerr’s two blonde, red-eyed heads said that, the remaining two didn’t say anything.

“She” had powerful spiritual perception capabilities, and appeared as though “She” had sensed something.

In the next second, one of the two blonde, red-eyed heads that didn’t open its mouth rose up and bit the gold coin at Klein’s fingertip.

“Alright,” Klein retracted his hand and said with a smile.

Then, he casually asked, “Is Miss Sharron and Maric still in Backlund?”

“Yes…” Miss Messenger informed Klein about “Her” student’s address.

…

In a house, Maric sat at a long table and skillfully played cards with his zombies.

Suddenly, Sherlock Moriarty appeared on an empty chair. He put down his hat and took the covered cards from a zombie without any hesitation.

Maric looked up at him. His lips moved, but he didn’t open them in the end.

He let the zombie in charge of croupier duties continue to hand

out the cards.

Just like that, Klein joined them. He played a few rounds, winning and losing at times.

In the corner, Sharron, who was wearing a black regal dress and a small and delicate bonnet, appeared at some point in time. She held her face with one hand and quietly watched the game.

After playing for about two hours, Klein stood up and formally bowed to Miss Sharron and Maric.

Then, he chuckled, put on his hat, walked towards the door, and disappeared.

...

Deep in the spirit world, Klein, who had finished a course of three treatments, appeared outside Calderón City.

Chapter 1367: Distributary

As he didn't know what state Amon was in right now, Klein didn't dare delay. After his mental problems were resolved, he immediately came to Calderón City and prepared to obtain the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness.

And because it involved a sefirah, he could only vaguely see some visions when using divination or making a prophecy. He couldn't accurately make a judgment.

After surveying the area, Klein raised his hand to summon the Historical Void projection from a few minutes ago, allowing his true body to return to Sefirah Castle.

His consciousness then shifted to the projection, making it corporeal.

Following that, Klein grabbed at the void again and pulled out the Staff of the Stars's historical projection.

To be honest, after being able to use most of the Beyonder powers below Sequence 0 of the Apprentice pathway through Sefirah Castle, Klein no longer needed a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact like the Staff of the Stars. He could basically replicate whatever mystical effects it had without the negative effects.

However, he always felt that an angel still had to possess a close-combat weapon because it was possible to fall into a region that nullified Beyonder powers at some point in time.

In the mysterious world, this was definitely something that

could happen. Be it the law restrictions from the Arbiter pathway, or the Beyonder effects of a particular Outer Deity, it was possible to achieve similar effects.

Under such circumstances, if he picked up a hard staff that came with passive effects and directly smashed it in the enemy's head, it would prove to be rather effective.

As a King of Angels of the Seer pathway, making preparations in all aspects was an instinct!

After weighing the Staff of the Stars and pressing down on his top hat, Klein took out the golden bird-shaped accessory from Sefirah Castle and placed it in his left breast pocket.

Then, he took a step and entered Calderón City, the divine kingdom of ancient Death—Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace.

The first thing that entered his vision was a huge bottomless pit. All sorts of strange buildings circled the deep pit and extended downwards in circles, forming a grand city that was beyond the understanding of ordinary people.

Some of the buildings were standalone houses that stood atop pale-white stone pillars, while others were huge rectangular coffins. There were no windows, and the doors were on the roofs. Some of them were just tombs with gravestones at the entrance, while others were constructed from all kinds of bones, making them seem rather messy…

The closer to the bottom of the pit, the more intact the buildings were. The closer they got to the top, the more they collapsed, filled with the decay and ruin of time.

With just a glance, Klein made a faint grayish-white fog appear around him. He directly used Sefirah Castle's status to resist the laws of Calderón City which turned all living beings into the dead.

To him, becoming a dead person wasn't a negative effect, but he didn't like that cold and indifferent feeling.

The grayish-white tide that rose previously has receded... Klein, who was wearing a top hat and trench coat while carrying the staff, nodded in thought. With one step, he stepped deep into Calderón City, which could be seen with the naked eye.

This time, he used the Marauder pathway's Beyonder powers to steal the distance of his perception so as to avoid being entangled with the various dangerous monsters that were active in this mysterious city.

This wasn't something he was afraid of. The ones who should be afraid were the monsters. If it wasn't for the fact that he didn't wish to waste time, he wouldn't have minded taking the opportunity to gather a batch of marionettes to make up for the losses caused by the destruction of Utopia.

Apart from this reason, Klein was still cautious about something else.

Calderón City was a city of the dead. It was very likely that in the deepest depths of the city flowed the River of Eternal Darkness. And in essence, marionettes were already dead, so once they approached anywhere close to the bottom, there was a possibility of a mutation.

Venturing deeper one step at a time, Klein realized that he had thought too much.

None of the monsters hidden in this strange city dared to appear. The aura of Sefirah Castle allowed their instinctual desire to live to overcome their inclinations of madness and their habits of hunting.

The deeper he went, the quieter his surroundings became. The strange buildings remained intact, but they seemed to be dead for years. Even their auras were cold, gloomy, and decadent.

It's the same as looking at a black-and-white film. If I didn't hear my breathing and heartbeat, I would've suspected that I was deaf... Klein coughed lightly and used his grumbling to resist the silence of death.

His intuition told him that once he got used to this environment, his body and mind would become still and silent. Then, he would truly die in the full meaning of the word.

The closer he got to the ground, the stronger this feeling became.

As he kept stealing the distance, Klein proceeded forward for a long time before finally seeing the bottom of the pit.

No, this wasn't the true base of the pit. It was just a huge, black palace that stood in the way.

The palace was propped up by columns. There were all kinds of bones and different corpse pieces embedded in them. Some parts of the palace were even covered in blood. They belonged to different races.

Klein stared at it for a few seconds. Without any hesitation, he carried the Staff of the Stars and entered the palace through the

open door.

On both sides of the hall were different types of coffins in different colors. They sat there silently, as if they had already been weathered by death.

As Klein entered, there was a sudden noise coming from inside the coffins. It sounded like a rusted joint opening.

The grayish-white fog around Klein thickened again as all the coffins suddenly quietened down.

Ignoring them, Klein walked to the depths of the hall. There was a grayish-white stone staircase descending with a huge stone monument erected at the entrance.

At the top of the stone monument stood a long and slender statue that resembled a giant bird made of bronze. Its wings had all kinds of pale-white symbols.

Under the bronze bird-shaped statue, the surface of the stone monument was written in text that originated from the Language of the Dead. Their shapes were all different, looking like simplified birds or coiled snakes that looked different. They formed a few indistinct words:

“Even deities cannot escape;

“Imprisonment even in death.”

Is this a warning to all living beings who come to Calderón City to not go down the stairs? It directly leads to the River of Eternal

Darkness? Klein's thoughts raced as he carefully read the words on the stone monument.

From his point of view, this meant that, even if a Sequence 0 true deity were to approach the River of Eternal Darkness, they would be trapped there and unable to escape. And even if they were to die, they would still be imprisoned by this abstract river, this sefirah. Although they wouldn't dissipate, they wouldn't be able to escape.

From the looks of it, it's just like the Chaos Sea. Without any sefirot protection, merely approaching the River of Eternal Darkness will result in a terrifying mutation... Klein retracted his gaze and tidied up the golden bird-shaped accessory attached to his breast pocket. He walked past the bronze statue's stone monument and walked down the grayish-white staircase.

He didn't steal the distance again, to prevent himself from slamming headfirst into danger.

In the dark, silent, and cold environment, the golden bird-shaped accessory in front of Klein's chest released a pale-white glow, illuminating a small area. It was like a tiny lifeboat struggling in the waves of death.

After descending for an unknown period of time, the aura of Sefirah Castle around him expanded out of reflex and became extremely thick, like a grayish-white cocoon.

At the same time, Klein turned his head slightly and heard a faint, illusory whooshing sound.

This seemed to indicate that a dark river was slowly flowing deep underground not far from him.

In the next second, Klein looked down at his feet.

At some point in time, there was a dark stream of incorporeal water surging out from somewhere.

Even light couldn't exist on its surface.

This is different from what I saw last time... Klein frowned slightly.

Back when he came to Calderón City to hunt the Spirit World Plunderer, he had caused a certain change, causing large amounts of grayish-white illusory tidal water to surge up the bottom of the pit.

The colors that he saw the two times were completely different.

Just as Klein's thoughts raced, at the bottom of the stone staircase, where the dark tide surged over, a thin grayish-white fog spread up. Together with the illusory liquid, it expanded into a grayish-white liquid that was more mist-like.

When the water reached Klein's feet, it silently shrank back as though it was constantly ebbing up and down at a particular frequency.

This faint gray fog is a little familiar... Klein's expression turned solemn.

After pausing for a few seconds, he continued down.

This time, the rising illusory tide drowned him, causing his body to turn light, causing his emotions to quickly turn cold and his thoughts to gradually weaken.

If not for the protection of Sefirah Castle's aura around him, Klein suspected that he would passively fuse with the tide without being able to resist.

Following that, the grayish-white cocoon rose and bobbed up and down in the water before slowly reaching the end of the staircase.

At the end was a void. Amidst the emptiness flowed a straight, wide, illusory, colorless, dark river.

This river was so blurry that it was difficult to see it clearly. This was because its surroundings were covered with a swath of grayish-white like a thin layer of fog.

"Indeed..." Klein couldn't help but mutter when he saw this.

He was no stranger to this kind of fog. He had seen it behind the door in Bansy's ruins before. He had seen it at the easternmost end of the Forsaken Land of the Gods before, as well as beneath Sefirah Castle!

And unlike other places, there was a portion of the water from the River of Eternal Darkness that penetrated the grayish-white fog and fused to some extent with the latter, changing colors between dark-black and pale-white.

The river water here kept swirling up before falling down, like a stream that was running through the illusory darkness.

On both sides of the distributary stood huge and pale-white stone pillars. They seemed to be supporting something, preventing whatever it was from collapsing.

At this moment, between the stone pillars, and on the banks of the distributary, countless blurry, translucent figures were pacing back and forth, slowly but unceasingly.

Among them, the most eye-catching one was a seemingly lost figure that would occasionally enter into the depths of the distributary before turning around. Yet, it didn't seem like it could leave the river.

It was huge, similar to the stone pillars around it. It had a heavy black robe draped over it, and from its side profile, it looked very old.

Suddenly, it turned its head and looked at Klein.

Its face had obvious Southern Continent characteristics, but it had already rotted while white feathers stained with pale yellow oil grew out.

Klein knew "Him," and "He" was Mr. Azik's father, the Death of the Fourth Epoch:

Emperor of the Underworld Salinger.

Chapter 1368: Death Imprint

Death Salinger, who was pacing around the River of Eternal Darkness, looked at Klein, who was enveloped in the grayish-white cocoon.

"His" eyes that had pale-white flames that were about to be extinguished instantly reflected the golden bird-shaped accessory on Klein's chest.

In the next second, a deep roar came from "His" rotting mouth, reverberating above the river, causing the entirety of Calderón City to visibly shake.

The distributary that occasionally rose up or plunged down, sometimes dark and sometimes pale-white, reached the end of the stone staircase with the rising of tides, surging towards Klein.

During this process, the illusory tide fused with the grayish-white fog, creating a similar color.

The grayish-white torrent slammed into Klein's body repeatedly, but it failed to destroy the cocoon around him.

Death Salinger's rotting body took steps to the edge of the distributary, but "He" couldn't escape no matter what. All "He" could do was stand there and roar wildly.

Klein's gaze swept past "Him" as he looked at the blurry figures loitering around the banks.

One of them had already been swept to the center of the distributary by the surging tide. They couldn't help but sink to the bottom of the river, melting like ice.

The remaining ones didn't show any fear as they maintained their blank and lost state, moving back and forth endlessly.

At a glance, Klein saw many familiar figures.

They were the same person—Azik Eggers with "His" bronze skin and soft facial features.

This Death Consul seemed to have dissociated into multiple selves. "They" constantly paced between the pale-white stone pillars on both sides of the River of Eternal Darkness.

This… As Klein's heart stirred, his right leg suddenly turned cold.

He subconsciously lowered his head and saw a pale-white hand.

The palm penetrated the grayish-white cocoon and grabbed his calf.

And the owner of the palm floated in the surging torrent was like a water ghost as it attempted to pull Klein into the depths of the water.

Its attack could actually ignore the aura of Sefirah Castle!

Sensing Klein's gaze, the pale-white palm's owner raised his head to reveal his face.

He had black hair and brown eyes. His facial features were ordinary and he had a scholarly air.

Klein Moretti!

The “water ghost” was Klein Moretti!

In the next second, Klein’s left leg, right shoulder, and left arm were grabbed by different pale-white hands.

This made him feel cold all over as his Spirit Body seemed to freeze. He couldn’t even use all his Beyonder powers. It was impossible to resist.

The three pale-white hands belonged to different blurry figures, while the different blurry figures all had the same face—Klein Moretti’s face!

Under the pull of the four “water ghosts,” Klein’s body gradually separated from the grayish-white cocoon and sank into the torrent.

His body became colder and colder, and his thoughts gradually fell into silence. His vision gradually darkened, and eventually, there were only dark ebbing waves.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein’s consciousness returned to his original body.

Then, without any hesitation, he extended his palm and used the power of Sefirah Castle to steal an item from the latter through his connection with the historical projection.

A golden beam of light flashed as Klein held the golden bird-shaped accessory.

At the same time, he stopped maintaining the Historical Void projection.

The “drowning” figure disappeared from the Eternal Night flood.

It can ignore the aura of Sefirah Castle, which means that those four figures truly are “me”… But why would I be trapped in the stream of the River of Eternal Darkness, pacing about endlessly? Four figures, four figures… Klein’s expression was solemn as he gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table. He gained some inspiration amidst the tapping.

The words “four,” “souls,” and “death” corresponded to the reality that he had died four times and had revived four times.

Of course, after becoming an Attendant of Mysteries, the four resurrection opportunities had been reset again.

Every time I die, regardless of whether I successfully revive or not, I will leave an imprint in the River of Eternal Darkness? I died four times, so there are four figures wandering the banks of the River of Eternal Darkness? Klein roughly grasped the crux of it before he sighed inwardly. The River of Eternal Darkness is indeed a sefirah. As expected of the symbol of death, repose, destination, endpoint, and darkness… This is what the Goddess meant when “She” pointed out that I’ll encounter a different kind of danger? Hmm, when the historical projection was “drowned,” I suffered some mental damage. If my mental state was unstable, I might’ve suffered some terrible consequences by now.

Based on this deduction, Klein had a brand new understanding of the many Azik figures and the wandering Death Salinger.

"They" were the corresponding imprints of death.

Mr. Azik has indeed died many times in the process of searching for his memories, but he comes back to life every time. According to the present situation, although an Undying doesn't die, it leaves behind a lot of hidden dangers. Once the number of deaths reaches a certain level, their true bodies might be attracted to the River of Eternal Darkness one day, ending up as one of the figures that wander around there for an eternity... Only Salinger's figure is there... This means that, after accommodating the Uniqueness, "His" death imprint also becomes unique. As Klein's thoughts raced through his mind, he became worried about Mr. Azik's state of survival.

And there were two solutions to resolving this problem: One was to make Azik's soul whole and make "Him" stop repeating "His" resurrection process. And second, to help the Evernight Goddess become a Great Old One and gain control of the River of Eternal Darkness.

Heh heh, perhaps this is another binary choice. When the Goddess becomes a Great Old One, there's no need for "Her" to make use of half of Mr. Azik's soul again. Klein reined in his thoughts and focused his attention on his goal.

He had entered the depths of Calderón City, not to resolve the death imprint of Death Salinger, and destroy any chances of "Him" reviving; instead, he was here to retrieve the river water from the River of Eternal Darkness.

Clearly, the illusory tide's water that flows out of the river doesn't work. It's only an aura that flows out, not the river water itself. Also, water that has fused with the grayish-white fog won't do either. It's not pure enough, so it wouldn't be able to accomplish the desired effect. From the looks of it, only when the distributary turns back into its deep and dark state can I get the water. Heh, there's definitely no way to get it from the main river. That

grayish-white fog is definitely a solid barrier. Klein quickly formulated a plan based on his analysis.

That was to avoid going close to the River of Eternal Darkness, and not attract the attention of Death Salinger. He would wait for the distributary's water to recede and turn dark before he headed over before allowing his four death imprints to drag his historical projection to the bottom of the river.

During this process, the historical projection would seize the opportunity and use the golden, bird-shaped accessory to scoop the river water. Then, he would return his consciousness back to Sefirah Castle. Using the powers of "Theft," as well as the close connection between the two items, he could take away the golden, bird-shaped accessory.

After considering the finer details to the procedure, Klein returned to Calderón City and summoned his Historical Void projection.

He repeated the previous process and soon returned to the stone tablet next to the giant bronze bird statue. He walked down the grayish-white stone steps, step by step.

The aura of Sefirah Castle around him gradually thickened, turning into a thin "cocoon."

It didn't take long before Klein arrived at the end of the staircase. He saw the River of Eternal Darkness flowing in the void, the pale-white columns on both banks, and the countless blurry figures that lingered at the banks of the distributary.

This time, he wasn't in a hurry to go forward. He left the staircase and waited patiently at the same spot for the distributary's water to recede. The grayish-white colors faded

and the water darkened.

Right now! Klein's figure flashed as he "stole" the distance and appeared in Death Salinger's blind spot.

Without any surprise, as his body sank into the River of Eternal Darkness, the pale-white hands immediately penetrated the aura of Sefirah Castle and grabbed his limbs.

His four death imprints appeared around him, eager to drag him to the bottom of the river!

Klein's head submerged under the dark river water, making his body turn cold as his thoughts turned still.

Before he completely lost his senses, transparent and distorted maggots crawled out from Klein's neck. They quickly crawled to the side of the golden, bird-shaped accessory, clustered around it, and lifted it up, preparing to scoop the water of the River of Eternal Darkness.

At that moment, a massive shadow appeared in the swirling illusory river in front of Klein.

It was a giant bird floating in the water, one that was completely submerged by the River of Eternal Darkness's distributary.

The giant bird's surface was covered with white flames, and the feathers formed from mysterious patterns, but most of them had been melted away by the River of Eternal Darkness. The exposed parts were pitch-black and rotten with pale-yellow pus on the surface.

The giant bird's eyes seemed to be made of bronze, and layers of illusory doors were hidden within.

Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace!

The ancient Death who had opened up the Underworld!

In front of Gregrace's eyes, a bronze beam burst out, enveloping the golden, bird-shaped accessory and Klein's historical projection in a bid to drag them over together.

After weighing his current situation, Klein instantly made a decision and gave up the attempt of scooping the river water.

His consciousness immediately returned to Sefirah Castle, and he stole the golden, bird-shaped accessory.

His historical projection dissipated.

There's danger in the water too... The ancient god, Phoenix Ancestor Gregrace, has completely sunk into the River of Eternal Darkness... If the Goddess can truly accommodate the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, and if Salinger can't use that opportunity to revive in "His" body, "He" should also sink into the water like Gregrace. And the death imprint of Gregrace will melt further... Klein silently sighed as he modified the plan.

Following that, he summoned the Historical Void projection and returned to the end of the stairs.

After waiting for a while, when Death Salinger turned around and slowly walked towards the bank, Klein suddenly "stole" the

distance and appeared in front of “Him.”

In the next second, Salinger let out a low growl, rapidly increasing the flow of the distributary.

At the same time, Klein was grabbed by his death imprints, and forcefully dragged to the bottom of the river. He sensed the Phoenix Ancestor, Gregrace.

Like before, Gregrace’s bronze eyes lit up.

However, what enveloped this light wasn’t Klein and the golden, bird-shaped accessory, but Death Salinger.

Grafting!

Seizing this brief opportunity, the Worms of Spirit crawled out from Klein’s historical projection and lifted the golden, bird-shaped accessory.

The bronze eye of the accessory also released a beam of light, scooping up a tiny portion of the river water.

In the next moment, Klein’s consciousness returned to Sefirah Castle. He raised his hand and retrieved the accessory.

Phew, I’m finally done… Looking at the golden, bird-shaped accessory in his hand, he slowly exhaled.

As the owner of Sefirah Castle, this mission wasn’t too difficult. As long as he didn’t rashly enter with his main body, he could

rely on repeated failures to accumulate experience and figure out the situation.

And if it wasn't for the fact that there were two Deaths in the distributary of the River of Eternal Darkness, one wandering and the other sinking, Klein wouldn't have failed twice.

Chapter 1369: Pomp

After weighing the bird-shaped, golden accessory in his hand, Klein quickly returned to the real world. He casually picked an empty plot of land and set up an altar to hold a sacrificial ritual.

With regards to the other secrets hidden in Calderón City, as well as the loitering figures around the River of Eternal Darkness, he temporarily didn't have any thoughts of starting a deeper exploration of it. This was because he still had more important matters to prepare for. He also had a key question to ask the Evernight Goddess.

Soon, he held the ritual and allowed the candlelight and spirituality materials to fuse together, forming a Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment.

Without any hesitation, Klein placed the bird-shaped, golden accessory into the wind, allowing it to slowly pass through the mysterious door and vanish into the endless darkness.

In the next second, he sharply noticed that he had been dragged into a dream.

In the center of the dreamscape was a gothic palace that seemed to blend with the darkness around it. Its details were exquisite, its color dim, but it was still gorgeous.

Klein passed through bushes of night vanilla and slumber flowers before stepping into the palace.

In the deepest part of the hall, the Evernight Goddess was sitting

on an ancient high-back chair. “She” was still wearing the layered black dress that didn’t seem complicated.

The sparkling spots on the dress reflected the dome and the walls, and the pillars of the palace created a quiet and dreamy starry sky.

The Evernight Goddess, whose face seemed to be covered in layers of fishnet veils, held the bird-shaped, golden accessory and slowly stood up. “She” walked down the stairs to Klein.

“Her” voice sounded, sounding like a lullaby:

“What do you have to ask?”

Klein politely took off his top hat and bowed slightly.

“I want to know if the grayish-white fog that envelops the River of Eternal Darkness has something to do with that Lord of the Mysteries.”

That was also the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

Although he couldn’t see the Evernight Goddess’s face clearly, Klein felt like “She” was smiling when he looked straight at “Her.”

“Yes. Furthermore, not only is the River of Eternal Darkness enveloped by the grayish-white fog, but the city behind Bansy Harbor, and the entire Western Continent is enveloped by the same grayish-white fog.”

Klein hesitated for a moment before saying, “This is a kind of seal?”

The Evernight Goddess’s dream projection nodded.

“That’s right. Apart from Sefirah Castle and the Chaos Sea, all the other sefirot were sealed in the Western Continent by that mysterious Lord of the Mysteries.

River of Eternal Darkness, *Brood Hive*, *City of Calamity*, *Tenebrous World*, *Nation of Disorder*, *Knowledge Moor*, *and Key of Light have all been sealed in the Western Continent by the Celestial Worthy? Isn’t this too much? What pomp… It’s no wonder that the city behind Bansy Harbor’s door is like the former Shanghai… This is the City of Calamity affecting that city in the real world, as well as Bansy. Then, to a certain extent, it has caused certain changes?* Klein was enlightened and amazed.

Back when he saw the scene behind the door in Bansy, he had suspected that it had something to do with the Western Continent. Furthermore, according to the clue that Bansy was the headquarters of Red Angel Medici’s family, he suspected that behind the door was the reflection of the sefirah, the City of Calamity.

After a moment of silence, Klein didn’t conceal his feelings. He sighed and said, “The power of that Lord of the Mysteries far exceeds my imagination…

“How could such a Great Old One, who is known as one the pillars of the universe, silently perish?”

The Evernight Goddess’s dream projection shook “Her” head.

“It wasn’t silent.

“From the clues that were available, ‘He’ died together with the God Almighty of ancient times.

“That God Almighty’s corpse formed the first Blasphemy Slate in the Chaos Sea. And beside it was the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway.”

In other words, in the middle of the First Epoch, the Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty had a battle that was abnormally intense but didn’t cause much of a stir. In the end, both perished? This can explain why the ancient sun god had the Uniqueness or a Grazed Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway when “He” walked out of the Chaos Sea. It was ripped off by the ancient God Almighty from the Lord of the Mysteries… Amidst his thoughts, Klein asked in puzzlement, “Why would ‘They’ want to kill each other? ‘They’ are both pillars and aren’t from similar pathways. There shouldn’t be any life-and-death conflicts that cannot be resolved.”

The Evernight Goddess’s dream projection said gently, “Convergence is an instinct.

“The higher the level, the stronger the instinct.

“That Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty of ancient times were unable to restrain themselves from converging together, becoming the embodiment of the entire Universe, which is also the innate instinct of the original Creator.”

The crazier one becomes the stronger they become? And beyond cunning, powerful, terrifying, and filled with wisdom, there’s such a side to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings? Klein thought for a moment and said, “That Lord of the

Mysteries and God Almighty of ancient times, are, in essence, different sides of the original Creator?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection said in a comforting voice, "Using the same existence but different personas as an analogy will be more accurate.

"The original Creator was the maker of the Universe, and also its destroyer. It is both day and also night. It's the light of holiness, and also the decadent abyss. It is an amalgamation of all contradicting concepts and symbolism.

"That's why 'He' naturally has a tendency to be dissociative in a way that cannot be controlled. Once 'He' splits, there will be a strong trend towards convergence.

"In a time more ancient than the era we lived in our past lives, the original sleeping Creator had naturally split into multiple personas. They were also in a state of slumber, but they began to use the authority and Beyonder characteristics they controlled to influence the world, making many preparations for the true dissociation when the original Creator awakened.

"Here, the most powerful and active ones were God Almighty and the Lord of the Mysteries. The latter had another honorific name in the Western Continent.

"In the early-mid stages of the First Epoch, 'They' should've used different methods to grasp the additional sefirot. This made 'Their' inclination to converge more intense, making it impossible for them to control themselves, and began taking actions against each other.

"According to the ancient sun god's research, the pillar of support is the highest level of stability one can achieve. If a Great Old One

exceeds this limit, just accommodating an additional sefirah will lead to being controlled by the convergence instinct in an irreversible manner.

"No one knows the exact situation of the battle. Even the Seven Lights of the spirit world do not know. We only know that, from that fateful moment onwards, the two Great Old Ones known as the 'Pillars' vanished completely. As for the other sefirot other than the Chaos Sea and Sefirah Castle, they were sealed by Sefirah Castle's powers in the Western Continent. That was once the territory ruled by the Lord of the Mysteries.

"This setup led to a problem. It was that, before the reappearance of the Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty, and before removal and breaking of the Western Continent's seal, no Sequence 0 in this world could become a Great Old One to resist the Outer Deities.

"As the apocalypse approaches, this problem will force all the true deities to nurture a Lord of the Mysteries or God Almighty. And the former Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty are very likely to awaken in 'Their' bodies."

This... Therefore, the sealing of the other sefirots was done deliberately by the Celestial Worthy, preventing the later Sequence 0 true deities from deliberately avoiding this pathway, killing the chances of the birth of a new Lord of the Mysteries? And as long as a new Lord of the Mysteries is born, "He" has a high chance of being revived and completely awakening... Isn't this too sinister? From a certain point of view, there's no need to be afraid of others knowing this arrangement. The more entities that know of it, the more they will be inclined to quickly support the growth of a Lord of the Mysteries, so as to prevent them from only having a few years towards the end to gain control of their corresponding sefirot... The more Klein thought about it, the more terrifying the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings appeared.

This made him sigh inwardly.

As expected of a pillar that can make the Genie fall into such a predicament to this day…

Klein immediately asked, “Then why didn’t you support the growth of a Lord of the Mysteries in the Fourth Epoch?”

He actually knew the answer to this question. As time passed, as the original Creator’s different personas, the Celestial Worthy and God Almighty will have “Their” wills constantly weaken. The closer they got to the apocalypse, the weaker the corresponding will became. This made those of the future be able to resist and suppress “Them,” and avoid losing “Themselves.”

This could be proven by the fact that Adam had waited until recently to advance to Visionary.

The Evernight Goddess’s dream projection revealed a smile.

“Back then, Amon and Bethel were unwilling. All of them wished to make all sorts of preparations, hoping to make the attempt when the apocalypse was approaching.

“As for Salinger, ‘He’ planned to use the River of Eternal Darkness to fuse with the Red Priest’s Uniqueness to create a brand new Great Old One path. Then, ‘He’ went mad. ‘He’ wasn’t able to resist the desire for converging the Twilight and Evernight pathway.”

Death was also forced into such circumstances. On the one hand, the apocalypse was only a thousand years or so away, and on the other hand, the River of Eternal Darkness had been sealed by the

Celestial Worthy, a pillar. This prevented "Him" from attempting to control it... It's too sinister, too much! Klein couldn't help but inwardly criticize the Celestial Worthy.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess's dream projection continued, "The seal on the Western Continent is gradually weakening with time. The sefirot will instinctively or consciously use their symbolism to corrode the Uniqueness and High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics that land on them to influence the outside world.

"The first to seep out energy was the River of Eternal Darkness. In the Second Epoch, it formed a distributary through Gregrace. After that, in the Fourth Epoch, traces of more sefirot began to appear on the Northern and Southern Continents and the islands over the Five Seas.

"This is an important factor hidden behind many of the anomalies in the Fourth Epoch."

The sefirot had indirectly exacted their influence through the seal in the Fourth Epoch... It's no wonder Adam said that my understanding of the Fourth Epoch's history isn't deep enough... From the looks of it, Bansy Harbor retained the elven customs not because it was an elven settlement, but also because of other factors... Klein thought for a few seconds before smiling.

"I roughly understand.

"Is that why you've been helping me all this while?"

Chapter 1370: Decisive

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection replied with a smile, "If it's just to nurture a Lord of the Mysteries, I should be betting on Amon. At the very least, the chances of 'Him' succeeding is much higher than yours."

Without waiting for Klein to ask any further, "She" continued with a voice as ethereal as a dream:

"The era that was buried in the past is a memory shared between us, and also the critical period in which our humanity was born, sprouted, and nourished. Even if I've had a long life, it still remains my fondest of memories.

"You have its imprint in you, so I'm more willing to help you."

The love for the house extends even to the crows perching on its roof... Klein made a conclusion in the form of an idiom.

At that moment, he recalled the words Emperor Roselle had written in his diary:

Home.

In his wistful silence, the dream projection of the Evernight Goddess switched to saying,

"When you're ready, you can go to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range anytime.

“Of course, it’s your freedom to choose. No one will force you, and no one can force you either. You can choose to stop at a certain stage and not become a Great Old One, nor allow the Lord of the Mysteries to awaken in your body. Then, at the last moment of the apocalypse, you can bring the people and objects you want to protect and ‘Wander’ to other planets in other solar systems to avoid the attention of the Outer Deities, and create another civilization.”

Klein had long thought of this problem. After a moment of silence, he said, “I’m not sure if Roselle had said one thing: You can hide for a moment, but you can’t hide forever.”

He was speaking in Jotun with the Evernight Goddess, so it was a little odd when translating the proverb.

Escaping was just a temporary strategy. It couldn’t be used as a long term plan.

After a pause, Klein continued, “Although the Universe is vast and without an end, the Outer Deities are clearly more familiar with it than we are. They’re also stronger, directly representing a certain aspect of the universe. It’s very difficult to avoid ‘Their’ pursuit. Besides, even if we succeed, peace will only last for some time. The recreated civilization will be destroyed in less than a thousand years. When that happens, we won’t even have the chance to become Great Old Ones, never capable of any form of self-redemption.”

This was because if one wanted to successfully escape during the invasion of the Outer Deities, they had to give up all the sefirot. Otherwise, they would definitely become the focus of “Their” attention. Let alone wandering the cosmos, even withstanding the first wave of attacks was an unknown.

The Evernight Goddess’s dream projection spoke slowly,

“Apart from the items ripped from the Outer Deities, only taking away the Uniquenesses and High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the other pathways might not necessarily garner the attention of the Outer Deities. ‘They’ wouldn’t spend too much time searching.”

“You also said that it’s not necessarily the case. The Outer Deities should still have a certain desire for the Uniqueness and High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of similar pathways. This can help ‘Them’ approach the level of a pillar,” Klein replied calmly. “We can’t place our hopes on ‘Their’ feelings. ‘They’ aren’t benevolent.”

The Evernight Goddess’s dream projection nodded and said, “In this aspect, you’re more aware than Roselle. Of course, it’s because he had learned of the Great Old Ones and the Outer Deities a little too late.”

“She” continued, “You have another choice: use Pallez’s method to personally lower your level and let Amon steal Sefirah Castle. This way, you can live well as a Sequence 1 angel. You don’t have to constantly worry that the Lord of the Mysteries will awaken in you. It won’t be that exhausting.”

In the Church of Evernight’s bible, there was the division of angels and archangels. Klein had always guessed that the latter referred to Sequence 1, and today, he had finally obtained confirmation.

Of course, this was only the standard of one Church, not necessarily the rest.

After hearing the Evernight Goddess’s words, Klein fell silent for a long time before asking, “Can Amon be trusted?”

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection said frankly, "I can't give you a definite answer."

Klein asked again, "If the Lord of the Mysteries awakens in Amon's body, will 'He' take back all the High-Sequence Beyonder characteristics of the Seer, Marauder, and Apprentice pathways?"

"I don't know," the Evernight Goddess's dream projection replied in the same tone.

Klein fell silent again. After a while, he said, "Personally, I don't wish to become a Great Old One, but I can't let down and betray those existences who have placed their bets on me. 'They' have more or less helped me.

"Once Amon becomes the Lord of the Mysteries, 'He' will definitely help the ancient sun god retrieve the Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic from the Lord of Storms and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, causing 'Their' deaths.

"Besides, Amon is a reckless god."

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection nodded slightly and said, "Your humanity has been maintained well."

After making up his mind, Klein freed himself from his low spirit state. He smiled and said,

"If I hadn't maintained my humanity, and allowed the godhood to gain an advantage, I would've also made a similar choice. That's because a godhood's instinct is convergence upon oneself."

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection gently chuckled.

"Make your preparations. Meet Antigonus as soon as possible."

Klein nodded and suddenly recalled something. He hurriedly asked, "Has Amon already used Mr. Door's ritual to accommodate the Uniqueness of the Apprentice pathway?"

The Evernight Goddess's dream projection slowly replied, "If it were another existence, then definitely not.

"But if it's Amon, there's a 50% chance.

"'He' likes to take risks and seek thrills."

Klein didn't say another word as he watched the Evernight Goddess's projection vanish before him as the dream gently collapsed.

The altar that he had yet to clear occupied his vision again.

To him, heading to the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to face the Antigonus family's ancestor didn't require much preparation from him. He would mainly rely on Sefirah Castle to produce an avatar to steal the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic—the one from Zaratul—that he hadn't digested yet, allowing his main body to be in a unique state that could accommodate the Uniqueness.

As his mental state stabilized, even without Zaratul's remnant mental imprint, Klein could still rely on his humanity, consciousness, and anchors to barely suppress the partial

consciousness of the Celestial Worthy.

However, before that, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that he needed to do something.

After looking around, he tidied up the altar and dragged Dwayne Dantès out of the fog of history.

Sitting at the table, Klein spread out a piece of paper and wrote a letter to Mr. Azik.

As it hadn't been a while since he wrote the previous letter, there wasn't much content. He only mentioned the River of Eternal Darkness that was situated underground in Calderón City, as well as the death imprints on both banks of the distributary. He emphasized the numerous Azik Eggers he had seen, and his guesses.

After folding the letter, Klein took out Azik's copper whistle and blew at it.

The skeleton messenger appeared at the size of a normal human. It knelt down on one knee and opened its palm.

After Klein handed the letter to it, he took out a gold coin from Sefirah Castle.

"This is to thank you for all the work you've done.

"If you can't accept it, hand it to your master and let 'Him' decide."

This gold coin was one of the transformed gold coins that had been tainted by the aura of Sefirah Castle.

He had already used one of them to pay Miss Messenger's fee, and he had lost one to Maric when they played cards.

The skeleton messenger was stunned for nearly five seconds, but he didn't dare disobey Klein's words. He clasped the letter and the gold coin with his bony fingers.

It disintegrated and fell to the ground like a waterfall before drilling into the ground.

Following that, Klein took out another gold coin and placed it in his pocket.

At the same time, he made the Worms of Spirit on duty in Sefirah Castle to take a look at a certain crimson star.

...

East Balam, in a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess.

As the first batch of demigods participating in the besieging of the Rose School of Thought, Leonard Mitchell had already used a Sealed Artifact to reach the Southern Continent.

However, he had no progress for the time being. This was because the Rose School of Thought demigods seemed to sense the danger in the air as they simultaneously hid themselves.

This made Leonard have no choice but to wait patiently, ready to answer the call of any dispatches.

While he had nothing to do, he wore his red glove and entered the cathedral's prayer hall. He did his daily prayer in a rather devout manner.

In the dark and serene environment, he seemed to fall asleep.

After an unknown period of time, Leonard opened his eyes and stood up. He walked down the aisle towards the door.

At that moment, he saw a familiar figure. It was Klein Moretti, wearing a top hat and formal suit with black hair and brown eyes.

Leonard's pupils dilated as his brows pricked up. Klein, who was also praying, lowered his hands and stood up. He walked past him and slowly approached the altar.

During this process, neither of them spoke, as if the other party was just a stranger.

After reaching the donation box near the altar, Klein took out a gold coin from his pocket and threw it in with a serious expression.

Then, he changed direction and left the cathedral from another door.

Leonard stood in the middle of the aisle and watched this scene with a puzzled look. He frowned slightly.

At this moment, in his mind, Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice echoed:

"*Find a chance to get that gold coin.*"

...

Backlund, in a particular house.

Will Auceptin held a silver spoon and focused on digging at the pale green ice-cream in front of "Him."

Suddenly, "He" extended "His" left hand to block the side of the food.

On the chair beside "Him," Dwayne Dantès's figure instantly appeared.

"I seem to have missed your birthday twice," Klein said with a smile. "This is a belated present."

As he spoke, he took out a gold coin and pushed it to Will Auceptin.

"This is a lucky gold coin for you."

Will was stunned for two seconds before muttering, "The gift celebrating my birth was a lucky amulet. For a birthday gift, it's a lucky gold coin. You really don't have any creativity."

As “He” spoke, “He” reached out “His” chubby hand and quickly took the gold coin.

Klein smiled, stood up, and vanished.

Chapter 1371: Who are Allies and Who are Foes

Bayam, inside the Church of the Sea God.

After the Mass, Alger Wilson returned to his room and saw a figure appear by the window.

It was Gehrman Sparrow in a top hat and trench coat.

Without waiting for Alger to speak, Klein took two steps forward and solemnly said, “I have come under Mr. Fool’s orders.”

He habitually acted as the Attendant of Mysteries.

Alger immediately lowered his head and pressed his right hand to his left chest.

“Praise Mr. Fool.”

Klein nodded slightly and took out an item from the junk pile of Sefirah Castle.

Alger’s eyes immediately reflected a short scepter made of bones.

The tip of the scepter was embedded with tiny blue gems. A small number of them were dyed black, and a small number was covered in the light of dawn. Around it were countless pure points of light, and the sounds of illusory prayers emitted from it, stacked and holy.

Alger's eyes widened as he couldn't help but reveal a hint of greed.

As a Sequence 4 demigod of the Sailor pathway, he was extremely certain that the white bone scepter before him was the symbol of the Sea God's identity, level, and strength.

As he endured the slight dizziness from the prayers, he cast his gaze at The World Gehrman Sparrow, waiting for the deity's attendant to speak.

Klein raised the Sea God Scepter with one hand and said with a solemn expression, "This is Mr. Fool's gift and a sign of trust, as well as a reward for protecting a large number of believers.

"No matter what happens in the future, you are to keep following Mr. Fool's instructions and do your best to complete the missions 'He' gives."

"..." Alger acutely sensed the hidden meaning.

He suspected that Mr. Fool would encounter something in the future, causing "Him" to suffer injuries or enter a nadir state.

At the thought that he had already left the Church of Storms and had no way out, Alger pressed his right hand to his left chest and replied loudly, "My faith lies only with Mr. Fool!"

Upon seeing this, Klein secretly nodded before repeating what he had said to Miss Justice and Miss Judgment.

This made Alger heave a sigh of relief. After all, knowing what

might happen in the future was better than not knowing anything.

Without hesitation, he repeated his words in a serious tone.

Klein handed the Sea God Scepter to him.

“You should get used to this Sealed Artifact and the daily life as a Sea God. Once you finish digesting the Cataclysmic Interrer potion, use it to concoct the potion. The prior acting will reduce the difficulty of advancing.”

In fact, Klein could now remove the “Grafting” and transfer the concept of “Sea God” which was directed at him and Sefirah Castle to Alger, allowing him to directly become half a Sea God. It would allow him to better adapt to his identity and better act in advance.

However, considering how he was about to accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness, he needed sufficient anchors to balance the consciousness of the Celestial Worthy’s awakening. He couldn’t be missing the Sea God’s believers. Klein decided to wait until his condition had stabilized before completely transferring everything that was related to Sea God.

Currently, Alger was an attendant more suitable to wield the authority, helping the deity listen and respond to prayer without enjoying the corresponding anchors and identity. The Sea God Scepter’s owner was still Klein, as everything still pointed at him. This was the miraculous use of “Grafting.”

Alger suppressed his excitement and joy as he answered Gehrman Sparrow sincerely and received the Sea God Scepter.

Then, he deliberated and asked, “What negative effects does this Sealed Artifact have?”

“Mr. Fool has already applied certain seals to it. The negative effects of the Sea God Scepter have been greatly reduced,” Klein said simply. “It will only make the wielder more irritable and cause the spirit to be in a certain state of chaos. In addition, it will drain the blood of the surrounding creatures every month. You can fly to the sea or an uninhabited island ahead of time.”

That’s still manageable… Alger secretly heaved a sigh of relief before asking what Beyonder powers the scepter had.

After Klein briefly described it, he vanished.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

After finishing the additional preparations, Klein sat on The Fool’s chair and conjured a piece of goatskin and a dark red fountain pen. He began analyzing the possible developments at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range when he faced the Antigonus family’s ancestor.

If everything goes smoothly, and I enter the final stage of accommodating The Fool’s Uniqueness, the Goddess will definitely have to remove the Concealment. This is because this is the only way to allow the region to interact with reality, allowing fate to connect, thus achieving the effect of fooling fate.

From Mr. Door’s apotheosis ritual, the commotion caused by accommodating a Uniqueness is definitely not trivial. Once it’s not

concealed, this matter will definitely be detected by the other deities. Furthermore, those who are concerned about this matter must've been watching the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range recently. Once there are any changes there, "They" will immediately know.

In such a situation, there's no doubt that there will be interference, destruction, assistance, and support. It's very important to find out who the foes and allies are. Otherwise, there's no way to make targeted preparations.

The Goddess is definitely on my side. If "She" were an enemy, I would've been concealed countless times. It's impossible for me to grow to this level. To put it simply, "She" had many opportunities to sell me out. Furthermore, "She" could sell it at a very good price previously. Furthermore, to "Her," it wouldn't affect "Her" ability to support who becomes the Lord of the Mysteries. That's why "She" can make a decision based on "Her" preferences. Adam is currently unable to bypass the seal and obtain the River of Eternal Darkness.

The ones who do not wish for Amon to become the Lord of the Mysteries the most are the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Once someone attempts to destroy my ritual to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, "They" would definitely help me and directly provide help.

Apart from these four true deities, the remaining Sequence 0s are:

Visionary Adam and the True Creator are Amon's father. The probability of helping "Him" is definitely higher than "Them" being on the sidelines; Earth Mother has placed a bet on me through Emlyn, but it's not necessarily the case that "She" would definitely help me at the critical moment. To "Her," waiting patiently for the outcome when there are no interests at play is the best choice. The Primordial Demoness's condition is odd. It's

possible for "Her" to make any choice. The attitude of the God of Steam and Machinery is ambiguous. It's more likely for "Him" to remain neutral or privately make a deal with Amon and Adam. I don't have any chips to move "Him."

Other than these true deities, there are some uncommon Sequence 0s or the consciousnesses in existence that are nearly at Sequence 0.

The Lord of the Abyss, also known as the Dark Side of the Universe, is suspected to have been invaded by the Mother Tree of Desire. "He" would occasionally respond to the prayers of the Blood Sanctify Sect. It has been a long time since "He" exerted any influence on the real world. Likewise, the Chained God is in a similar situation.

What "They" will do will only depend on the Mother Tree of Desire's thoughts. And to the Outer Deities, delaying the birth of a Lord of the Mysteries should be a consensus. Under such circumstances, stopping me from being able to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness will only cause me to be at an absolute disadvantage in the competition with Amon, allowing the competition to quickly determine a winner.

The most plausible strategy of the Mother Tree of Desire is tacit consent. "She" might even help me to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, preventing the scale between me and Amon from tilting. After that, "She" will repeatedly destroy our inclinations and attempts to converge, delaying the birth of the Lord of the Mysteries to the apocalypse.

The Red Angel evil spirit definitely hasn't recovered to the level where "He" can be involved in such matters. The Hidden Sage is very mysterious, making it difficult to guess "His" thoughts, but "He" should know that I am hostile towards "Him."

At this point in the analysis, Klein made a conclusion:

"Allies: The Evernight Goddess, Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom:

"Foes: Visionary Adam, True Creator, and Mr. Error Amon.

"Neutral with tendencies to support me: Earth Mother, Dark Side of the Universe, and Chained God.

"Neutral with tendencies to support Amon: Hidden Sage.

"Neutral and ambiguous attitudes: Primordial Demoness, God of Steam and Machinery."

Yes, I'll ignore how far Adam and the True Creator have fused. I'll consider the worst-case scenario. I'll treat "Them" as the ancient sun god and treat them as a dual-pathway Sequence 0 true god... The Goddess has the Uniqueness of the Twilight Giant and Death. Although "She" hasn't accommodated them, "She" has some level of control of them using that bird-shaped, golden accessory as a medium. Even if "She" can't compare to the ancient sun god, she can definitely stall "Him"...

I'll also consider Amon as a dual-pathways Sequence 0 true god. At least two of the Lord of Storms trio have to be diverted to have a chance to fend "Him" off... From the surface, I still hold a certain advantage... Klein looked at the content listed on the piece of paper as he thought silently.

However, this advantage didn't consider the neutral factions.

Klein tapped the edge of the long mottled table and considered the worst situation.

The Primordial Demoness, Hidden Sage, and God of Steam and Machinery might all choose to help Amon based on their own secret dealings or “Their” morality.

This way, even if Earth Mother participated in the battle, Klein’s side would be at a disadvantage. The God of Steam and Machinery and the other god from the omnipotent and omniscient pathway would cancel out each other. The Primordial Demoness would hold back the Earth Mother, who had just taken back the Uniqueness of The Moon. The Hidden Sage would face the Universe’s Dark Side and the Chained God which were controlled by the Mother Tree of Desire—the powers that the Outer Deities could sneak into the world were extremely limited. This gave the Hidden Sage a likely advantage.

Furthermore, this cancellation was a calculation based on ideal conditions. In reality, under the chaotic situation, Amon, who was in charge of the “Error” authority, could play many tricks. It was possible that “He” would be able to find weaknesses in an instant and bypass the obstacles, causing Klein’s ritual to fail and make him lose control on the spot. In addition, some deities who supported Klein on the surface might turn to help Amon due to reasons he wasn’t aware of.

As for the Sealed Artifacts that could change the power balance between the deities, Klein didn’t know much about them and wasn’t able to make an analysis.

Heh, I didn’t expect that there would be a day when I fleeced the Mother Tree of Desire. Yes, I have to make some preparations for the worst-case scenario to prevent things from developing in this direction. Klein dispersed the paper and fountain pen in front of him and cast his gaze at a particular prayer light.

His figure vanished from Sefirah Castle and appeared on Bernadette's Dawn.

Chapter 1372: The Other Use of the Magic Wishing Lamp

Queen Mystic Bernadette seemed to have a sense of foreboding when she saw Gehrman Sparrow's arrival. Without any surprise, she put down the ancient scroll in her hand and cast her gaze at the visitor at the door.

Klein didn't stand on ceremony and said directly, "I wish to borrow the Magic Wishing Lamp for a day."

Bernadette nodded gently and raised "Her" hand to pick up the Magic Wishing Lamp beside "Her."

"Her" invisible servant immediately held the unique lamp and brought it to Klein.

Klein took it and said in a deep voice, "Thank you."

Bernadette didn't make any requests. It was as though she wasn't afraid that she would end up having accumulated an additional wish and dying a strange death.

She believed that Mr. Fool would be able to resolve this problem because the existence had displayed this ability the last time.

In the next second, Klein, who had transformed into Gehrman Sparrow, vanished from the Dawn and returned to Sefirah Castle.

When he placed the Magic Wishing Lamp on the table in front of him, he immediately saw the candlewick light up, emitting a sticky light that formed a distorted, blurry golden figure.

"You haven't fulfilled your promise yet, so I won't fulfill your wishes according to your will again," Genie said with a majestic and dignified voice. "You should know that the current owner of this lamp is Roselle's daughter. The first wish you made was to place 'Her' accumulated wishes that could allow 'Her' to suffer a backlash at the level Above the Sequences on you. And this time, I won't permit you to transfer 'Her' wishes onto yourself."

When Klein had used the Magic Wishing Lamp to escape, he hadn't changed the ownership of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It still belonged to Bernadette, and its wielder was still Queen Mystic.

Therefore, his wish would simultaneously be accumulated on himself and Bernadette.

At that time, his first wish was to transfer the two wishes that Bernadette had previously made under his name. This cleared Bernadette's accumulated wishes, and he was burdened with two wishes.

But at the same time, this first wish was also accumulated. Therefore, after it was fulfilled, Bernadette's count became 1, and Klein's was 3.

Following that, Klein made a second wish. It would undoubtedly be counted towards both Bernadette and him.

Finally, Bernadette's wish count was 2 without exceeding the critical point, while Klein reached 4. Without any surprises, he encountered the backlash from the rules that were at the level of

an Outer Deity. He died on the spot in Adam's corpse cathedral and successfully escaped.

Under the premise that Klein made another wish, it would make Bernadette's wish count reach 3, causing her to unavoidably suffer something terrifying.

Of course, he could also mimic the first wish he did previously, transferring Bernadette's wish count onto himself and spending one chance at "revival." However, the Genie had already made it clear that "He" would distort any similar wishes, allowing the wish to be realized in a way that Klein didn't wish to see.

Sigh, it's also because I was in a rush the last time. And Roselle was affected by the Primordial Moon, so the wish we came up with was definitely flawed... At that time, I should've added a description to make the first wish only count under my name. Or perhaps, I should've added another wish between the first and second wish to transfer the ownership of the Magic Wishing Lamp to me. After all, my death would result in the ownership being cleared, and the Magic Wishing Lamp would return to its wielder... As Klein sighed inwardly, he smiled at Genie.

"You should be no stranger to 'Tampering' and 'Reassembly.'

"With your level and current state as this lamp, I can now rely on Sefirah Castle to 'Graft' its ownership from Bernadette onto me. Or perhaps, we can use a different method and directly use 'Theft'?"

Genie's blurry golden figure fell silent. After a few seconds, "He" said, "Although you aren't as cunning as 'Him,' you're just as shameless.

"However, this is of no use. After you accumulate your wishes

and die, the ownership of this lamp will still return to Roselle's daughter. And I will distort the rules and place your wish count onto 'Her.'

"Also, I said earlier that before you fulfill your promise, I won't fulfill your wish normally again."

Klein maintained his smile.

"I once heard a story regarding investors.

"When a company is in trouble, the ones who are more willing to provide aid will definitely be the original investors. Although they have already paid a lot, if they don't continue investing, they might not be able to recoup their investment and end up losing all their money.

"Of course, if they could use other means to retrieve their own share, or exchange their investment for greater benefits, it would be another story.

"Which type do you think you are?"

Genie stared at Klein, who was sitting in The Fool's seat, and laughed.

"After you gain a deeper grasp of Sefirah Castle, you also seem to have obtained the eloquence of a Swindler. However, unless you help me remove the seal now, it will be difficult for me to affect matters at the level of Sequence 0. At most, you will encounter a backlash from Above the Sequences laws and die again.

“However, this won’t be of any help to what you wish to do now. Death means failure. Furthermore, you should know very well that losing control during your advancement will affect all your avatars. It’s not something that can be avoided by cutting off all connections.”

Klein smiled and nodded.

“Indeed, I haven’t thought of a wish yet. I’m just making preparations.”

With that said, he looked at the Magic Wishing Lamp.

“Actually, this lamp has another use that can affect matters at Sequence 0.

“I heard that a true god once attempted to destroy this lamp, but failed in the end. Indeed, how can a lamp that can seal an Outer Deity be so easily damaged? It definitely has the power of the Lord of the Mysteries or Sefirah Castle.”

As he spoke, the smile on Klein’s face gradually became obvious.

“It’s such a waste not to use something as sturdy as this as a shield.”

“…” Genie fell silent for a long time.

After such a friendly exchange, Klein and Genie exchanged their views. The fact that both of them were connected by fate had allowed “Them” to come up with a preliminary agreement.

Then, Klein placed the Magic Wishing Lamp into his pocket, prepared to use it at any time.

After completing all of this, he cast his gaze at the fragments of light related to the Hornacis mountain range in the fog of history.

He was almost done with his preparations. Next, he would create another avatar and steal the undigested Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic from himself. Then, he could face the ancestor of the Antigonus family.

And this might very well trigger a divine battle.

To be frank, Klein didn't wish for that to happen. This was because a war of deities would likely have a negative impact on the real world.

Back when the Rose Redemption stopped the resurrection of the Primordial One, in the divine battle to assassinate the ancient sun god, which involved the help of Dark Angel Sasrir, it directly brought about a disaster that affected the entire Eastern Continent. This caused more than 99% of the living creatures there to die, making large swaths of the terrain to resemble the abyss.

The War of the Four Emperors and the Pale Disaster had nearly destroyed the Northern Continent, causing countless people to die and mutate. This caused the mountains to turn into lakes, valleys into peaks, rivers changing paths, the land to collapse, and the ocean to go berserk.

The battle between the Evernight Goddess and the God of Combat happened in the astral world. It happened in the Evernight Goddess's divine kingdom, and it was relatively brief. Therefore,

it had the least impact on the real world. However, before that, the world war that exceeded a year had drained the blood and tears of countless people.

If it was possible, Klein was actually willing to give up on Sefirah Castle and live on as a Sequence 1 or even a Sequence 2 angel. The matter would then develop in the most peaceful way.

However, along the way, there were already too many existences who provided him with kindness, help, and faith. At this moment, if Klein were to give up, he would put them into danger. This wasn't being kind, but selfish.

From time immemorial, which successful person didn't bear the fates of many people?

If he gave up, what about the rest?

The members of the Tarot Club, The Fool believers of the City of Silver and Moon City, Azik Eggers, Reinette Tinekerr, Will Auceptin... Various faces quickly flashed across Klein's mind.

Finally, he let out a long sigh.

If Amon could be trusted, it wasn't that Klein couldn't hand over all of this to "Him." However, this God of Deceit had always been reckless. Even "His" believers were all "Himself."

If Klein were to give up just like that—notwithstanding his own safety—the people or demigods he had just thought of might be caught by his enemies or directly end up wearing a monocle on their right eye. Among them, Will Auceptin and The Fool's believers were in the most danger.

Believe in the might of deities, but do not trust “Their” benevolence!

This was Klein’s decision. When facing the Evernight Goddess, he had used the Lord of Storms and company as an example. This was telling “Her” that he wouldn’t let “Her” down after all the help “She” had given. This was the existence that had bet the most on him. If Klein were to give up, the Evernight Goddess might have to pay a greater price to obtain the River of Eternal Darkness. “She” might even not be able to obtain it forever. This was because after the appearance of the two pillars—Lord of the Mysteries and God Almighty—it meant that the threat from the Outer Deities would be reduced to its lowest level. There wouldn’t be any need for additional Great Old Ones to appear.

Phew, I’ll later use Sefirah Castle to “Graft” the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range to the astral world. This can prevent the war of deities from bringing any harm to the real world to the greatest extent. It can also allow the deities who are guarding the cracking barrier to unleash “Their” full strength. After all, most of my supporters are orthodox deities… Klein’s mind raced as he came up with a solution.

He then snapped his fingers and used Sefirah Castle to create an avatar to stand beside him.

Chapter 1373: Facing

The avatar Klein created was a blueprint of his present state, and not Dwayne Dantès, Sherlock Moriarty, or Merlin Hermes, so as to avoid any obstacles in his self-awareness.

After experiencing the mutation brought by Adam, he became more careful in such aspects.

Glancing at his avatar, Klein's thoughts made his face turn blank.

The avatar extended its right hand and stirred Sefirah Castle's strength to grab at the main body.

Again and again, it failed more than ten times. Finally, it managed to extract bits of dark light from the main body.

Finally... Klein sighed and extinguished the thought of trying to execute this attempt during the actual battle.

Despite not resisting at all, with his body and mind at ease, his avatar had still spent so much time failing while using Sefirah Castle's level and strength. It was easy to imagine its value in actual combat.

As more and more Beyonder characteristics left his body, Klein felt relaxed. He felt like he had finally abandoned a heavy burden after a long walk.

Of course, there was a certain fluctuation in his mental state.

After losing the lingering mental imprint from Zaratul, the awakening of the Celestial Worthy's consciousness began to invade his mind.

This was within Klein's expectations; therefore, he wasn't flustered at all. With his self-awareness that had long stabilized, his tenacious willpower, and his ample anchors, he gradually resisted the corruption of the Celestial Worthy's will and found a new balance.

At the same time, when the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic that Klein hadn't fully digested entered his avatar's body, its blank face suddenly twisted, growing out dark, lusterless eyes, and an indistinct white long beard.

At this moment, it greatly resembled Zaratul.

However, it was unable to withstand the madness brought about by the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic. Its body rapidly developed towards collapse as transparent, distorted maggots crawled out and slippery and sinister tentacles extended out.

It lost control on the spot.

Klein didn't stay idle. Without any hesitation, he moved his finger, making the avatar turn into his marionette.

This terminated the process of losing control.

At this point, he had already made all preparations. His main body had completely digested the potion, allowing him to be in a state to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness. He also had a

Sequence 1 marionette.

Following that, Klein leaned back into his chair and replayed what he was about to do in his mind to see if there were any fatal flaws.

This is the most I can do for the battle of the deities. I can only do my best afterwards... Hmm, am I being too optimistic about the first stage because of the Goddess's help and the supplementary River of Eternal Darkness's water? That's why I'm not worried that the Antigonus family's ancestor won't cause any accidents? After a round of scrutiny, Klein felt that he was still not cautious enough. There was a little arrogance and carelessness in the matter.

After some thought, he created another avatar which still had a blank face.

After completing this, Klein stood up, took out Creeping Hunger from the fog of history, and wore it on his left hand.

This was a preparation for any possible small-scale battles. Under such a scene, "Blink" was faster and more convenient than "Grafting."

After adjusting his collar, Klein slowly surveyed the area and made his gaze fall on the strange door of light that was stained with bluish-black. It landed on the humans who were hanging there, wrapped in transparent "cocoons."

As he scanned each and every one of them, his gaze landed on the three shattered transparent "cocoons."

In the next second, Klein's figure vanished and appeared in the grayish-white fog of history. He walked to the time before the First Epoch, and he arrived at the stacked metropolis of old.

He stood at the top of a dilapidated skyscraper that barely stood erect. He looked down at the pile of wreckage, the public transportation vehicles that had turned into metal pancakes, and numerous overlapping sedans.

Amidst the silence, he swept his gaze across the remaining buildings. It seemed to pass through the barriers of history, allowing him to see the electric lamps lit up inside them.

The light from the lamps spread out gently, illuminating the glass and skyscrapers, streets, and every corner of metropolis ruins.

After staring at it for a long time, Klein retracted his gaze and took a step back to the real world.

Right on the heels of that, he directly teleported to the summit of the Hornacis mountain range. He "saw" that ancient palace that was shrouded in fog, dilapidated, and overgrown with weeds.

His marionette and avatar appeared in front of him, like two guards.

Facing the ancient palace, Klein pressed his top hat, raised his right hand, and snapped his fingers.

The peak of the Hornacis mountain range instantly turned dark. Illusory stars appeared around them.

Klein had “Grafted” this place to the astral world.

Without any hesitation, he led his marionette and avatar to the main door of the ancient palace.

The marionette that looked almost identical to him was one step ahead. It bent down, stretched out its hands, and slowly pushed the heavy stone door open.

The door slowly creaked open, revealing the scene inside.

And it was different from the last time Klein sent the Trunsoest Brass Book over. It was dark inside, making it impossible for anyone to see the numerous corpses hanging above the hall, nor could he see the cluster of transparent maggots that were sitting on the huge stone chair.

Without needing to guess, Klein made use of the intuition of a Seer at the King of Angels level to confirm that this was the change caused by the Evernight Goddess using the River of Eternal Darkness’s water to allow the ancestor of the Antigonus family to enter a state of eternal slumber.

After the marionette and avatar entered, he slowly walked through the door and entered the palace.

The darkness swayed and changed.

Numerous buildings appeared in the surroundings as figures walked along the streets. Their voices spread out, causing the surroundings to become lively and noisy.

The people ignored Klein and his marionette and avatar as they headed for their destinations while chatting with each other.

They and the buildings were dark in color, almost close to black-and-white. They were like old photos that came from deep within history that had suddenly come to life.

This made Klein think of black-and-white holographic projections, the scenes in the Historical Void, and those in real dreams.

He strolled through this town and walked along the elevating streets.

And the higher they went, the more magnificent the buildings became. The massive stone pillar supported an exaggerated dome.

The people living in this “black-and-white photo” were generally tall. They seemed to be learning, working, and resting.

The scenes here changed continuously, showing the birth of a baby, the growth of a child, the ignorance of youth, the worries of an adult, the pressure of a middle-aged man, and the sorrow of aging.

Of course, they were all interlinked with each other. Only a portion would become the main theme at times.

As Klein ventured deeper, he saw the residents of the towns die.

Their loved ones weren’t overly sad. They carried the dead back

home, placed them on the bed with a pillow as if the corpses were still alive.

When Klein was about to leave the town's borders, the dead got up from bed, left their family, and walked out of their homes, heading towards the highest point of the street.

There was also a city there. It seemed to be the City of the Dead, the eventual refuge of life, a kingdom of eternal repose.

This was very close to where normal people lived. The latter was distributed by the mountainside to the peak, while the former was on the peak.

Others might be surprised by such a state, but Klein instantly understood what this scenery meant.

This was because he directly saw Spirit Body Threads on the deceased.

The moment they were about to die, their Spirit Body Threads floated towards the peak, controlled by an unknown existence.

That also meant that they had become marionettes.

Therefore, the deceased could leave their own families and head to the peak after dying for some time.

And this was completely in line with the details mentioned in the "Research of the Hornacis Main Peak's Relics."

The Nation of the Evernight belonged to the Mother of the Sky from the Evernight pathway, but at the peak, there was a town used by the Antigonus family's ancestor.

Therefore, the residents of the Nation of the Evernight were respectful and afraid of Evernight. They believed in the Mother of the Sky. At the same time, they believed that death was not the end. They believed that their dead loved ones would bless them from Evernight.

Indeed, death wasn't the end. The City of Dead was just beside them—at the peak. They could reach it just by walking, and the dead would continue living their lives as marionettes.

In the eyes of ordinary people, this was undoubtedly the same as still being alive.

The nation of the living and the City of Dead were like two ends of a road. The distance between life and death was so close that they were like neighbors.

This also explained why the Nation of the Evernight didn't have tombs, as the deceased didn't need to be buried. They turned into marionettes and headed for the peak.

This should be the Nation of the Evernight from back then... Klein nodded slightly and proceeded towards the peak in the dark environment.

What entered his eyes was indeed a seemingly normal town, but everyone here was a marionette.

After passing through the marionettes who dressed and looked

different, Klein entered the magnificent palace that seemed to honor a deity.

Deep in the palace, on the huge stone chair, a figure propped its elbow on the armrest, its head leaning back against the chair.

“His” face was rather young, but “His” long hair was half-white. Half of it was concealed, the other revealed; “His” appearance was that of a man, and “His” eyes were darker than Zaratul’s, and they contained an indescribable sense of the vicissitudes of life. “His” facial features were pretty good, but “His” cheeks had a thick, black tuft of fur that resembled a wolf fur. “He” gave off a feeling of both old-age and youthfulness, rationality and madness.

This was the ancestor of the Antigonus family. This time, “He” didn’t appear in the form of a Mythical Creature, and instead sat on a huge stone chair in “His” original appearance.

At that moment, “His” eyes were tightly shut as though “He” was in a deep sleep. And inside the hall, there were corpses wearing simple or luxurious clothes hanging from the ceiling.

They were like inverted forests that swayed gently in the wind.

After entering a state of eternal slumber, the ancestor of the Antigonus family finally managed to temporarily free himself from the state of losing control and madness, and returned to how he was before? Klein stood in the middle of the hall, looking at his target as he sighed.

The scene he saw of the Nation of the Evernight and the City of Dead earlier was the dream belonging to Antigonus—a dream that lasted for more than a thousand years.

Chapter 1374: Trojan Horse of Destiny

Looking at The Half-Fool on the huge stone chair, the scenes from before, as well as the relevant scenes of the Nation of the Evernight flashed through Klein's mind. This evoked thoughts in him.

He didn't know much about Antigonus. In fact, he had almost lost control because of the ravings of "His" "Hornacis... Flegrea..." Therefore, he didn't feel any sympathy at the moment, at best some form of empathy.

The lingering memories were undoubtedly one of the best memories of the past.

Even though "He" was born extraordinary, Antigonus seemed to be deeply fond of the small, peaceful, and isolated nation.

Klein slowly exhaled as he looked away from the man with the thick, black, sharp beard, and his gaze landed on the huge stone chair to the side.

A book made of thin, yellow brass was quietly placed there. It kept having three mercury-colored lines of rules being superseded on it.

0-02, Trunsoest Brass Book.

Using powers similar to "Grafting" to complete the seal? Yes, it seems to have gone a step further. Not only is the beginning directly connected to the end, but the intelligence of the Trunsoest Brass Book has also been fooled, allowing it to ignore the middle

parts that had been skipped, and not making attempts to change things. It just keeps repeating actions over and over again... Klein glanced at 0-02 and muttered to himself in thought.

This made him have some guesses about the abilities of The Fool.

Without thinking further, Klein got the Attendant of Mysteries marionette to "Graft" the starting point to the endpoint as he walked to the huge stone chair and picked up the Trunsoest Brass Book.

On the one hand, this was to eliminate any possible interference, and on the other hand, he was trying to test out Antigonus's current condition.

Seeing that The Half-Fool was still sleeping and unable to escape from "His" eternal slumber, Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He made his marionette take the Trunsoest Brass Book and retreat to the entrance of the palace to wait for him.

The reason he didn't allow his avatar to retrieve the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was that he was worried that the Trunsoest Brass Book, which had a certain connection with a sefirah, would be able to produce passive negative effects during the critical moment he was accommodating The Fool's Uniqueness. This might lead to the situation developing in a terrible direction.

When it came to avoiding the negative effects of the Sealed Artifact, marionettes were definitely better than avatars.

This was also why Klein didn't bring the Staff of the Stars. He couldn't place a time bomb beside him.

Usually, it was fine. He could rely on his level, status, and abilities so as to forcefully suppress the Staff of the Stars, but in the process of accommodating The Fool's Uniqueness, he would be very weak. He couldn't interfere with the people or things around him. Any mistakes could cause him to lose control on the spot.

To deal with the situation of Sefirah Castle being sealed, thus causing him to be unable to use its powers, Klein had no choice but to bring a Sealed Artifact that could provide "Teleportation" powers. Therefore, he chose Creeping Hunger.

At that moment, Klein felt the glove on his left hand tremble while facing a King of Angels that controlled a Uniqueness.

He then used his right hand to caress Creeping Hunger and whispered jokingly, "Don't worry. You're just a projection from the Historical Void."

Using this method to ease his taut nerves, Klein surveyed the area and confirmed that there was nothing else he needed to do.

Immediately after, he placed his hand on his chest and bowed deeply to Antigonus.

When he straightened his body and lifted his head, a complicated, mysterious, illusory brand appeared on his forehead.

This brand was like a strange door of light that was tainted with hints of bluish-black. It constantly emitted a faint grayish-white fog.

In the next second, Klein reached out his right hand. Although it wasn't too far away, not was it too close. He "contained" Antigonus's body within his fingers.

His fingers quickly closed, and with a twist of his wrist, he completed the "Theft."

He obtained nothing.

This attempt failed.

Klein wasn't depressed. He once again began stealing Antigonus's identity, fate, and self-awareness.

Although he was already a King of Angels, his powers in stealing came from Sefirah Castle. At present, he was only at Sequence 1, while Antigonus had been corrupted by the Lord of the Mysteries, a King of Angels that had accommodated the Uniqueness. There was still an obvious difference between the two.

Therefore, even if Antigonus had entered a temporary state of eternal slumber and was unable to resist, Klein suffered failure many times.

He wasn't nervous or disappointed in such a situation. This was something he had expected previously. After all, as long as the theft wasn't completed, the Evernight Goddess wouldn't dispel the concealment effect and let the fate here interact with the real world. There wouldn't be any external interference either. Klein had plenty of time and a stable environment to continue his attempts.

After failing countless times, Klein suddenly had a flash of

inspiration and predicted something.

He reached out his right hand again, closed his fingers, and twisted them gently.

Suddenly, he felt something invisible leave Antigonus's body and float towards him.

At the same time, an indescribable river of light with countless distributaries appeared in front of him.

The illusory river continued to flow forward, drowning one distributary after another, allowing them to become part of the main river.

This was a symbol of fate. It also had many different images, such as a slowly rotating segmented wheel, or a giant serpent that had its head and tail connected. At that moment, when fate was swapped, Klein saw the river of light.

In the next second, fragmented images and scenes appeared in Klein's mind:

An eight-legged demonic wolf, who had just been born, was sprawled on the hill. Amidst the thick and black short fur on its body, transparent and distorted maggots crawled about. "He" was the youngest son of the ancient god, Flegrea, a natural Mythical Creature. At that moment, "He" was looking at "His" sister, brother, and a portion of "His" clansmen playing amongst corpses. "He" despised the crude methods they employed when dealing with their prey. "He" believed that prey should be hoisted up for slow, refined enjoyment to match their status.

This demonic wolf that could be called a subsidiary god was most afraid of his father, the powerful, terrifying, crazy ancient god. Although Flegrea had already produced many children through instinctual mating, removing plenty of “His” Beyonder characteristics, it was uncontrollable with no way to guarantee progress. Therefore, “He” was still crazy, cruel, bloodthirsty, and filled with an instinct for destruction. “He” had even killed several descendants.

This demonic wolf who could create miracles and fulfill all kinds of wishes chased after “His” prey, biting or killing them, thus enjoying a state of pure happiness.

“He” didn’t have a deep impression of the subsidiary gods of “His” father, Flegrea. “He” clearly remembered that “He” hated the God of Wishes, Kotar. Even if “He” was also a demonic wolf.

Also, “He” didn’t like the God of Death, Salinger. “He” found “Him” gloomy, solitary, and that “He” exuded a rotting and disgusting aura. On the other hand, Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises, met the beauty standards of both a demonic wolf and a human. “She” had a gentle personality and was very good at placating one’s heart. “She” wasn’t annoying, but this female subsidiary goddess rarely appeared. “She” was always like a shadow, hiding in a place that wasn’t easily discovered. Of course, the demonic wolf remembered that a few of his older sisters and brothers were rather against Amanises, hoping to seize “Her” position.

The demonic wolf witnessed his father’s death, the death of a powerful ancient god, and saw the blood of the ancient god splattered all over the body of the Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises. And in the chaos, the Uniqueness and a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic were pulled into “Her” hands.

“He” and one of “His” sisters escaped the kingdom of the demonic wolves and hid everywhere.

Without the protection of “His” father, the demonic wolf and “His” sister realized that their former reckless life wasn’t normal. Pain and danger were present in everything. Finally, “They” crossed the sea and came to the Northern Continent. They established a concealed kingdom in the uninhabited Hornacis mountain range.

“He” and “His” sister didn’t dare expose “Themselves.” All “They” did was gather believers and amass a population. In this situation, “He” created the City of Dead that existed alongside a living nation, making the dead believers become “His” marionettes to complete an advancement ritual.

Although this period was filled with anxiety, it was the best time period in the memories of this demonic wolf. As “He” saw “His” sister having more and more believers, and how “His” marionette town was becoming more complete, “He” seemed to have forgotten the troubles and dangers of the outside world and achieved the first peaceful time period since “His” birth.

Under the influence of the believers, “He” and “His” sister gradually gained some so-called humanity.

After the Cataclysm, “He” finally advanced to Attendant of Mysteries and turned “Himself” into a human. With the last name of Antigonus, “He” left the Hornacis mountain range and returned to the real world outside the concealed kingdom.

From this moment onwards, Antigonus’s memories and knowledge became increasingly fragmented. Many times, “He” even found “Himself” a little unfamiliar.

After “He” accommodated The Fool’s Uniqueness, the situation became worse…

As the images flashed, Klein quickly came to a realization.

I am Antigonus, I am The Half-Fool!

With a loud boom, his body constantly changed. At times, he had black hair, brown eyes, and a scholarly air, a Klein Moretti who had fused with Zhou Mingrui's appearance. Occasionally, he had long white hair and a thick black beard like Antigonus. Other times, he wore a dark black cloak that made it difficult to see his face, and this mysterious person constantly extended slippery tentacles to the side.

At that moment, Klein's thoughts were extremely chaotic. His mental state was completely imbalanced.

He was barely able to maintain his self-awareness. Under the impact of the two mental storms, he teetered.

At the same time, he had received the fate of Antigonus's losing control and was on the verge of collapse.

A series of prayers rang out in his ears. Each and every word of praise was mixed together, forming an illusory image that joined the chaotic battlefield.

...

Rorsted Archipelago, Bayam, the bell tower of the Church of The Fool.

A young man wearing a pointed hat and monocle suddenly appeared here and stood behind the railing, looking down at the

entire city.

Mr. Error Amon!

In the next second, “He” saw Bayam and the distant New City of Silver and New Moon City disappear as though someone had wiped them off the map with an eraser.

“How boring.” Upon seeing this scene, Amon shook “His” head with a smile. “He” wasn’t disappointed either.

He only wanted to test if Klein or the Evernight Goddess had repaired the bug in this aspect.

After striking the bell, “He” could be considered The Fool’s Angel of Time to a certain extent. “He” could use this loophole to directly steal a portion of his anchors.

Such theft was of little value, but it was very useful at the critical moment of a ritual:

The sudden decrease in anchors would definitely tip the balance, causing Klein to lose control on the spot!

Amon then retracted “His” gaze and raised “His” hand to straighten the monocle on “His” right eye.

It was as if the light from the stars suddenly lit up in the crystal monocle.

Chapter 1375: Beginning the Accommodation

Thud! Thud!

The doors of Backlund, Trier, Lenburg, and St. Millom opened and closed at the same time without a breeze.

Inside a white tower in the headquarters of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

Lucca, who was on duty underground, sensed that something was amiss and stood up abruptly.

As a Prophet, he acutely sensed that something was happening.

The elder in a brass-threaded, white robe immediately used a mystical technique and arrived at the entrance of the underground area. He pushed the door open.

However, the door that wasn't considered heavy to a demigod didn't budge as though it was sealed by an invisible force.

Lucca Brewster didn't attempt to forcibly open it as he cast his gaze deep underground.

There was silence. There was no sound.

This isn't normal... Lucca didn't need to rely on his Beyonder powers to determine the problem here.

Usually, in the deepest part of the ground, there would always be sounds that made people's hair stand on end. But now, it was as if it had disappeared as though it never existed.

Others might not know, but as a high-ranking member of the Church of Knowledge, Lucca knew that the voice came from an extremely terrifying Sealed Artifact that even he didn't know the exact details of, so it was impossible for it to be erased out of thin air.

The current situation could only mean one thing:

Either the Sealed Artifact had already escaped the restrictions and entered a more bizarre state, or it had been sealed further, preventing it from affecting the outside world.

Regardless of the possibility, it meant that there was extreme danger lurking in the surroundings. This was because the Sealed Artifact's number was:

0-01!

At the top of Bayam's remaining bell tower, the light on Amon's monocle gradually faded, returning to normal.

Mr. Error hadn't held back from showcasing "His" new Beyonder powers, doing so to make a statement to all the existences watching "Him":

"He" had already accommodated Door's Uniqueness and obtained the corresponding authority!

“He” had used this opportunity to shut off everything related to the concept of a door in the entire world, greatly strengthening the effects of any seals.

This caused the orthodox Churches and secret organizations to be unable to use sealed items for a short period of time because no one could remove the seal.

Even if a true deity descended from the astral world, it would still take “Them” a certain amount of time before “They” could break the restrictions.

Therefore, Amon eliminated most Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in the subsequent battle of gods. “He” no longer needed to consider the corresponding interference.

Of course, such authority wouldn’t be able to influence the entire world for too long unless Mr. Error had put all “His” energy into this matter. It was precisely because of this that “He” didn’t do it ahead of time. Only when “He” observed the disturbance in Klein’s anchors did “He” suddenly act.

The more powerful a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was, the more terrifying the negative effects would be. It was even more so for those that could produce effects at the level of a deity. Even a Sequence 0 true deity might not be able to withstand it for too long. Therefore, true deities wouldn’t unseal them unless it was necessary; otherwise, this would bring about an even greater disturbance to “Them,” causing them to suffer a net loss.

After doing this, Amon held up “His” palm and gently leaped up. Without the bearing of a true god, “He” sat on the railing at the top of the bell tower.

As “He” gazed at the horizon out into the sea, “He” leisurely

waited for the concealment to be removed. That was when Klein's ritual to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness officially began.

When that happened, "He" would strike the death knell for him.

...

In the concealed world of the Evernight Goddess.

Under the repeated impact of the awakening of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and Antigonus's self-awareness and mental imprint, Klein's consciousness was like a sailboat in a storm. It would sometimes be thrown high while being struck down. At times, it would suffer corrosion, and at other times be slammed to the side.

This made his thoughts turn extremely chaotic. He was about to split into two different personalities, known as Antigonus, and the Lord of the Mysteries.

At the same time, his avatar also lost its rationality. It was in a state of being about to collapse into a whirlpool of maggots. Only the marionette remained standing there in a daze due to the lack of any control.

The prayers from the believers resounded in Klein's ears, forming a corresponding image of what he knew.

This was like a dam that was resisting a surging flood.

Klein wasn't too unfamiliar with such a situation. He had a

similar experience after becoming an Attendant of Mysteries and swallowing Zaratul's Beyonder characteristic. Therefore, with the help of his anchors, he managed to survive the initial chaos. With great familiarity, he directed the self-awareness and mental imprint of Antigonus towards the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. This caused both parties to corrode each other and be occupied with each other.

The "mind storm" weakened a lot, finally giving Klein's self-consciousness a breather.

Before he could calm down, he immediately directed the image of him as a god formed by many anchors, into the two mental corruption's struggle and tried to find a new balance.

However, this didn't go smoothly. Compared to before, the essence of Antigonus's mental imprint, resilience, and madness were clearly stronger than Zaratul's. After all, this was a King of Angels that had accommodated the Uniqueness and was known as The Half-Fool.

Furthermore, Klein had also stolen the other party's identity and fate. This brought about two other negative effects.

His personality was constantly on the edge of dissociating. From time to time, he would think that he was Antigonus, attempting to fuse "His" mental imprint with his own mind. Having accepted the fate of Antigonus's loss of control, his entire body was collapsing uncontrollably. This brought about even more mental corruption.

In addition, Antigonus's mental imprint and the awakened will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings wasn't completely incompatible. In some aspects of "Their" "battle," "They" showed signs of fusing together. It was as if "They"

originated from the same existence.

This gave Klein preliminary confirmation. As a natural Mythical Creature, Antigonus was born with some of the Celestial Worthy's will. When "He" advanced to Attendant of Mysteries, the problem suddenly became serious, causing "Him" to undergo unexpected changes without "Him" realizing it. By the time "He" managed to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, madness had apparently become another side of "Him."

In other words, before completely losing control, Antigonus was already a mentally-sutured monster to a certain level. "His" self-awareness and mental imprint were part of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and this was something that couldn't be separated by using "Theft."

Compared to "Him," Zaratul's mental imprint was much cleaner. There was only a small portion that belonged to the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. Most of it came from Zaratul's intense emotions at "His" deathbed.

The reason why the two were different was that, apart from the fact that Antigonus had accommodated The Fool's Uniqueness, the former had become the Attendant of Mysteries at the beginning of the Fourth Epoch. At that time, the will of the Celestial Worthy hadn't weakened to the state it was in during the late Fifth Epoch.

Without being able to form a new balance, the speed of Klein's breakdown became faster and faster. More than half of his body was formed from transparent and distorted maggots, and he extended slippery and sinister tentacles into his surroundings.

Just as he was trying his best to maintain his consciousness and not give up searching for a new balance, his collapsed body, Antigonus's crazy mental state, and the consciousness of the

Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings all fell into a deep sleep.

This caused all the changes to stop abruptly and return to normal.

As for Klein's self-consciousness, he used his trait of resisting dreams and the invasion of his mind to maintain his clarity of mind.

That's right. The fate that I stole includes the fate of being in a state of eternal slumber outside the fate of going crazy and losing control... As for me, I can resist eternal slumber to a certain extent... Klein grabbed the sliver of clarity and gained a certain understanding of his present state.

To him, this was an opportunity.

It was only at this moment that he fully understood why the Evernight Goddess needed the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness to use as a medium to attempt this.

This wasn't only because it was difficult to put a King of Angels who had accommodated the Uniqueness, and the awakening will of the Lord of the Mysteries in "Him" to temporarily enter a state of eternal sleep, but it was beneficial to Klein for this state of eternal slumber. This could create an excellent environment of him being the only one with a sliver of consciousness while the other interference was all sleeping!

At the same time, Klein also confirmed one thing:

The reason why he was able to remain clear-headed in a dream

and during the instances where his mind was intruded wasn't because of the special traits from Sefirah Castle. This was because the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in his body was also sleeping.

Although the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries was still greatly limited, "His" level and "His" connection with Sefirah Castle were undoubtedly stronger than Klein's. If "He" couldn't completely resist a state of eternal slumber, why could Klein?

Therefore, Klein believed that this trait was likely due to the blessings of the Evernight Goddess, a gift he received when he came to life.

The blessings given by a true goddess who wielded the power of the dream domain, and the aura, strength, and magical powers that Sefirah Castle augmented him with had combined together to form such a special trait!

It was as if a gentle song came from deep within the dream. Klein's consciousness became clearer.

Without any hesitation, he immediately adjusted the sleeping imprint and corruption in his body and found a new balance.

Following that, he extended slippery tentacles with strange patterns and used Sefirah Castle's powers to steal The Fool's Uniqueness inside Antigonus's body.

Perhaps it was because he was now Antigonus, the theft this time was successful after a small number of failures.

A translucent mask with the symbol of The Fool flew out from

Antigonus's body!

The man with the thick black beard was still sleeping, as though "He" would sleep forever.

At the same time, the fog dissipated and illusory starlight shone into the hall.

This ancient palace suddenly appeared in the dark and mysterious astral world, appearing at the peak of the Hornacis mountain range.

The Concealment had been removed, and fate began to be exchanged.

At this moment in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, on one of the mountain peaks, a shadow-like curtain appeared on the surface of a huge cross. It cracked open and a man walked out from it.

"He" was Adam, dressed in a simple white robe with a thick blond beard. Behind "Him" was a thick shadow with five heads.

This shadow had partially merged with "Him," but it hadn't completely become one.

Adam raised "His" head and looked at the astral world which had been distorted from authority and symbolism. "He" smiled calmly and said to the shadow behind "Him."

"They don't seem to be aware of the reason why I used Visionary as the foundation this time.

“I’ve never told anyone about the results of this research.”

Just as “He” said that, “He” proclaimed in a solemn and deep voice, “I am One, and also Infinity, the Beginning and the End.”

“His” eyes suddenly turned illusory as an ocean that seemed to contain all possible colors that appeared around “Him.”

Adam then raised “His” hand and grabbed the silver cross pendant hanging in front of “His” chest.

A burning but illusory sun suddenly appeared above “His” head. To “His” left, lightning, squalls, and waves formed a supercilious phantom. On “His” right, there was a white tower with numerous brass eyes.

The authorities and symbols that Adam had envisioned entered “His” body one after another under the influence of the Chaos Sea.

Finally, the shadow that clung tightly to Adam’s back shrank into “His” body.

Suddenly, the sea that contained all the colors began to rise. Adam expanded into a giant shadow that seemed capable of holding up the world.

The shadow slowly walked on the “water surface” of the illusory, chaotic darkness. It pointed at the astral world and solemnly declared, “Let there be light!”

In a blink of an eye, the entire astral world lit up. There were no

other secrets that could be concealed. Even portions of the astral world that connected to Earth, the entire astral world, and the invisible barrier that had been separated from the universe appeared.

At that moment, giant, indescribable faces seemed to cling to the transparent, cracked barrier, silently watching the developments inside.

Chapter 1376: Half a Great Old One

Inside the astral world—which was even more abstract than the spirit world, looking as though all the authorities and symbolism in the universe were included inside—every object appeared. And the light that illuminated this area wasn't spread uniformly. It was mainly concentrated in a few places, stacking together, forming spots created by a prism.

There were a total of three spots in such a state, each sealing the various illusory kingdoms.

One of the kingdoms was covered in bright flowers in perpetual daylight. Another seemed to be formed from books that were opened or closed. Different figures shuttled between them as they read as a form of entertainment. One was covered in storms as lightning and thunder continued without end in the boundless ocean.

In the next second, the three different kingdoms underwent a violent change.

In the area with perpetual daylight, all the flowers emitted light, as if they had become burning, miniature suns.

The countless miniature suns intertwined together and surged deep into the kingdom before rising into an abnormally blinding golden sun. It emitted a scorching light that could illuminate the entire world, an entire solar system.

However, no matter how much energy was released by this almost-real sun, or how many flares of super high-temperature flames it created, it was unable to break through the prism-like

spots of light.

Every destroyed layer had a new layer produced at an equal speed.

In another part of the astral world, on the surface of the mysterious country formed from all kinds of books, bits of brass points of light rapidly circulated on the spot of light, forming mysterious symbols that seemed to be searching for a critical point or effective method to destroy the barrier.

During this process, the faint light formed a pair of illusory eyes that directly saw the weak spots and created eyes there.

Meanwhile, inside the spot of light, there was also faint light swirling in it. It repeatedly took form, changing the critical points of the structure.

This made it seem as though both sides were in a contest of their calculative abilities, with neither side clinching victory.

In the boundless sea that was enveloped by lightning, wind, and rain, the spot of light suddenly lit up.

It brought a portion of matter and approached the limit to speed, creating a violent “wave” that could destroy a planet.

Such a “wave” and the tiny bits of light constantly struck the prism-like spot of light, turning it into countless falling specks of light.

At some point in time, the spot of light began to ripple like an

illusory ocean that seemed to contain all colors. It seemed to solidify the surrounding environment, causing the light spots that carried the storm to slow down uncontrollably. Then, the points of light repeated a state of acceleration and deceleration. This kept repeating, but they refused to give up.

With the Chaos Sea as a source, Adam used “Himself” and the True Creator as a pillar, “Envisioned” three Uniquenesses, and accommodated them into this system. Adam seemed to exceed the limitations of Above the Sequences and became Half a Great Old One. “He” was able to forcefully suppress the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom by “Himself,” trapping the three Sequence 0 true gods within “Their” respective divine kingdoms!

At that moment, “He” seemed to return to “His” peak condition, becoming that ancient sun god who slew one ancient god after another.

“He” chose the two pathways of Visionary and The Hanged Man as “His” foundation for “His” resurrection because, apart from them having the trait of resurrecting, this was also the result of “His” research: this had the highest chance of becoming God Almighty.

After using either one of the two pathways of Visionary and The Hanged Man to become a true god and gaining initial control over the Chaos Sea, “He” could take back the remaining Uniquenesses and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics. This was the easiest path to advance to the Lord of the Astral World.

And in this matter, there was something more special about Visionary than The Hanged Man.

When the Visionary first gained control of the Chaos Sea and accommodated a second Uniqueness and corresponding

Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic to a certain extent, “He” could “Envision” the remaining, fake symbolism and authority, allowing “Him” to briefly obtain strength that transcended the Sequences, giving “Him” half a Great Old One’s strength.

However, at the end of the Third Epoch, the ancient sun god’s plan was: after being assassinated, “He” would immediately revive in the Giant King’s Court where Sasrir was. “He” would first take back The Hanged Man’s Uniqueness and three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and became a Sequence 0 true god. Then, with the first Blasphemy Slate placed beside “Him,” “He” would gain preliminary control over the Chaos Sea. With this foundation, he would allow Angel of Imagination Adam to awaken and return to “His” main body to form a support.

After building such a system, the ancient sun god would make use of The Hanged Man’s “Grazing” ability and a Visionary’s Virtual Persona means to control the Uniquenesses and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of the Sun, Reader, and Sailor pathways to allow “Himself” to become infinitely close to a Great Old One and to maintain a minimum level of stability.

“He” didn’t directly accommodate the Chaos Sea and the other three pathways’ Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, because “He” didn’t want to advance to become a Great Old One, a pillar, in that era. That would inevitably lead to the resurrection of God Almighty, causing “Him” to lose “Himself.”

“He” planned on controlling the situation and materials. When the apocalypse approached, “He” would finish the last few steps and become a pillar with self-consciousness.

And back then, “He” didn’t plan on using Visionary as a foundation because he hadn’t obtained the Quill of Alzuhod. “He” lacked the main ingredient. When the Kings of Angels betrayed

“Him” and the plan failed miserably, “He” decided to take advantage of the disaster to take the best path when “He” was revived in Adam.

At this moment, Adam, who had transformed into a giant shadow, stood on the water surface of the illusory, chaotic darkness, reflecting the astral world into his eyes, making it difficult for the three true gods to break through the restrictions.

Surrounding “Him” were beams of light that constantly fell from high above with blazing tails, illuminating the entire Forsaken Land of the Gods, making both the Northern and Southern Continents experience midday conditions simultaneously.

In Bayam’s remaining bell tower, Amon, who was sitting on the railing, nudged the crystal monocle. With both hands propped up, “He” suddenly leaped up and entered the astral world.

During this process, “His” left hand had an ancient mottled stone slab appear at some point in time.

The first Blasphemy Slate!

Amon had once used it to seal the gap caused by Mr. Door’s returning ritual, to prevent the invasion of the Mother Goddess of Depravity.

After the return ritual ended, and the Door of Flesh and Blood completely collapsed without a tunnel to maintain anymore, “He” retrieved the Blasphemy Slate.

At that moment, Amon casually threw the ancient, mottled stone slate down from the astral world and allowed it to land

somewhere in the Fog Sea.

It was a mountain that tore out of the boundless black fog.

There was no end to its depth. Its surroundings appeared like a continent.

After the first Blasphemy Slate landed, it accurately stabbed into the peak of the mountain, forming an illusory sea that contained all the colors.

At the same time, Amon entered the astral world and saw the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range that had been “Grafted” here. “He” saw the ancient and dilapidated palace on the mountain peak.

Wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, “His” body rapidly expanded, instantly reaching the scale of a mountain.

“He” opened “His” mouth, as though “He” was about to swallow Antigonus’s magnificent but dilapidated palace.

Suddenly, “He” saw a blurry figure.

This figure was wearing a long, layered black dress that was not complicated but had countless stars speckled on it.

“She” was as big as the current Amon. A pair of huge arms covered in dark black short hair grew out from both “Her” torso and waist, but there was a beautiful and gentle face that was covered in thin black gauze.

“Her” eyes seemed to compress the starry night sky. It made one feel at peace, but it also made one feel an uncontrollable fear.

One of “Her” two hands held a huge scythe, and another pair held a bird-shaped, golden accessory. The remaining pair held nothing as though “She” was holding an invisible object.

Evernight Goddess!

In the next second, Amon, who was wearing a monocle on “His” right eye, was quickly wiped away by an eraser like “He” was a sketch.

The Evernight Goddess raised “Her” two empty arms as she held up an almost invisible fog.

On the surface of the fog, multiple “doors” of different shapes rapidly opened in different spots, but they were instantly blocked, preventing any loopholes from taking place.

The Evernight Goddess floated above the peak of the Hornacis mountain range in the astral world as “She” focused on controlling the fog world in “Her” hand, preventing Amon’s true body from escaping.

As more and more doors appeared, the opening of doors became faster and faster. This goddess was unable to deal with it alone. All “She” could do was raise “Her” other two arms and raise the huge scythe.

The dark black scythe rapidly turned into a corporeal coffin made of black fog.

The almost invisible fog world was stuffed into the coffin, and all the movements instantly ceased. It was as though death had occurred.

However, this silence only lasted for a second. On the surface of the black fog-formed coffin, a series of “doors” took form and opened again.

As the Evernight Goddess sealed the doors, “She” raised “Her” arm that held a bird-shaped, golden accessory.

The orange glow of twilight fell, adding a sense of decay and extinction to the heavy black coffin.

The formation and opening of the doors slowed down as both parties entered a tug-of-war.

At that moment, at the foot of the Evernight Goddess, the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range collapsed.

It was like the apocalypse had arrived early.

At the same time, python-like black tentacles extended out from somewhere in the astral world.

There was an eye at the end of each tentacle, either opened or closed. Any object that was seen by them would instantly turn into grayish-white rock. And anything touched by the tentacles distorted as limbs and heads stretched out, turning into good-looking women of all sizes.

As the grayish-white spread rapidly, the tentacles surged

towards the ancient and dilapidated palace, rushing towards Klein who was about to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness.

Primordial Demoness Cheek!

Chapter 1377: Crazy Ravings

Countless demonesses of varying sizes brought with them the destruction of all matter, causing the scene of the entire Hornacis mountain range to develop in the direction of turning into a huge stone sphere.

This made the dilapidated walls of the ancient palace collapse rapidly, exposing Klein, who was in the middle of the hall, along with his avatar and marionette out into the middle of the astral world.

Just as the python-like black tentacles were about to rush into the palace, a crimson moon rose up like a scene from the apocalypse.

In the perimeter of the hall that was bathed in moonlight, a cluster of wheat instantly grew out. There were flowers, mushrooms, and trees. They intertwined with each other, layer by layer, sealing the palace that belonged to Antigonus.

At that moment, the hall where Klein was in seemed to be a ruin that had been sealed in history and a forest for thousands of years, as though it had been swallowed up by nature.

The python-like black tentacles with eyes on their tips were blocked by plants growing wildly.

They rose up as they constantly struck the “screen” that originated from nature, causing the latter to collapse or peel under layer after layer of petrification effects.

However, no matter whether it was the wheat, flowers, mushrooms, trees, or newborns, they quickly returned to Earth Mother's embrace and grew again.

Just like that, the barriers of nature were reborn and destroyed, layer by layer, as layer after layer was reborn. This showdown entered a stalemate.

Earth Mother, who controlled The Moon's Uniqueness, fended off Primordial Demoness Cheek.

At this moment, a "light" that couldn't be seen by most Beyonders landed from high above and crashed into the barrier of nature that used plants as a foundation.

The light didn't have a physical body, as though it was formed from a flux of massive and miscellaneous information. In its illusory form, it tore through the gaps between the plants, like a torrent, heading straight for Klein, who was about to retrieve the translucent mask.

Hidden Sage!

At this moment, a blurry light shot out from the void, revealing picture-like projections around Klein.

Some of them recorded the helplessness and misery humans felt when facing supernatural beings. Some of them used an epic-like brush to reenact the scenes of humans using their own bodies as experiments to attempt fusing with Beyonder ingredients to obtain strength and save the race. Some described the unique cultures and traditions due to a Black Emperor, while others carried various viewpoints, books, and inventions. Some resembled the dawn of the present world, starting from the massive machinery that spewed steam, buildings that rose

higher and higher, and clothes that made movement easier...

The contents made the seemingly thin painting exude a heaviness. This was because they bore the inspiration and development of civilization, of human society at different stages.

Back then, the God of Craftsmanship didn't properly digest the Sequence 1 Civilization Enlightener potion before advancing to Sequence 0 due to various reasons. "He" maintained "His" rationality and lucidity. However, this made "Him" have to focus more on resisting the madness and inclination towards losing control. Amongst the seven orthodox gods, "He" was slightly weaker than the other existences.

The reason why the Church of Steam was the weakest orthodox organization was that, apart from having the shortest history and the least heritage, its corresponding god was also not in the best of conditions.

By the time Roselle raised the Industrial Revolution as the Son of Steam, a member of the Church, and brought with him all sorts of ideas, the God of Craftsmanship took the opportunity to change "His" name to the God of Steam and Machinery, sharing in the progress of the enlightenment of civilization, and digested the corresponding potion.

As a true god in a neighboring pathway, "He" eventually chose to stand on the orthodox deities' side after the Hidden Sage chose to be Klein's enemy.

The terrifying flood of information crashed into the illusory pictures and rapidly expanded, attempting to crack the cage.

However, the tens of thousands of years of civilizations were thick and vast. The history left behind by generations of humans

that numbered hundreds of millions was so vast and magnificent. It was enough to contain the information flux of the Hidden Sage.

When the Hidden Sage tried breaking through the limitations of the God of Steam and Machinery, in the hall of the Antigonus hall that was sealed by layers of plants, Klein extended his slippery and strange tentacles to grab the translucent mask that represented The Fool's Uniqueness before moving it towards his face.

Just as the mask covered Klein's face, numerous figures appeared around him.

Some of them were men wearing postman uniforms. Some were ordinary birds, while others were microbes that couldn't be seen with the naked eye. There were hundreds or thousands of them.

The hall that only had corpses hanging in the air suddenly became crowded.

And the commonality of these figures was that they wore crystal monocles, or had a circular emblem of different colors in the same position.

Amon!

The avatars of Mr. Error Amon!

It was unknown if "They" had used the Primordial Demoness's or the Hidden Sage's attacks to open a back door and use a loophole to secretly arrive near the target.

Looking at Klein, who had just put on the translucent mask and was beginning to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness, these Amons revealed a "smile" at the same time. "They" open "Their" mouths and said words that ordinary people wouldn't be capable of understanding.

These words intertwined and formed terrifying and crazy ravings:

"You overlooked the Primordial Demoness…

"For 'Her,' Medici, who has only recovered to Sequence 1, is no threat at all…

"Her" greatest wish right now is to immediately produce a Lord of the Mysteries and open the seal of the Western Continent, allowing 'Her' to have a chance of finding the City of Calamity…

"It's obvious that, compared to you, I'm the better choice. You're too weak…

"Heh heh, are you still waiting for the Mother Tree of Desire or the Mother Goddess of Depravity to provide you with help?

"It's useless. I placed the first Blasphemy Slate into the Fog Sea and placed it near the Abyss's entrance—not far from that primitive island.

"Also, the enhanced seal brought about by the corresponding authority of 'doors' and half of the Lord of the Astral World's control towards the world barrier prevents any Outer Deity from being able to have 'Their' powers penetrate inside for a short period…

“And without the influence of the Outer Deities, the Dark Side of the Universe and the Chained God currently do not wish to interfere in the battle of gods. ‘They’ would rather seize this opportunity to escape ‘Their’ restraints.

“‘They’ also wish that a Lord of the Mysteries would be born as soon as possible to help ‘Them’ escape from the predicament… If it wasn’t for the fact that stirring ‘Them’ would also trigger the Outer Deity corruption in ‘Them,’ I can promise you that I would’ve already reached an agreement with ‘Them’ to deal with you together…”

Amon was deliberately using real information to fill up the ravings, using this to make Klein suffer the effects of a two-pronged approach—one was the mental corruption brought about by the ravings, and the other was the corresponding content that distracted him.

In any case, it wasn’t a waste of time to “Him.” On the one hand, “He” had sufficient avatars. Each Worm of Time saying one word was enough for “Him” to form many words. On the other hand, “He” forcefully fused the information together, making a single word represent many things.

At that instant, the ravings of Amon echoed in Klein’s mind like sharp blades that pierced through his psyche, tearing through his mind.

Normally, Klein could use his own status to suppress the ravings that were at most at the level of a Sequence 1. It wouldn’t affect him, but at this moment, he was accommodating The Fool’s Uniqueness. His mental state was in a weak and subtle balance.

Under such a scene, a straw might crush the camel’s back, much less so many of Amon’s avatars.

Furthermore, while Klein felt a sharp pain in his psyche and his self-awareness was in a mess, the sleeping mental imprint of Antigonus and the will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings showed signs of awakening.

In a sense, eternal slumber was an extreme seal. The Amons, who had accommodated Door's Uniqueness, could undoubtedly be able to weaken the seal or even make it lose its effectiveness!

Also, the translucent mask that Klein had just worn on his face —The Fool's Uniqueness—obtained an even stronger remnant will from the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. It was also gradually breaking free from the influence of eternal slumber, and it had a certain resonance effect with the same being in Klein's body.

Without using any Beyonder powers, the Amons, who had simply created a few ravings, had thrown Klein into a state of imbalance, and he was on the brink of losing control.

Furthermore, all of this seemed irreversible unless there was more river water from the River of Eternal Darkness that allowed Antigonus's mental imprint and the even more powerful will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings to continue sleeping.

But at this moment, even if there was still the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness, the Evernight Goddess wasn't able to divert "Her" attention. This was because "She" was trying her best to suppress the dual-pathway true god, Amon.

From this point of view, the Amons were deliberately "sacrificing" "Their" true body to stall the Evernight Goddess, to create an opportunity for the avatars to destroy Klein's ritual.

This was a little risky, but the result looked pretty good.

At that moment, Klein's pocket lit up.

The light was a pale golden color like sticky syrup. It instantly enveloped the surrounding area.

Illuminated by this light included Klein and his avatar, as well as the book that was suddenly thrown over by the distant marionette.

0-02, Trunsoest Brass Book!

The Sealed Artifact extended its "body" in midair. As it bathed in the pale-golden light, a rule suddenly appeared on the blank page. It was completely different from the repeated laws from before:

"Speaking is prohibited here!"

Amon's avatars kept opening and closing "Their" mouths, but they could no longer make a sound.

A line appeared under the previous rule an instant later:

"Attacking each other is prohibited here!"

Pa! The Trunsoest Brass Book fell to the ground and spread open by Klein's feet.

Under the illumination of the Magic Wishing Lamp, it actually managed to break free from the repeated cycle from before, and it set up rules that were beneficial to Klein.

With just a glance, the Amons made different responses.

A portion of “Them” adjusted “Their” monocles, and together, “They” raised “Their” right hands and gently clenched it, using the corresponding authority to strengthen the seal.

On the Trunsoest Brass Book, a line of text before those rules gradually formed:

“All the following rules are ineffective…”

Another portion of Amons locked onto Klein, who was on the boundary of losing control.

Not being able to attack him didn’t mean that stealing and gifting were prohibited!

Chapter 1378: Change of Plans

On the different Amons' faces, the monocles in different forms emitted pure light.

This was something "They" had stolen from the depths of the ruins of the battle of gods. It came from the ancient sun god's eternal daytime effect there. It could purify filthy and evil objects, and awaken sleeping creatures.

"They" "gifted" this to Klein.

This, combined with the ability to control the strength of seals obtained from the Apprentice domain's authority, was enough to break the state of eternal slumber.

In that instant, the mental imprint of Antigonus and the will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in Klein's body awakened. The madness, the vastness, cruelty, bloodthirstiness, and coldness were like an invisible storm that wreaked havoc in Klein's mind.

Almost at the same time, in The Fool's Uniqueness that he wore on his face without fully accommodating it, the powerful will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings seemed like a terrifying monster that had been sleeping in the darkness for thousands of years. It suddenly opened its eyes.

The former chaos and loss of control swept over again at that instant, but Klein didn't panic. Following one of his contingency plans, he calmly used the "Grafting" ability to guide the mental imprint of Antigonus to Celestial Worthy's will in The Fool's Uniqueness, allowing the two thousand years of entanglement

between “Them” to collide again.

Meanwhile, Klein relied on his own consciousness and the anchors from The Fool and the Sea God believers to balance out the Celestial Worthy’s will contained within his Beyonder characteristic, just like when he separated out the Attendant of Mysteries marionette.

If there weren’t any accidents, and if this continued, there was a chance that Klein would be able to balance between the two sides and completely accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness. He would enter the final stage of the ritual, but how could there be no accidents when he was surrounded by Amons?

Several Amons strengthened the seal of the Trunsoest Brass Book and the Magic Wishing Lamp to resist the former’s rule limitations. Some Amons gave the “eternal daytime” to Klein, and a small number of Amons locked onto Klein and attempted a “Theft.”

“They” were trying to steal his lucidity.

One Amon failed after another, but in the end, there were still a few Amons who succeeded. “They” “Stole” away Klein’s self-awareness for the next two seconds.

Klein’s thoughts blurred. Without his guidance, the Antigonus’s mental imprint, the two wills of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, as well as the anchors from his believers instantly lost their balance and began to madly invade, influence, and corrupt each other.

Everything became extremely chaotic, and it was as if it was developing irreversibly.

Klein's body collapsed inch by inch, turning into clusters of transparent and distorted maggots as he extended even more slippery and sinister tentacles.

And at this moment, the rules on the Trunsoest Brass Book were wiped away and began writing:

"Speaking is prohibited here!"

"Attacking each other is prohibited here!"

Soon after, a familiar text appeared before the two rules.

"All the following rules are ineffective."

After the seal was strengthened, the Trunsoest Brass Book seemed to enter a new cycle. And the influence the Genie exerted on it became rather limited.

Klein's consciousness quickly regained lucidity, but the situation in his body was completely chaotic and out of control.

This made him completely unable to deal with the different influences or have any hope of finding a new sense of balance.

In other words, he would run down the path of losing control until he became a monster.

Without any time to think, Klein initiated his final contingency plan using his instincts and experience.

He instantly gave up on saving his body and no longer focused on this matter.

Not only that, but Klein had also even allowed the Attendant of Mysteries marionette to turn into a whirlpool of maggots and let it fuse with his body along with Zaratul's mental imprint.

He wanted to mess things up!

However, Amon's avatars wouldn't allow him to make any attempts. Apart from the Amons, who were fighting against the Magic Wishing Lamp and the Trunsoest Brass Book, the rest of them began to "Steal" once again, trying to throw Klein's thoughts into chaos again until he completely lost control.

The Amon in the postman uniform succeeded, but what "He" stole wasn't Klein's lucidity, but a drop of fresh blood.

This blood immediately seeped into Postman Amon's palm.

Right on the heels of that, Postman Amon's eyes turned crimson as "His" stomach bulged at an unimaginable speed as it squirmed.

"He" seemed to be pregnant with a child!

"He" had stolen the blood blessed by the Primordial Moon, or in other words, the Mother Goddess of Depravity!

Klein no longer placed most of his consciousness on balancing the Antigonus's mental imprint, the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, and his

anchors. There was no need for him to endure it passively like before. He could barely respond to Amon's theft.

He used "Grafting" to change the target that Amon had stolen to Sefirah Castle and "Tampered" it to the junk pile, replacing it with the blessed blood of the Primordial Moon.

This was from Shaman King Klarman.

There was no doubt that there was a certain connection between Amon's avatars. Furthermore, it was impossible for "Their" levels to reach Sequence 0. Therefore, when the Postman Amon was contaminated by that drop of blood, the other Amons also showed levels of chaos. Some of "Their" stomachs protruded as well. Some of "Their" eyes were dyed crimson, while others had invisible babies in their arms as "They" walked in circles on the spot...

This caused the other "Theft" to inevitably fail.

Klein seized this opportunity and used the brief moment of lucidity to stir the power of Sefirah Castle to cast a shadow over the ancient palace.

This place was once again concealed.

Then, he ignored the mental imprint of Antigonus in his body, Zaratul's mental imprint, and the two wills of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings that was beginning to fuse together. He made the blank-faced avatar which stood nearby without having shown any breakdown to extend his hand towards his main body.

Its five fingers quickly closed, and its wrist quickly twisted.

As Klein's self-consciousness didn't resist and even took the initiative to cooperate, his avatar didn't suffer many failures before using the help from Sefirah Castle to successfully steal his own consciousness, fate, anchors, and most of his identities.

The only identity he left behind in his main body was his identity related to The Fool.

At the same time, he had also "Stolen" the identity, fate, and mental imprint of the Antigonus family's ancestor, the mark of fate and spirit. This could only succeed in a few tries thanks to his self-consciousness cooperating.

As the stream of light with countless distributaries appeared, Klein's avatar's face contorted as it turned into Klein Moretti, who had fused with Gehrman Sparrow's traits.

He had become the main body, the main body without any Beyonder characteristics!

Of course, his self-consciousness and anchors were still resisting the mental imprint of the Antigonus family's ancestor, but compared to before, this was undoubtedly much easier to deal with.

Having already adapted to the identity of Antigonus, he quickly found a new balance, delaying the fate of losing control.

Although this remained unavoidable, it gave him a certain amount of time for his subsequent actions.

On the other side, in the spot where Klein's original body was, there was only The Fool's Uniqueness, all the Beyonder characteristics from the "curtain," the Beyonder characteristics that originated from Zaratul, the tiny number of Beyonder characteristics which Klein had consumed and digested previously, as well as the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, the remnant mental imprint of Zaratul, as well as The Fool's identity.

And without Klein's self-consciousness, Antigonus's mental imprint, and the large number of anchors involved, Zaratul's remnant mental imprint was quickly destroyed and corroded by the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

In the next second, Klein's "main body" suddenly fell silent.

The collapse of his body stopped. He lowered his head and stopped extending the slippery and sinister tentacles around him. He was so quiet that he appeared to have lost his soul.

In such a scene, the silence was even more terrifying than madness.

That frozen body seemed to be giving birth to an extremely terrifying monster!

Klein didn't care about what was happening. He quickly "Grafted" the partial connection between himself and his "main body" above the gray fog.

Then, he shifted his target and locked onto Antigonus who was on the huge stone chair.

Without receiving Amon's help, the former Half-Fool failed to escape from "His" state of eternal slumber.

Klein once again reached out his right hand, stealing the remaining Sequence 9 and 1 Beyonder characteristics of the other party.

Although he was currently using the identity and fate of Antigonus, it was still difficult for him to complete the "Theft." Failure was inevitable.

At that moment, outside the Realm of Mysteries created by Sefirah Castle, Amon regained "His" consciousness from the initial chaos.

"They" raised "Their" hands and adjusted "Their" monocles, causing the redness in "Their" eyes to vanish. Others looked down at "Their" stomachs and reached out to stroke them.

A second later, the bulging stomachs split open, and baby after baby with faint crimson colors appeared.

These infants didn't cry, nor were they deformed. All of them took out crystal monocles from the void in smooth succession and wore them to their right eye.

The number of Amons increased.

"He" had converted the babies which were due, turning them into "His" avatars so as to prevent the corruption of the Primordial Moon from interfering with "Him."

At this moment, Earth Mother and God of Steam and Machinery had achieved the upper hand to some extent on their respective battlefields. They could finally make use of this small advantage to interfere with the situation inside the palace.

Instantly, a portion of Amons turned into plants as they bloomed or bore fruit, returning to the land. A portion of Amons became knowledge, information, and words, as “They” ended up imprinted into an illusory book.

However, there were still some Amons who had used “Blink,” relied on loopholes, or from using the deception of the rules to successfully avoid the influence of the two true deities. As “They” continued to strengthen the seal of the Magic Wishing Lamp and the Trunsoest Brass Book, “They” opened a “door” in Klein’s Realm of Mysteries.

At the same time, the angels also noticed the changes in the astral world, but “Their” gazes were unable to penetrate the Earth Mother’s natural barrier and the God of Steam and Machinery’s civilization picture. “They” couldn’t see the interior at all.

This also meant that, even if “They” wanted to exert influence, there was nothing “They” could do.

Inside the Realm of Mysteries created by Sefirah Castle, Klein finally succeeded in stealing the Beyonder characteristics of Antigonus from Sequence 9 to Sequence 1, ones that had been digested!

Due to the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence, the latter had attracted many Beyonders of the same pathway over a long span of history. While turning them into marionettes, “He” had also absorbed their Beyonder characteristics. Therefore, at that moment, there was still a large number of Seer pathway

Beyonder characteristics left in Antigonus's body, including a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.

The dark points of light quickly merged into Klein's body and fused with him.

As he was now Antigonus, and as all the Beyonder characteristics had been digested by Antigonus, his fate of losing control didn't speed up as he maintained his previous progress.

This way, Klein had once again become a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries, one who had already digested the potion, with a fate that pointed towards losing control.

At this moment, his original "main body" raised his head, his eyes dark.

However, from this glance, the present Klein's mind instantly slowed down as his body turned cold. He almost had no way of resisting it.

The powerful will that he was very familiar with began to slowly rise, attempting to influence Sefirah Castle.

The Lord of the Mysteries had awakened to a certain threshold in Klein's "main body."

The Fool had become a truly great existence that was being awakened. It matched the guess of the Tarot Club and was in conflict with true history.

Before Klein's thoughts slowed down, he took the initiative to

cooperate with Amon and dispelled the Realm of Mysteries, allowing the situation inside to interact with the outside world.

He had already “fooled” history without any problems, just like the first plan he came up with. As for how to end it, he never had a good idea.

According to the changes in the situation, the final plan he activated at this critical moment was:

To not leave himself any way out. He would go from accommodating The Fool’s Uniqueness to advancing to the true Fool!

In any case, this wouldn’t be worse than the previous situation.

Chapter 1379: Combining Forces

The “curtain” that enveloped the Antigonus palace instantly vanished. An indescribable aura returned to reality, causing the entire astral world to shake.

Outside the world barrier that was covered in cracks, the terrifying, indescribable faces suddenly changed.

The invisible barrier began to tremble violently as if it would collapse at any moment.

Every continent on the planet within experienced an earthquake. It wasn’t a serious one, just rather obvious.

Above the Five Seas, waves surged, as if they had encountered a sudden tidal force.

Amid the “noon” sky, the crimson moon suddenly appeared. Its color became extremely saturated and expanded in an exaggerated manner. It was as if it had hung off the roofs of every house. Other than that, the Brown Planet, Orange Planet, Scarlet Planet, Gold Planet, and Blue Planet lit up at the same time, emitting light of different textures.

If one looked down from the cosmos, the entire Earth appeared to be swept up by an invisible storm and trembled in place.

This was a slight change brought about by the Outer Deities’ attempt to break the barrier.

The aura that floated inside the ancient palace in the astral world had made “Them” collectively recall that terrifying existence. Agitated by this, either a result of rage or madness, all of “Them” tried to stop “His” revival.

Compared to “Them,” who were blocked outside the real world, the first to react was the Magic Wishing Lamp in the pocket of Klein’s “main body.”

The sticky pale-golden light penetrated through the Amon’s enhanced seal, turning into a blurry and distorted figure.

It stretched out its arm and pulled the Trunsoest Brass Book into its palm.

The rules that were written previously had all disappeared, and a new article immediately formed:

“Resurrection of the deceased is prohibited here!”

A faint grayish-white fog flashed and a familiar text appeared in front of this rule:

“All the following rules are ineffective!”

Even though he hadn’t really resurrected and had yet to absorb The Fool’s Uniqueness and two Sequence 9 to Sequence 1 Seer pathway Beyonder characteristics, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in Klein’s main body could also control Sefirah Castle and use its status to direct its powers.

At this moment, “His” existence and the fog of history had

completed their interactions. Fragments of light began to distort as they merged into one, sometimes breaking apart, unable to completely form a piece of history.

A sense of self-conflict appeared in that piece of history!

True history clearly involved the prehistoric human soul, Klein Moretti, disguising himself as The Fool and establishing the Tarot Club. He became stronger one Sequence at a time, and eventually reached the level of the true Fool. However, the present history was that Mr. Fool was a great existence that was awakening, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings from ancient times. “He” had finally awakened!

At that moment, although the rule restriction put in effect by the Genie using the Trunsoest Brass Book could only be effective for less than a second, it still significantly weakened the will of the Lord of the Mysteries inside Klein’s “main body,” as though “He” had suffered a fatal blow.

As for Earth Mother and God of Steam and Machinery, “They” had given up on interfering with Amon’s avatars, as though they wanted this Mr. Error to have the time to deal with the awakening Lord of the Mysteries.

However, “They,” who clearly had some power to spare, didn’t attempt to affect Klein’s “main body,” but continued suppressing the Primordial Demoness and the Hidden Sage.

The subsequent attacks and interferences from the latter two were no longer intense, as if “They” were waiting for an outcome.

To “Them,” the resurrection of the Lord of the Mysteries was the achieving of “Their” goals:

Produce a “Pillar” as quickly as possible; and prevent entities that had animosity towards “Them” from becoming the Lord of the Mysteries.

In addition, the pathways that “They” were in didn’t belong to the three pathways that were controlled by the Lord of the Mysteries. Furthermore, “They” didn’t have any feuds or conflicts of interest with the other party.

Amon, who was no longer affected, immediately changed “His” target and focused most of “His” attention on Klein’s “main body.”

There was no need for any explanation. “They” clearly knew that this was “Their” greatest threat!

Without any hesitation, the Amons raised “Their” right hands at the same time and gently squeezed it, seriously “Stealing” the effects of the “eternal daytime” from the target.

However, the Amons didn’t give up influencing Klein. With “Their” numbers, “They” split off a small number of members and looked at Klein, who was currently a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries. Furthermore, Klein also bore the identity of Antigonus.

The monocles of these Amons suddenly lit up. Using the authority related to “doors,” “They” moved Klein out of the real world and into the cosmos.

In the dark and vast Universe, Klein’s figure appeared. Then, it instantly became thin, turning into a paper figurine.

The paper figurine first had its belly bloated before giving birth to a paper baby. Then, it rapidly rotted into dust.

Klein had used “Grafting” and “Paper Figurine Substitutes” to block the attacks of the Amons.

At the same time, the other Amons had succeeded in stealing the effects of the “eternal daytime” from Klein’s main body.

However, in the next second, the effects of the “eternal daytime” were once again “stolen” back.

This was the Lord of the Mysteries’s control over powers from “His” pathway. Even though “He” had yet to fully revive, “He” had already begun this process.

Amon’s eyes flickered as “He” immediately gave up on Klein and focused on three matters:

Most of “Them” continued to steal the effects of the “eternal daytime” and resist the Lord of the Mysteries, while a small number of “Them” locked onto Antigonus, who was sitting on the huge stone chair. “They” began to “Steal” the other party’s state of eternal slumber.

In addition, all the Amons had dispelled the strengthening of seals, and even weakened them.

Klein, who was no longer being attacked by Amon, similarly didn’t counterattack. His attention was focused on his “main body.”

The awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries was the biggest problem!

At that instant, an illusory mark appeared on Klein's glabella. It was a strange door of light that was stained with hints of bluish-black. It constantly emanated a faint grayish-white fog.

Klein began to snatch control over Sefirah Castle from the Lord of the Mysteries, so that it wouldn't be so easy for "Him" to make use of the level and power!

And with the Lord of the Mysteries not fully resurrected and having yet to accommodate The Fool's Uniqueness and the corresponding Beyonder characteristics, he could effectively reduce "His" strength, allowing "His" failure rate to increase significantly and for the effects to be inferior.

With his addition, with his control over Sefirah Castle, the "Fooling" received by the Trunsoest Brass Book immediately weakened. The chances of Amons' "Theft" also increased.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at the foot of the giant shadow formed by the ancient sun god, on the surface of the sea that was covered in all colors, words written in the most ancient language quickly appeared:

"The revival of the Lord of the Mysteries failed due to many interferences."

With this sentence forming, as Klein fought for control over Sefirah Castle, the Amons once again "Stole" the effects of the "eternal daytime" effects that had augmented the Lord of the Mysteries.

Elsewhere, “They” had also “Stolen” Antigonus’s state of eternal slumber.

Without any hesitation, the Amons transferred the state of “eternal slumber” to Klein’s “main body” and gifted it to the Lord of the Mysteries.

The ancient existence’s aura immediately fell silent, but it quickly rebounded.

At this moment, the corresponding text appeared on the weakly-sealed Trunsoest Brass Book:

“Resurrection of the deceased is prohibited here!”

Suddenly, the terrifying will in Klein’s “main body” rapidly weakened, producing a strong urge to fall asleep again.

However, this will was so powerful that, even after a long period of time, it was unable to completely wear it down. Under these two restrictions, it was still tenacious and slowly recovering. It also attempted to use “Tampering” and “Fooling” to get out of the predicament.

Klein sensed that the other party was using Sefirah Castle’s power, so he immediately focused and interfered.

At the same time, the Evernight Goddess, who was floating above the ancient palace, slightly relaxed “Her” control over Amon’s true body. “She” pulled back the bird-shaped, golden accessory and aimed its head downwards.

Inside the bronze eye of the bird-shaped, golden accessory, illusory layers of doors surged out, allowing a drop of colorless water that had a strong aura of stillness to drop onto Klein's "main body" in the ancient palace.

This was a drop of river water from the River of Eternal Darkness!

While the Evernight Goddess was doing this, Amon's actual body's attempt to escape by opening "doors" also tacitly slowed down.

The drop of water plummeted at an extremely fast speed. The natural barrier formed by Earth Mother, and the portrait formed by the God of Steam and Machinery simultaneously pulled back to give way for it.

With a smack, the river water of the River of Eternal Darkness accurately dripped onto Klein's head and silently entered.

The aura of the Lord of the Mysteries, which was slowly growing, immediately receded. It stopped its fluctuation and fell into a state of eternal slumber.

However, this condition wasn't very stable, as if it could be broken at any moment.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess's empty hand pulled out a gigantic sword from the void.

The sword's surface was covered with orange-red light as it exuded the dawn of twilight, the aura of decay.

This was the symbol of the Twilight Giant.

The Evernight Goddess's arm that was covered with short black fur extended, striking down with the exaggerated sword.

"She" had always kept some energy as though prepared to deliver this moment!

In the strange sound of the void shattering and decaying, the sword that was covered with the light of twilight slashed through the dome of the Antigonus palace, causing the hanging corpses to drop to the ground.

Right on the heels of that, it struck Klein's "main body," which had yet to escape the state of eternal slumber.

The portion of the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries rapidly vanished, and the body began to wane uncontrollably. It broke down along with The Fool's Uniqueness and the two sets of Sequence 9 to 1 Beyonder characteristics in his body. They also collapsed and gathered together.

Upon seeing this, Klein followed his plan without any thought. He used Sefirah Castle to pull down a quarter of the fog of history and enveloped it.

Amidst the grayish-white fog, The Fool's Uniqueness and the Beyonder characteristics fully converged.

They frantically absorbed the fog of history around them, turning into a shapeless and dark liquid.

This blob of liquid stretched out as though it was forming a strange, translucent hooded cloak or a person whose internal organs and flesh were emptied out.

The Fool's potion

The Amons reached out "Their" right hands at the same time in a bid to "Steal" the potion.

Chapter 1380: A Miracle

More than a thousand Amons each committed “Theft.”

With “His” numbers, as long as “He” wasn’t extremely unlucky, there would always be a few who would’ve succeeded. Furthermore, The Fool’s potion was ownerless, so it wasn’t difficult to steal.

While carrying out the “Theft,” Amon removed a particular seal on “His” body, allowing the Apprentice and Marauder Beyonder characteristics to release their powers of convergence.

This was rather effective towards The Fool’s potion, allowing Amon to increase “His” success rate to the greatest extent.

However, all the Amons ultimately failed.

This was because a new rule had appeared on the Trunsoest Brass Book:

“Acts of theft are prohibited here!”

In order to deal with the awakening Lord of the Mysteries, Amon had weakened all the seals here and helped the Trunsoest Brass Book escape the “Fooling.” It could now have a limited number of effective rules for a brief moment amidst its repeated cycles, but now, this had adversely affected “Them.”

Seizing this opportunity, the illusory brand between Klein’s brows became more obvious.

A faint grayish-white fog gathered around him, forming a thin cocoon.

He activated Sefirah Castle with all his might. Together with his Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic, he created an extremely powerful convergence effect on The Fool's potion.

The black liquid that didn't have a fixed form seemed to be a starving beast that saw food. It immediately pounced onto Klein.

It kept extending and changing like a translucent skin, wrapping Klein inside.

Klein's face appeared underneath this liquid. His facial features were sometimes distinct, sometimes blurred, sometimes distorted, and sometimes blank.

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, under the giant shadow formed by the ancient sun god, words in the most ancient of languages rapidly took form on the illusory surface of the sea that contained all possible colors:

"Antigonus's efforts at advancing to The Fool ultimately failed due to various reasons."

The reason why this existence that once dominated the entire planet didn't use Klein Moretti's name was that he was now carrying the identity and fate of Antigonus.

If the subject in the sentence had been the former name, then Klein could completely ignore it.

What had Klein Moretti's failed advancement got to do with Antigonus becoming The Fool?

But when the subject became Antigonus, it was like a prophecy, as if it was an arrangement that had the outcome already be decided. Such a sentence could make the situation turn very grim.

If Klein didn't give up on Antigonus's identity and fate, he would be restricted by those words.

If he gave up Antigonus's identity and fate, then the Sequence 9 and 1 Beyonder characteristic in his body would no longer belong to him in the true sense of the word. He had never digested them before—they were Beyonder characteristics that Antigonus once controlled. At present, it had nothing to do with Klein Moretti. All he did was forcefully devour them.

Under such circumstances, even if there were no other factors, just the undigested Beyonder characteristics would likely cause Klein to lose control on the spot. And consuming The Fool's potion in such a state and completing the advancement ritual was without a doubt impossible!

As the ancient sun god wrote this sentence, the Eternal Blazing Sun, the Lord of Storms, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, who were situated in the astral world, sensed something. Each of them launched the most intense of counterattacks in an attempt to interfere with the other party's actions.

However, even though a large portion of "His" energy was spent restricting the three true deities, making it rather difficult, the ancient sun god quickly completed the sentence.

However, "His" giant shadow embodiment dimmed, as though

“He” was unable to maintain it for too long.

In the astral world, within the floating ancient palace.

In the battle that pit the Earth Mother and the God of Steam and Machinery against the Primordial Demoness and Hidden Sage, the situation became even more intense. However, the former two were still able to divert a certain amount of strength to affect Amon’s avatar, preventing “Them” from destroying Klein’s advancement ritual.

The Amons were forced to “Blink” everywhere, but some of them still turned into plants, blooming and bearing fruit before returning to the land. Others collapsed into words as they were imprinted into illusory books.

Apart from that, a large number of “Them” were strengthening the seal, limiting the Trunsoest Brass Book, preventing the rules it enacted from being effective, or be effective for only an instant.

Under the influence of these three factors, even with Amon’s numbers, it appeared to be insufficient.

But even so, a small number of “Them” managed to seize the opportunity to make crystal monocles and similar circular symbols reflect Klein’s figure.

In the next second, the monocles and circular symbols emitted pure light.

This wasn’t “Theft,” but the act of “returning” things.

At this moment, Amon's decision was to return an item that "He" had formerly "Stolen" from Klein.

It was Klein's thoughts of suicide!

Back when Klein was captured by Amon and brought to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, he had tried on many occasions to commit suicide but failed to succeed. He had such thoughts "Stolen" by the other party.

At the critical moment of his advancement, once he had the intention to commit suicide, the outcome could be imagined!

At that moment, Klein, who was tightly enveloped by The Fool's potion, felt his thoughts turn chaotic and wander. His hair spread out as he felt an extremely cold, sticky liquid slowly invade him.

Then, he had the thought of committing suicide and giving up.

This was a change that Klein had never expected. He had long forgotten how Amon had "Stolen" his thoughts of committing suicide. Furthermore, he didn't expect that not only was the other party unwilling to abandon these thoughts, "He" had even kept them carefully.

If it were anytime in the past, this thought might've been strong, but Klein could still use his self-control to resist it forcefully, suppressing it until it dissipated on its own. It would be akin to dealing with nasty thoughts.

But now, he was in the midst of an advancement ritual. He was being influenced by the potion, and his mind had lost its

stability. He was unable to effectively suppress the thought of committing suicide.

The Amons always had various strange but rather effective methods.

Fortunately, Klein wasn't only Klein, but also Antigonus.

What relation did Klein Moretti's thoughts of committing suicide have to do with Antigonus?

With this level of knowledge from this additional identity, Klein didn't immediately give up and end his life. He pulled the Antigonus mental imprint in his body and mixed it with the idea of suicide, barely suppressing it.

Under such a balance, Klein's mind and body were further corroded by The Fool's potion.

His thoughts were the same as when he advanced to Attendant of Mysteries—completely dispersed.

But the difference was that he didn't fuse with the spirit world this time. Instead, he continued to extend, enveloping the entire planet, the entire spirit world, and part of the astral world like a gaseous body.

At that moment, Klein felt that he was in the bodies of different believers, in every human's body, in every animal's body, in every living thing.

Everything had godhood in them.

At the same time, he was still scattered within the fog of history, scattered through fleeting time, and scattered inside the silent flow of a river of light with multiple distributaries.

One was also Infinity.

At the level of godhood, an experience like this made Klein's thoughts wear away even further, as though all that was left was a coldness that looked down on everything.

Even this coldness was dissipating slowly.

It wouldn't be long before Klein completely lost himself and was led by the various mental seals in The Fool's potion, becoming a true monster.

This coincided with Antigonus's crazy fate, allowing the latter to accelerate.

At this moment, he felt something off. It was unharmonious, unnatural, and abnormal.

In the fog of history, there were a small number of light fragments twisting and distorting, unable to take form. It was as if there was a fundamental conflict between them.

They gradually separated, breaking out into different branches to record the different content, allowing the twisting to achieve the initial state of recovering.

Being imbued into everything, Klein's mind was "thrown out" due to this tiny disharmonious abnormality. He found some

aspect of self-awareness again.

With this self-awareness as the core, he quickly gathered his scattered mind and guided the fusion process between The Fool's potion and his body.

But at this moment, the fate of Antigonus losing control thanks to the ancient sun god's "Prophecy" erupted early. Klein's body collapsed once again, unable to withstand The Fool's potion.

Without any hesitation or having the luxury of time to hesitate, Klein immediately removed a portion of the "Theft" effects and returned Antigonus "His" identity, fate, and self-awareness, allowing the "Him" sitting on the huge stone chair to slowly open his eyes. The dazed Antigonus gradually regained "His" clarity of mind.

"He" didn't immediately lose control, because the main reason "He" lost control was that the Lord of the Mysteries's will had awakened to a large extent. And now, The Fool's Uniqueness and most of the Beyonder characteristics that contained a portion of the will was no longer in "His" body.

Therefore, Antigonus could use his own will to resist the madness and try to stop the fate of losing control.

The prophecy of the ancient sun god came true: Antigonus really failed to advance to Sequence 0 The Fool.

And without "His" identity, the Sequence 9 and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic of the Seer pathway in Klein's body turned into something that he hadn't digested. This threw him to the edge of losing control immediately.

The Fool's potion that wrapped around his body like a cloak instantly completed the act of seeping through. The will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings was awakened once again!

"Give up...

"Leave everything to me...

"This time, I won't accommodate another sefirah...

"I won't help you protect the living creatures you wish to protect, but I won't harm them either...

"It's not that I won't keep my promises, but it's just that they're too weak and not worth my attention...

"This place is an area that is off-limits to Outer Deities...

"..."

The unfamiliar yet weirdly familiar ravings reverberated in Klein's heart, giving him the idea of giving up.

And the thought of committing suicide that he had been suppressed by Antigonus's mental imprint previously, surfaced again after the balance created by it was lost.

The outcome of failing an advancement attempt was about to occur.

At this moment, the Evernight Goddess, who was originally powerless to slash downwards with the Twilight Sword, suddenly gave up on controlling Amon's true body.

As Amon's true body leaped out, and just as the avatars waited for Klein to fail the ritual, the goddess once again dragged the exaggerated sword that was covered in orange light.

This time, the target was Klein!

A thought flashed through Klein's mind as he took the initiative to be controlled by the thought of committing suicide, not making any attempts to resist.

With a poof, he was slashed by the symbolic sword of twilight, shattering into a rotten body of "meat" that seeped out Beyonder characteristics.

Klein died. Before the Amons took any sort of measures against him, he was killed by the Evernight Goddess before the ritual failed and before he completely lost control.

In the next second, the Evernight Goddess wore the bird-shaped, golden accessory on "Her" head as "Her" body expanded and enveloped the ancient palace. She instantly erased Amon's true body, avatars, Earth Mother, Primordial Demoness, God of Steam and Machinery, Hidden Sage, and Antigonus, as though "They" were erased by an eraser.

Concealment!

The ancient sun god seemed to understand what the Evernight Goddess wanted to do, but having already made two prophecies,

there was no way for “Him” to write a third sentence. As for the three true gods, they continued throwing what they had at “Him,” holding “Him” back.

In the next second, a miracle happened. Klein returned from the fog of history.

The Uniqueness of The Fool that had already belonged to him and the three Sequence 9 to Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics rapidly returned to his body.

Afraid that he would be disturbed, the Genie quickly made use of the Trunsoest Brass Book to add a rule:

“This place is suitable for the return of Beyonder characteristics.”

Suddenly, Klein returned to his previous state of him “drinking” The Fool potion.

But the thing that was different from before was that, back then, his body’s pillar of support belonged to the Sequence 9 to Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics of Antigonus—ones he hadn’t digested yet. And now, the first to return to him was undoubtedly the digested Sequence 9 and 1 Beyonder characteristic that once belonged to him.

This way, he would have a true pillar of support that could accommodate The Fool’s Uniqueness and the remaining characteristics.

Klein was in a state that was the same as when he first arrived at the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range, an Attendant of Mysteries who had finished digesting the potion and was

capable of attempting to advance to Sequence 0 The Fool.

By relying on his resurrection, Klein had completely overturned his state!

This was the flash of inspiration he had obtained from Roselle's resurrection. Of course, the entire process was different from the resurrection of a Black Emperor.

The character that Klein had arranged to kill him was the Genie. He never expected that the Evernight Goddess, who he hadn't discussed this with, would share such tacit understanding with him.

In that instant, his body split apart, turning into a thin gray fog and dark liquid.

The gray fog and black liquid blended together, and the countless maggots that resembled meat tendrils sprouted on the surface. Then, they intertwined into a translucent dark-colored cloak.

There was no body under the cloak, just darkness.

This process was very brief. In less than two seconds, the Evernight Goddess's concealment of so many deities was clearly unable to last that long.

In an instant, a door of light traveled across the surface of the concealed world at an extremely high speed.

The door suddenly opened, and Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and wearing a classic black robe, leaped out.

At the same time, “He” saw an illusory mask with blank facial features appear under the translucent dark-colored cloak.

The mask instantly outlined Klein, who had fused with Gehrman Sparrow’s traits. Amon’s thoughts turned chaotic as though “He” had his intelligence forcefully lowered.

The Fool was born.

Chapter 1381: Authority

Inside the white tower, the headquarters of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.

After Lucca Brewster, who was trapped underground, completed his prayer, he focused his attention back on the seal autonomously strengthening itself.

He wanted to find out exactly what was going on, to see if he could decipher the secrets hidden within and use them to invent some mystical techniques.

As he proceeded down each level, checking each and every Sealed Artifact, Lucca was taken aback and stopped in his tracks.

His expression became rather confused. He was lost on whether to take his next step with his left foot or right foot.

This seemed to be a very profound, esoteric question to comprehend.

In the Southern Continent, beside a cathedral belonging to the Evernight Goddess.

Leonard picked up the cup of coffee made from local ground beans and wanted to take a sip.

During this process, his thoughts wandered to the closed windows and the bright sky, trying to figure out the anomaly.

However, he was unable to leave the room and was sealed here. As for Old Man, Pallez Zoroast, “He” had fallen into a strange state of silence without answering his questions.

Thankfully, there wasn’t any additional danger. Therefore, Leonard could still sit in peace, using thoughts to replace action.

After an unknown period of time, he looked down at the cup of coffee that had been placed back on the table. He frowned slightly and muttered to himself in puzzlement, “What did I want to do just now?”

The Rorsted Archipelago, in the concealed Bayam City.

Having not noticed the changes in the environment, Danitz carefully fiddled with the telegraph device in his room.

The Golden Dream had recently come to the Sonia Sea and stopped at a port with a telegraph office. Danitz wanted to invite them over to Bayam as guests to take in the grandeur of a Lord’s Oracle.

If possible, he wished that the Golden Dream could use Bayam as its primary harbor. This way, he could return to the ship at any time to participate in adventures and seek out treasures. At the same time, he could choose to listen to the captain’s lectures.

As an all-rounder, Danitz had no doubt mastered all the knowledge and techniques needed to send a telegram. At that moment, he sat in front of the machine and quickly tapped his fingers, sending out the words he had constructed.

At the very beginning, his thoughts were clear and his words

were proper. This left him somewhat smug.

Gradually, his eyes stared straight and his hands didn't stop moving, as if he was doing it on instinct.

After the telegram was sent out, Danitz exhaled, picked up a cup, and gulped down a mouthful of beer.

It was quicker than I expected. Even if I lose my job in the future, I can still go to the telegraph office to get a job with a good salary, Danitz thought proudly and worriedly.

He casually picked up the telegram draft and recalled the process of how he sent it out. His expression gradually turned odd.

"What did I send in the end?" Danitz couldn't help but whisper.

Apparently, he had very likely mocked the first mate, second mate, Iron Skin, and Barrel towards the latter half of the telegram. Then, he passionately confessed to the captain.

I'm finished, I'm finished... Why would I express what's hidden in my heart... Danitz's face turned pale as he suspected that he had been controlled by the potion. The content he had written didn't actually go through his head.

He hurriedly sent a telegram to indicate that the content from before had nothing to do with him. It was all a result of Anderson deliberately causing trouble.

At this moment, he realized that something was amiss outside. The sky was gray and there wasn't a single cloud.

...

In the astral world, the existences and objects that had been concealed by the Evernight Goddess broke through the restrictions and returned to reality one after another.

"They" were like Amon's actual body, looking somewhat dazed without making any immediate reaction.

In addition, the Evernight Goddess also paused in midair in confusion, as though "She" hadn't thought about "Her" subsequent actions. However, "Her" first instinct was to protect "Herself."

The Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, who had been restricted by the thick prism-like spots of light in "Their" own kingdoms, also experienced certain changes. The intensity of their counterattacks was clearly lower, giving people a sense of self-doubt, unsure if the entity before them was an enemy.

The Genie abandoned the Trunsoest Brass Book and directly returned to the Magic Wishing Lamp. "He" seemed to have fought to "His" limits and had no choice but to retreat into the seal. He also seemed to recall something as he subconsciously evaded.

Antigonus, who had just regained "His" self-awareness and lucidity, was once again confused. His face was filled with question marks:

Who am I? Where am I? What am I doing? What is happening around me?

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the ancient sun god's giant shadow sighed and said, "Let there be light!"

The light in the astral world brightened as it stabbed into the "eyes" of Amon's true body, avatars, Primordial Demoness, Hidden Sage, and other existences.

"They" immediately regained "Their" senses and made use of the time to respond differently.

The flood of information suddenly dispersed and fused with the various symbols around it, instantly disappearing.

The black, python-like tentacles with an eyeball on their ends retracted rapidly. No one knew where they went.

Amon's true body looked at Klein, who had just advanced, and gave up the chance to exert "His" influence while his condition was unstable. "He" raised "His" hand and adjusted the crystal monocle on "His" right eye.

"His" figure split into multiple seemingly illusory and realistic doors.

The doors opened and closed at the same time, preventing any existences like the Evernight Goddess from knowing where Amon's true body had gone to.

After Amon's true body left, "His" avatars faded and disappeared in a bizarre manner.

This was using a loophole, turning the act of "Amon's true body

leaving" to being equivalent to "Amons leaving."

At the same time, the giant shadow that the ancient sun god had, expanded only to shrink and transform back into Adam, who carried a thick shadow on "His" back.

Beneath the feet of this Visionary, the sea that contained all colors instantly dissipated as though it had returned underground.

Looking up at the astral world, Adam returned to the back of that shadow screen through a crack.

The fusion between "Him" and the True Creator had just begun, and it wasn't over yet. The attempt to raise "Himself" to the level of half a Great Old One was actually rather difficult and risky. This would make "Their" progress a lot slower in the future.

In the astral world, as the war subsided, the natural barrier formed by plants and the portraits of civilization faded away, along with the illusory crimson moon.

The Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom first shattered the thick spots of light outside "Their" divine kingdoms. Then, "They" calmed down and returned to continue blocking the world barrier's cracks.

The Evernight Goddess, who was floating above the ancient palace, put away the pitch-black coffin; the Twilight Sword; the bird-shaped, golden accessory; and "Her" four arms. "She" cast "Her" gaze downwards.

After the translucent dark-colored cloak produced the mask, it

transformed into Klein's body.

Klein pressed one hand against the almost invisible mask on his face, and he placed the other at his abdomen. His back was slightly arched, as though he was suffering indescribable pain.

Just as he raised his head and looked at the Evernight Goddess's face that was covered with a thin black veil, a pitch-black cloak appeared outside his body. Slippery and sinister tentacles extended from beneath the cloak.

After becoming The Fool, the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in him had undoubtedly awakened further.

The crazy ravings and roars continued to echo in Klein's ears, tearing through his mind, letting him know that this was going to be his future.

There was no way to kill the Lord of the Mysteries. Even if "His" will was slowly worn down by time, "His" consciousness would remain forever. "He" could snatch Klein's body at any moment and completely revive.

If it wasn't for the fact that "He" had just "killed" the Lord of the Mysteries's will, making the awakening "Him" weaker than what Klein expected, Klein suspected that he might not be able to survive. All he could do was watch as his body collapsed and he became another existence.

Of course, he could still seek the Evernight Goddess's help to give him a drop of the River of Eternal Darkness's river water. However, this wasn't a long-term solution. He could only delay it for some time before ultimately facing it.

Relying on his own consciousness and anchors, Klein stabilized the consciousness of the Celestial Worthy in him.

At this moment, he was unable to speak.

The Evernight Goddess above nodded gently and said, “What you need now is stability.”

With that said, “Her” figure was wiped inch by inch as “She” returned to the divine kingdom in the astral world.

Klein turned his head to look at the slightly dazed Antigonus. With a thought, he returned to Sefirah Castle.

Sitting in the half-collapsed palace, Antigonus sat on a huge stone chair. “He” felt as though “He” had just been through a very, very long dream.

...

Inside Sefirah Castle, Klein sat at The Fool’s seat and focused on stabilizing his mental state.

Just like before, before he achieved an initial level of stability, he had no way of seeking treatment from a psychiatrist. Unless he paid a visit to Adam, it was very likely that he would go even crazier.

With some stability, Klein quickly checked the authorities he obtained.

It was called “Fooling”!

Not only did it contain history, time, fate, change, and concealment, but it also included the mind domain’s of “Blind Stupidity”—the simplest application was to lower an enemy’s intelligence.

Just as Klein was about to research them further, his spiritual perception was triggered.

Someone had invaded Sefirah Castle!

And only when the enemy successfully invaded did Klein obtain a “notification”!

Klein suddenly looked up and saw that the grayish-white fog had formed a door at the other end of the long mottled table.

A figure wearing a pointed hat, a classic black robe, and a monocle walked out.

Amon!

There was a tinge of darkness in Mr. Error’s eyes as “His” smile appeared somewhat crazy.

“He” leisurely looked around and nudged “His” monocle. “He” said with a smile, “Are you pleasantly surprised?”

Klein wanted to use Sefirah Castle to expel “Him,” but he realized that at some point in time, Amon had gained control over

Sefirah Castle!

Amon cast “His” gaze at him, pulled out a chair and sat down, chuckling.

“I released the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries in my body.

“‘Him’ being the owner of Sefirah Castle makes me equivalent to being the owner of Sefirah Castle. Of course, I can enter.

“This is very risky. Even in the past, I didn’t dare to try it before, but since you’ve grown to this extent, I can only take the risk.

“This is very exciting. I’m quite pleased with the effects.”

As Amon spoke, slippery and sinister tentacles appeared beneath “His” clothes.

“He” took the initiative to revive part of the Lord of the Mysteries, allowing “Himself” to enter a half-crazy state.

Chapter 1382: Home Ground Advantage

As Amon spoke, Klein appeared to be listening, but he had actually attempted to leave Sefirah Castle.

This wasn't because he wanted to give up or surrender, nor was it because he was too timid and subconsciously considered fleeing first. Instead, he believed that this was the best solution for the current situation.

If he stayed in Sefirah Castle, Klein would face three difficult questions.

Firstly, he had just advanced to The Fool and his condition was extremely unstable. He had to divert a large portion of his mental strength to suppress the awakening will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. Secondly, there was no way for him to obtain the help of his allies; he could only fight alone. Thirdly, under the situation that everyone could influence Sefirah Castle, even if Klein had a deeper level of control over Sefirah Castle, he wouldn't be able to express an overwhelming advantage. He might even be disrupted in his use of Sefirah Castle because his opponent was good at making use of loopholes and creating bugs, making it difficult for him to reach the same level as "Him."

This way, when a Sequence 0 The Fool faced a half-crazed, dual-pathway Error and Door, even if he wasn't in a scenario of facing a 100% failure rate, the chances of winning were extremely minute.

And by taking the opportunity to escape Sefirah Castle, Klein could immediately obtain the help of his allies to reverse the situation between the two.

If Amon were to chase after “Him,” Klein would interfere with “His” return to Sefirah Castle and make “Him” face “His” allies. At that time, the Primordial Demoness would definitely not attack again. The ancient sun god might not be able to reproduce the power of half a Great Old One anytime soon. With the lead of the Evernight Goddess, the six orthodox deities were enough to deal with Amon.

Even if Amon, who was in control of all the authorities of the Error and Door domains, wasn’t easily killed, the orthodox deities would definitely be able to weaken “Him” and seal “Him.” After Klein stabilized his mental state and deepened his control over Sefirah Castle, he could then kill “Him” in a targeted manner.

This process was almost irreversible—even if the ancient sun god could still produce the level, status, and strength from before. “His” limit appeared to be suppressing three orthodox deities at the same time, and this didn’t include the Evernight Goddess.

Of course, the Outer Deities were undoubtedly unwilling to see the birth of a new Lord of the Mysteries. Once such a situation happened, “They” would definitely try their best to interfere, preventing Amon from dying. However, before the world barrier collapsed, the influence “They” could exert would be rather limited, and it might not be of much use. Just like before, Klein believed that the combined powers of the Dark Side of the Universe and the Chained God were inferior to the Hidden Sage.

Even if the Outer Deities managed to affect the situation, Klein wouldn’t suffer any losses. After all, those existences wouldn’t allow Amon to kill him either. He could find a place to hide and stabilize his mental state. Once he was prepared, he could make new plans again—the foggy town of the Evernight Goddess was a very good choice.

If Amon didn't chase after him and remained inside Sefirah Castle. Klein could use his identity as the owner of Sefirah Castle to influence the control of all kinds of matters within at any moment, preventing Amon from doing anything in Sefirah Castle. Even if "He" wanted to use the crimson star to deal with the Tarot Club members, it would be impossible.

In short, it would be extremely difficult for either of "Them" to use Sefirah Castle well, but destroying the other party's attempts was definitely simple.

Under such a stalemate, Klein had time to stabilize his mental state, deepening his control over Sefirah Castle, slowly turning the situation around.

Towards the end, Amon would either flee and hide, or "He" would let the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings completely revive, choosing to have an internecine outcome with Klein.

Therefore, although he didn't have the time to analyze the pros and cons, Klein quickly came to a conclusion.

Leaving Sefirah Castle now was the best choice.

However, just as his consciousness sank to the edge of Sefirah Castle, he saw a crystal monocle.

This item appeared in time, crushing Klein's hopes of escaping.

"Did you think I'd leave such an obvious loophole? Of course, you can stop me from leaving Sefirah Castle at any time." Amon curled "His" index finger and pressed it against the monocle as

“He” smiled.

Behind the chair that “He” was sitting on, the resplendent symbol rapidly changed. At times, it was formed from symbols corresponding to parasitizing, time, and fate. At times, it was a series of doors.

These two different symbols appeared one after another, making it impossible to truly be fixed.

Klein didn’t hear what Amon said. The moment he failed, he created a real Realm of Mysteries—a complete divine kingdom of The Fool.

Light and shadows instantly changed in front of Amon’s eyes. It brought with it the disappearance of the grand palace, mottled table, and luxurious high-back chair, bringing with it an ancient castle.

Amon wasn’t sure what the ancient castle looked like. This was because “He” was standing in a corridor inside the castle. “He” could only sense the various changes in Sefirah Castle and see with the limited vision “He” had.

The corridor was unusually dark and gloomy. The corridor stretched endlessly. There were silver-colored elegant candle stands spaced widely apart, each producing a dim and yellow glow.

There were dark red wooden doors on both sides of the corridor that seemed to connect to different rooms.

There was no sound from the rooms, making it virtually

impossible to know what was hidden inside.

Amon casually glanced at it and smiled with interest.

“Interesting.”

As the most powerful Cryptologist, “He” naturally knew that this was a divine kingdom, one that couldn’t be broken through with brute force.

This was because every door was “Reassembled” with different items. If “He” forcefully broke through them, he would trigger unknown effects. Amon didn’t underestimate the abilities and intelligence of a Sequence 0 The Fool. “He” didn’t plan on experiencing any more surprises or accidents.

However, once the divine kingdom’s rules were fixed, its owner would similarly be restricted to a certain extent.

To put it simply, Klein was definitely in one of the rooms, not somewhere else.

One had to bear the corresponding responsibility for the benefits obtained.

“You want to use this method to stall for time and stabilize your mental state?” Amon whispered as though “He” was talking to an invisible person.

Then, wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, “He” walked to the nearest dark red wooden door.

There were no holes on the wooden door, so “He” couldn’t see the exact situation inside.

In other words, it was very difficult for Amon to know if Klein was here without opening the door.

The corners of Amon’s mouth curled up slightly. Amon extended “His” right hand and drew a long rectangular shape on the dark red wooden door.

Inside the rectangle, bits of starlight emerged and turned transparent, revealing the scene in the room.

With the authority of Door and the ability of Bug, Amon forcibly opened a window without triggering the effects.

Following that, “He” cast “His” gaze into the room.

There were no tables, chairs, carpets, and other furniture, but a blue sea.

“Indeed, this door has been connected with the sea outside,” Amon said without any surprise.

Once “He” twisted the door, “He” would leave Sefirah Castle and appear in the sea outside.

And at that time, with Klein being wary, it was almost impossible for “Him” to enter Sefirah Castle again, just like how Klein was unable to leave Sefirah Castle.

This was the reason why Amon didn't forcibly destroy The Fool's divine kingdom but opened one door at a time.

Destruction led to similar effects. The repeated effects would affect Amon again and again. Even if there were many loopholes that "He" could use, "He" wouldn't be completely immune to them.

Retracting "His" gaze, Amon walked to the opposite room and opened a window according to the method from before.

However, this time, it was pitch-black inside, and "He" couldn't see anything.

Amon raised "His" hand and pinched the edge of "His" monocle and coughed lightly.

"His" figure instantly split into two.

The number of Amons increased.

The split Amon glanced at Amon, who stood in the same spot and tsked.

"Why aren't you seeking the thrill yourself?"

As "He" spoke, this Amon extended "His" right palm and grabbed the handle of the dark red wooden door.

Just as "He" began twisting, "His" expression suddenly turned blank as "He" sat down, as though "He" had lost the ability to

think.

“Fooling effect.” The original Amon nodded slightly.

The retarded Amon immediately collapsed and turned into a transparent worm with twelve segments.

Tiny bits of Beyonder characteristic seeped out and returned to Amon’s body.

“He” relied on using the loophole to avoid the negative effects of “His” avatars from acting on “His” actual body.

After all the Beyonder characteristics returned, Amon released a flame that had been stolen and burned the corpse of the Worm of Time.

After doing this leisurely, “He” looked up and adjusted the monocle on “His” right eye.

On the crystal monocle, countless symbols, patterns, and labels appeared. They moved quickly, interweaving, reforming, or changing, as though they were making calculations.

This was a combination of a Cryptologist’s power of decryption and the Key of Star’s authority on position.

The two attempts Amon made were mainly to gather intelligence, grasp the rules, and prepare for cracking the secrets of The Fool’s divine kingdom.

Soon, the symbols, patterns, and labels formed a scene on the monocle:

Behind a dark red wooden door, a few slippery tentacles extended out from Klein's body. He sat on a high-back chair and calmly watched the entrance.

The corners of Amon's mouth curled up. With a flash, "He" appeared in the room.

However, everything before "His" eyes suddenly collapsed.

Klein with The Fool's aura quickly turned thin, turning into a card.

On the card, Roselle Gustav was wearing a gorgeous head accessory and colorful clothes, holding a stick with luggage hanging from it. His eyes were filled with longing.

The Fool card.

The Fool card from the Cards of Blasphemy.

Klein knew that relying solely on Paper Figurine Substitutes and adding the "Fooling" effect and "Grafting" his true aura onto it wouldn't be able to deceive a top-notch Swindler like Amon. Therefore, he used The Fool card which had some convergence powers as his paper figurine.

Although Sefirah Castle couldn't be used again, this was Klein's home ground after all. There was his junk pile, the various items he had gathered, and the newly obtained Trunsoest Brass Book

and the borrowed Magic Wishing Lamp.

Chapter 1383: Stipulated Rules

With the Klein in front of Amon turning into The Fool card, the room shrank and revealed its original appearance.

It was an iron cigar case that had marks of being corroded slightly. It had fused with the aura of Sefirah Castle.

Klein's figure appeared out of nowhere as the entire divine kingdom of The Fool collapsed. As the magnificent palace reappeared, he grabbed the vessel that carried The Fool card and Amon's true body and suddenly closed it.

He didn't have hopes of using this item to seal Amon, who wielded the corresponding authority of the Door pathway. All he wanted was to buy some time and find a chance to throw Amon out of Sefirah Castle and retrieve the initiative.

But at that moment, Klein, who was wearing a black trench coat, paused.

His other hand took out a crystal monocle from the void with his other hand and placed it in his right eye.

Behind him, Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, quickly outlined "His" figure. "His" eyes were dark and wild as "He" laughed.

"What made you think that I didn't use an avatar?"

Before "He" finished his sentence, Klein's figure that had been

parasitized rapidly turned thin, turning into a crude paper figurine.

Klein was cautious and hadn't used his true form either. He relied on a Paper Figurine Substitute that had Spirit Body Threads "Grafted."

He knew very well that he would rather give up an opportunity than make mistakes when fighting Amon. Once he made a mistake, under the suppression effect of a Bug, it would be very difficult for him to turn the tables.

With regards to the situation of the prey turning into a paper figurine, Amon didn't seem to be surprised. All "He" did was raise "His" hand to touch the crystal monocle.

At the other end of the grand palace, Klein, who was wearing a top hat and a trench coat, uncontrollably walked out of The Fool's automatic concealment.

He raised his right hand and took out a crystal monocle from the void with great difficulty, slowly moving it towards his right eye.

During this process, Klein's expression was filled with resistance and rather warped, as though he couldn't control his hand.

The half-crazy Amon smiled leisurely.

"You can use paper figurines to replace you, but so can paper figurines replace you.

"It being 'Parasitized' is equivalent to you being 'Parasitized.'

“Everything is relative, and all of them have loopholes. No Beyonder power is uncrackable. They can be used in any suitable situation.”

“He” made use of the relationship of the Paper Figurine Substitute and the main body to create a bug.

Although Amon looked like “He” was unable to control “His” desire to speak due to “His” madness, it didn’t stop “Him” from corroding Klein with “His” full strength. “He” strengthened the “Parasitizing” bit by bit, making Klein truly wear a monocle and become “Him.”

At that moment, Klein’s body suddenly collapsed. He had taken the initiative to do so.

He split into countless transparent maggots that swam in all directions.

Among these Worms of Spirit, there were a few Worms of Time with twelve segments mixed in.

Strictly speaking, Amon’s Worms of Time could forcefully “Parasitize” very tiny creatures like the Worms of Spirit. However, when Klein split up, he took the initiative to use his “Fooling” authority to confuse the order of time. He “Fooled” the few Worms of Time, making them split up only towards the end. Unable to find the cluster of Worms of Spirit, they lost their target for “Parasitizing.”

In the next second, the scene in Sefirah Castle changed again. Klein once again used the Realm of Mysteries powers to create a new divine kingdom for The Fool.

Amon instantly entered a room.

This place was covered with a thick yellow carpet with a crystal chandelier hanging from it. There was a door on each wall, and it was unknown where they led to.

At the same time, there were oil paintings depicting various eyes hanging from the four walls.

There was no need for any special scrutiny. With just a glance, Amon knew that the four doors corresponded to different effects. The main purpose was to delay “His” actions and create enough time for Klein to make subsequent preparations.

The corners of Mr. Error curled up slightly as “He” cast “His” gaze to the ground.

“He” extended “His” right fist and stretched out “His” fingers.

An illusory door appeared on the thick yellow carpet.

The door quickly moved for a second before it became fixed in place and silently opened.

However, with the opening of the illusory door, the doors around the room began to move strangely. The doors creaked and opened!

Almost at the same time, in the pitch-black wilderness, in a dark tower that led to the sky, Klein was holding the Magic Wishing Lamp and removing the effects of “Fooling” on the Trunsoest Brass Book.

The candlewick of the Magic Wishing Lamp lit up as it spewed out a sticky, pale-gold glow.

These rays of light transformed into a distorted, blurry figure.

Klein didn't consider making a wish with the Genie to transfer Bernadette's wishes onto him and change the ownership of the Magic Wishing Lamp. This was because there would only be one outcome. He would die on the spot and return from the fog of history with the Miracle Invoker's powers.

Normally, this was a good way to escape, especially since Klein could revive several times.

However, the situation this time was completely different from before.

Once Klein died, it would mean that he had temporarily given up on his identity as the owner of Sefirah Castle, making this place a paradise for Amon. "He" could use this sefirah without any obstruction.

Under such circumstances, Amon could completely "Fool" history, interfere with fate, and suppress Klein's resurrection, making him truly die.

The ones who were most effective against a Beyonder were definitely Higher-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway.

Therefore, Klein's current plan was to use the status of the Genie to better use the Trunsoest Brass Book.

If the Genie didn't exert a certain influence, the rules set by the Trunsoest Brass Book definitely wouldn't be biased towards Klein. It would only restrict all existences other than itself.

As the Genie's blurry, pale-gold figure took form, the Trunsoest Brass Book produced the sound of colliding metal and quickly flipped to the second half of the book that allowed writing.

Without any gap in time, new text appeared on the brass page:

"Theft is prohibited here!"

If Klein had the choice, the most suitable rule would be "Acts of theft are prohibited here" because the former clause was a law. It couldn't stop someone from committing theft ahead of time, and it could only deliver punishment after the act. Furthermore, punishment for first-time thieves was inevitably light, something the Amons could withstand. His idea restricted the possibility of such actions—there was no such thing as theft.

However, there was no way for the Trunsoest Brass Book to make such a rule right now. One had to wait until the provisions were watertight enough, and that it had awakened to a certain extent before that was possible.

Previously, the Genie had relied on "His" close connection with the Trunsoest Brass Book, "His" high status, and all "His" strength before "He" could enforce similar rules. At this moment, "He" was already drained and unable to do such things.

At present, all Klein could do was try his best to stall for time so that the Trunsoest Brass Book could produce a sufficiently strict setup of laws to target Amon so as to act in concert with his "Fooling" authority.

At this moment, in the room that trapped Amon.

As the illusory door on the ground opened, the four real doors shook and cracks appeared.

This would bring about many unknown effects.

Suddenly, the sound of a bell rang out from an endless distance away.

At some point in time, Amon had transformed into an ancient, mottled stone wall clock. On the wall clock, the second hand formed by the Worm of Time suddenly paused.

Gong!

As the bell reverberated, everything in the room froze strangely, including the four doors.

The only exception was Amon. “He” had transformed back to “His” pointy-hatted, classic black-robed look. With a smile, “He” calmly raised “His” left hand and tightened “His” five fingers.

In the next second, the strange frozen state was broken. The four doors that were about to open had closed again with a bang, leaving no gaps behind.

Amon’s figure descended and burrowed into the illusory door that wasn’t closed.

Just as “He” used this method to leave the room, “He” discovered

that “He” had arrived in a pitch-black wilderness. There was a dark tower that seemed to pierce the sky in the distance.

Inside the tower, the Trunsoest Brass Book in front of Klein had formed a second rule:

“Deception is prohibited here!”

Although Amon couldn’t see what was happening, it was as though “He” had sensed something. After all, a high-ranking person who used the rules of deception as entertainment was undoubtedly able to sense the changes in the rules. Otherwise, there was no way of accurately finding loopholes.

“He” immediately raised “His” hand and adjusted the monocle stuck in “His” right eye.

On the surface of the crystal monocle, a blinding, pure white light spewed out, illuminating the wilderness. There were no longer any concealed existences here.

This was the “eternal daytime” that “He” had previously given to Klein and retrieved from Klein’s “main body”!

In such an environment, the dark tower melted inch by inch. Klein floated in midair with one hand holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, and the other holding the Staff of the Stars. In front of him was the open Trunsoest Brass Book.

Amon took the opportunity to stretch out “His” hand that was holding onto the monocle. From a distance, “He” gripped Klein’s projection to his palm.

Behind him, the shadow that had been dragged out by the "eternal daytime" seemed to become fainter as it twisted with vitality.

Without a sound, Amon began "Stealing" Klein's various Beyonder powers.

"He" didn't deliberately seek out the "Fooling" authority. Instead, "He" chose to be random to increase the success rate.

However, with a flash of light, what fell into "His" palm was only a simple paper figurine.

Grafting!

Pa!

The shadow behind Amon's back was lashed by an invisible whip, and "He" was completely unharmed.

"He" created an error, letting "His" shadow replace "Him."

Following that, Amon laughed as "His" voice resounded in Klein's ears.

"Genie, I can also promise to send you back to the cosmos.

"Look, I wasn't punished. This means that I'm not swindling you."

Chapter 1384: Conceptualization

Upon hearing Amon's words, Klein's heart sank.

Before this, he wasn't worried that Amon would collude with Genie, because "He" was a top-notch Swindler. No promises "He" made could be believed. As for Genie, "He" had encountered the former Lord of the Mysteries. "He" was considered a victim of such matters in a similar vein. Therefore, "He" would definitely use "His" most wary of approaches to deal with Mr. Error.

This was the result of a lack of trust.

Sometimes, lying, cheating, and swindling could indeed increase the profits in the short-term, but in the long-term, it was better to be honest.

But now, the Trunsoest Brass Book had just formulated the rule of "deception is prohibited here."

And Amon didn't receive any punishment after making the promise!

At the same time, Klein and Genie didn't notice "Him" using any loopholes.

This proved how true and effective Amon's words were. It was from the bottom of "His" heart and wasn't a scam.

Genie could even rely on "His" own level and traits to distort the sentence from "I can promise" to "I promise." It would make it

impossible for Amon to go back on “His” word. If “He” did, “He” would suffer damage at the level of a Great Old One.

This made Klein not help but wonder if the rule that “deception is prohibited here” was secretly guided by Amon or deliberately created by Genie, making any Lord of the Mysteries candidate to promise to return “Him” to the cosmos.

To Genie, “He” didn’t suffer any losses in such a deal because Klein himself owed “Him” a promise.

If it were any other scene, Klein would still have the time to communicate with Genie and rebuild “His” trust. However, at this moment, Amon’s threat was right before his eyes. “He” wouldn’t give him the chance to resolve this problem.

If he chose to continue to believe in Genie, Klein would be putting his life in the hands of this Outer Deity and be under “His” control. In the subsequent battle, as long as Genie was able to formulate a few rules that appeared to be fine but were biased towards Amon through the Trunsoest Brass Book, Klein, who was already at a great disadvantage, would rapidly lose with no way to reverse the situation.

As his thoughts raced, Klein made the choice of this gamble.

A translucent dark-colored cloak instantly appeared around him. His face was covered with a strange and distorted mask.

The Fool!

Invisible rings rippled from his body and instantly enveloped Genie, the Trunsoest Brass Book, and the entire wilderness, as

well as Amon.

“Blind Stupidity” authority!

Amon’s monocle temporarily lost its luster, as though “He” had lost “His” vision. “His” gaze also turned dull.

The speed of text being written on the Trunsoest Brass Book clearly slowed down as though it would take fifteen minutes or even hours to think up the next rule.

Genie’s blurry and distorted golden figure shook as it suddenly shrank back into the golden magic lamp that looked like a water flask. It was unknown if it was escaping or if it was purely an instinctual reaction.

Seizing this opportunity, Klein attempted to escape Sefirah Castle as he prepared to “Graft” something to himself.

Just as his consciousness sank, the crystal monocle appeared at the edge of Sefirah Castle, blocking his “path.”

Even though “His” intelligence had been reduced briefly, Amon still seemed to remember to stop Klein from leaving Sefirah Castle.

“His” eyes quickly regained clarity as they were still dyed black. “His” mouth slowly opened as “He” laughed uncontrollably.

“I’ve written this matter into my instinct. This is a good way to resist the effects of Blind Stupidity.”

Clearly, “He” had cheated the rules and lied to “Himself,” making “His” instincts believe that this was what “He” wanted.

Klein wasn’t depressed. He immediately completed the “Grafting” he had prepared long ago.

In the cosmos, a giant star that emitted light and heat suddenly dimmed.

In the wilderness with the effects of “eternal daylight,” an orange sun with a destructive aura and a heavy feeling descended from the sky.

The entire wilderness collapsed and curled up as though it was going to charge straight into the star.

At the same time, everything here was ignited, including Amon.

In the next second, the surrounding void began to shrink as they revolved around the real sun. Everything in the world either disintegrated or vaporized. All that was left was the Magic Wishing Lamp and the Trunsoest Brass Book, which were still struggling to withstand the flames, barely suffering any damage.

Klein, who was floating in midair, had long disappeared.

He had “Grafted” himself to that star.

Of course, his “Grafting” was only with the concept of a star, not a physical entity. Otherwise, with The Fool’s obviously lower defense than most Sequence 0s, he would be directly swallowed by a real star and die on the spot thanks to his relatively weak

body.

The Fool was a very extreme deity. “He” had the ability to destroy a star, but he was unable to face it directly. “His” strengths and weaknesses were equally obvious.

In addition, conceptualized objects couldn’t directly affect the surrounding environment and harm the enemy. It wasn’t enough to write the words “immense mass, gravity, high temperatures, high heat, and fusion” to create similar effects, but as Mr. Fool, Klein held the authority of “Fooling.”

He made his surroundings change according to the concept of a star!

This was an intense “change” and also a type of “Fooling.”

Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe, was completely ignited under the illumination of the star. “He” began to vaporize.

At this moment, his figure distorted as “He” was instantly dyed with resplendent starlight. “He” turned extremely illusory, as though “He” had transformed into an astral door.

At that moment, Amon no longer resembled a physical creature. “He” was closer to a collective body of the symbols like “wandering,” “astral world tunnel,” “key,” and “door.”

This was the ability of a Planeswalker to use the astral world to head to different planets and worlds. “They” were able to transform “Themselves” into symbols, allowing “Them” to effectively use the astral world.

At Sequence 0 Door's stage, the qualitative change in such powers became "conceptualized."

Amon transformed "Himself" into a concept creature and avoided the damage brought by the star.

A figure suddenly appeared behind "Him." It was Klein, who was wearing a trench coat and a top hat.

Almost at the same time, Amon's thoughts slowed down a little.

"His" Spirit Body Threads were grabbed by Klein.

Using the chaos brought by the "star," Klein dispelled the combination he had with the corresponding concepts, and he secretly "Grafted" the location of both parties and arrived behind Amon.

Originally, without the concept of "Reassembly," the star's influence on the surroundings would immediately stop. However, Klein had "Fooled" time, allowing the effects of the first two seconds to linger until now, allowing him to fool Amon.

If possible, what Klein wished to do now was to deepen the control of Amon's Spirit Body Threads and turn "Him" into his marionette. However, he knew very well that in the present situation, the probability of success was very low: On the one hand, Amon could withstand damage and steal the Spirit Body Threads back. On the other hand, "He" might be able to use the connection established between the two of them via the Spirit Body Threads to use a bug and influence Klein and "Parasitize" him.

Before he had absolute confidence, Klein didn't want his actions to appear rash.

The main goal of capturing Amon's Spirit Body Threads was to give the other party a certain sense of sluggishness.

This was a performance of the "Fooling" authority during the stage of transforming into a marionette. And with Klein's present state, he was naturally more willing to choose such a low-level but effective method. This would be less of a burden on him, and it wouldn't seriously affect his mental stability like when he used the authority of "Fooling."

At this moment, apart from Amon, his enemy also included the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in his body.

Of course, Amon was the same. If "He" didn't suppress the Celestial Worthy's madness, the latter would have already revived in "His" body.

After creating a brief pause in Amon's thoughts, Klein had three choices:

The first was to take this opportunity to escape Sefirah Castle, but he wasn't sure if Amon's instincts were still working and would still attempt to stop him from escaping.

Second, it was to summon the projections of the Historical Void, but it wasn't of much use. The effects of an angel-level existence could do little in this battle of gods. It was possible that they couldn't withstand Amon's gaze, much less "Their" historical projections. Even if Klein wanted to use it to transmit information, it lacked sufficient value—the other deities couldn't enter Sefirah Castle and provide help.

Third, he could use this opportunity to exert a certain amount of influence on Amon's true body.

Without any hesitation, Klein chose the third plan.

He wanted to take the opportunity to "Graft" Amon, Sefirah Castle, and the door of light that was stained with bluish-black together.

Klein felt that Amon's half-crazy state wasn't bad enough. "He" just appeared rather talkative, with him occasionally not grasping an opportunity. He wanted to make "Him" go crazier.

When Amon and Sefirah Castle completed the "Reassembly," the Celestial Worthy's will in "His" body would clearly strengthen, and the chaos in "His" mind would intensify.

That way, Amon would lack the rationality to restrain "Himself," making "His" actions more instinctive than being the result of a contemplative thinking process.

To Mr. Error who was an expert at "deceit," this would be fatal.

Of course, Klein could only maintain this kind of "Grafting" for a second. Exceeding this limit might mean that he would no longer be facing Amon, but the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.

When the time came, the other party would definitely gladly accept the gift of Sefirah Castle. "He" could then fight Sequence 0 The Fool with a sefirah, two Uniquenesses, and the corresponding Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics.

Originally, Klein could've relied on his "Fooling" authority to reduce Amon's intelligence, but firstly, he wasn't able to use power at this level for a long time in his current state. Secondly, as a dual-pathway true god, and a wielder of many authorities, the duration of the "Blind Stupidity" effect on "Him" was rather limited. Therefore, Klein had no choice but to take the risk of "Grafting" things in such a way.

And madness would accompany Amon, doing so until "He" found a new balance or met the best Psychiatrist.

In the blink of an eye, the translucent, cold mask appeared on Klein's face once again. A strange door of light that was stained with a hint of bluish-black suffused from Amon's body.

Sefirah Castle.

Chapter 1385: "Madness"

Amon and the strange door of light were "Grafted" together.

"His" face grimaced as the darkness in "His" eyes intensified.

At the same time, more slippery tentacles appeared under "His" classic black robe, fully showcasing the crazy feeling was completely displayed.

Just as Klein was preparing to sever the connection between Amon and Sefirah Castle and make "Him" maintain "His" madness, the corners of Amon's mouth curled up.

It was as if he was saying:

"Congratulations, you have fallen into a trap."

"His" face was immediately covered with a translucent mask that was similar to The Fool's Uniqueness, but one that was even more illusory.

Klein's mind tensed up, and without a second thought, he immediately used the authority of "Fooling" without any regard for the consequences.

But before he could react, his thoughts slowed down. He was in a dazed state that he didn't know what to do.

Fooling!

Amon actually used the temporary “Reassembly” between “Him” and Sefirah Castle to escape Klein’s interference and activate the power of The Fool’s domain.

Such an action completely exceeded his instincts and was more like a meticulous trap.

Amon didn’t seem to be crazy enough!

This true god of the Error and Door pathways immediately removed the “Grafting” of “Himself” to Sefirah Castle, allowing the mysterious door that was tainted with hints of bluish-black to quickly fade away to prevent “Him” from being tainted further.

After dealing with this latent danger, Amon raised both hands, “His” thumbs and index fingers touching each other to form an oval.

In the oval, starlight lit up, perfectly embracing Klein’s figure.

Right on the heels of that, Amon’s hands suddenly parted to the side as though they were tearing something apart. This seemed to be a heavy task.

With the tearing sounds of paper, the area where Klein’s body was in seemed to turn into glass. Under the intense impact, countless cracks appeared as they shattered bit by bit.

This was a form of regression and the destruction of space.

Unable to withstand it at all, Klein's body could only turn into paper fragments that flew in the air as the surrounding void collapsed and shattered. These bits of paper were instantly swallowed up by the darkness.

By the time the space collapsed, Klein's paper figurines were almost exhausted.

Of course, he also relied on the level and traits of The Fool to forcefully escape the effects of "Blind Stupidity."

And at this moment, Amon had already split into countless figures. Some of them were purely avatars, some were replicas on the level of symbolism, while others were left behind from constantly "Blinking."

At that moment, the sky above Klein's head and the surrounding wilderness were occupied by Amons. "They" wore pointed hats and monocles, blocking every single loophole.

Some of these Amons transformed into old, mottled, bluish-black wall clocks. Some of "Them" turned into pure starlight, as though "They" were trying to create a cage. Some extended "Their" hands, doing different levels of "Theft." Some of the monocles glowed as "They" used various items that "They" had stolen from the past. Some simulated various abilities, either exerting limitations, interference, or attacks.

In the Marauder pathway, "Theft" was a core skill, one of its main symbols. The difference between it and a Seer's control of Spirit Body Threads was that, as one advanced through the Sequences, not only did its effects and success rate increase, it also obtained a deeper level of conceptualization.

At Sequence 9 to Sequence 7, "Theft" happened on items. At

Sequence 6, “Theft” happened on Beyonder powers. After advancing to Sequence 5, “Theft” happened on thoughts and ideas. At Sequence 4 and Sequence 3, “Theft” became life, including parasitic theft at the physical level. And at Sequence 2 level, the range of “Theft” broadened to fate, identity, self-awareness, and Beyonder characteristics. As for Sequence 1, “Theft” could temporarily happen on time, anchors, and authorities.

Therefore, when an Error faced a true deity, “He” could also use “Theft” that had reached the level of authority.

With a gong, the ancient wall clocks paused in unison.

This caused the surrounding environment to freeze, causing the destroyed wilderness from the sun’s blast to become extremely quiet. Even the destruction was frozen.

At that moment, Klein seemed to lose his body. All that was left was a translucent dark-colored cloak and a bizarre ice-cold mask.

Under the cloak and mask was rich darkness. Nothing could be seen other than the slippery and sinister tentacles that extended out.

In such a state, Klein seemed to escape the limitations of time. In a frozen environment, he moved like a fish. Through various cracks in reality or concept, he emerged from the encirclement of the Amons.

He once again used his “Fooling” authority.

This time, he “Fooled” time.

The ancient wall clocks vanished, and in the desolate wilderness that had almost completely collapsed, time returned to its normal flow. The Amons stopped “Their” attempts, suddenly merged into one, and “Blinked” behind Klein, preventing him from having a breather.

“His” left palm reached out, and as “He” retracted it, “He” clenched “His” fingers.

Around Klein, the space suddenly became shrouded in shadows, making it look like a thin fishnet veil.

The “fishnet veil” began to twist and reassemble, as though they formed a sufficiently strong cage that trapped Klein inside.

An illusory door appeared above the cage as it moved quickly without being fixed in place.

However, Klein’s figure suddenly appeared outside the cell, as though he had never been sealed by Amon’s Door authority.

He had “Fooled” history and had split his previous and future self.

Hence, the one imprisoned in the cell became his historical projection.

This was the Scholar of Yore’s powers deepening under the “Fooling” authority.

As he had relied on an advancement ritual based on “Fooling” history, Klein’s The Fool powers in such a domain were stronger than when he “Fooled” time and fate.

As soon as he escaped the spatial cell, Klein immediately used the Realm of Mysteries to create a new divine kingdom of The Fool. This was to stall for time and find a chance to stabilize his mental state. He had used the Fooling authority multiple times, and the weak balance in his body was on the verge of collapsing. If he didn’t stabilize his mental state as soon as possible, the will of the Celestial Worthy would awaken further.

This was also a serious problem.

At this moment, a huge crystal monocle appeared in front of him.

On this monocle, layers of sparkling lights surged out and flooded him instantly.

Klein’s mental state suddenly stabilized, but the price was to lose all his emotions and desires. He didn’t even want to resist. All he wanted was to stand there quietly and wait for the impending destruction.

This was like an ordinary person being injected with a huge dose of anesthetic.

At the same time, an illusory book appeared in the layers of light.

The book opened, revealing a sentence:

“Tormented by the Lord of the Mysteries’s mental corruption, Klein Moretti had always been in great pain and a state of extreme exhaustion. After the intense battle, he has finally reached his limits due to the influence of his mind. He had decided to give up and stop resisting.”

Behind the huge crystal monocle, Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and classic black robe, quickly outlined “Himself” like a mountain.

“He” looked at Klein, who had given up resisting, and “His” dark eyes turned lighter as the corners of “His” lips curled up.

“I stole it. How is it?”

Klein raised his head to look at Mr. Error, and he tried hard to open his mouth. He said weakly, “You were pulling off a deception from the beginning?”

Amon raised “His” hands and said with a smile, “Unfortunately, you realized it too late.”

“He” made “His” thumbs and index fingers touch each other, forming an oval.

In the oval, starlight lit up, illuminating Klein’s figure.

Right on the heels of that, Amon solemnly separated “His” hands, tearing apart the void where Klein and the surrounding environment relied on to live.

The void was like glass, shattering into pieces like the collapse of

a skyscraper.

However, all the collapsing and destruction circled Klein's body without directly affecting him.

He was like a small fishing boat that calmly cruised through a storm. It appeared out-of-place and disharmonious, as though it didn't seem to belong here.

Amon raised "His" hand and adjusted "His" monocle on "His" right eye, the smile on "His" face somewhat faded.

A translucent cloak kept popping up and disappearing over the surface of Klein's body.

He looked at the mountain-like Amon, his eyes turning darker.

"From the moment you entered Sefirah Castle and said the first word, you began your deceit."

At that time, Amon said that "He" had taken the risk to release the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries in "His" body, in exchange for the identity of Sefirah Castle's owner.

At that moment, Amon didn't take the opportunity to continue attacking Klein. "He" floated in midair and looked down at Mr. Fool.

Klein didn't make any attempts either. His tone was strangely calm, as though he was preparing something.

“If simply releasing the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries’s will allows you to enter Sefirah Castle at the cost of being half-crazy, Antigonus could’ve done so back then. The Annihilation Demonic Wolf, Flegrea, from even earlier could’ve done it as well. You and Mr. Door previously had countless opportunities.

“Clearly, it’s impossible to invade Sefirah Castle by just making the Lord of the Mysteries awaken to a certain extent, and using half-craziness in concert with Error. There’s no way you can find a usable bug in this matter unless you directly get ‘Him’ to replace you.

“Only when you possessed the Door authority to go anywhere did you see hope. By creating a back door and using bugs, you could make Sefirah Castle treat you as the Lord of the Mysteries and give you the corresponding authority.

“Of course, this will definitely require the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries to a rather dangerous state. Without this hidden identity, you won’t be able to deceive Sefirah Castle without any reason.

“After absorbing Door’s Uniqueness, you didn’t immediately infiltrate Sefirah Castle to deal with me who was even weaker back then. It was because at that time, you were unable to completely withstand the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries’s will, with you having just advanced.

“I believe you’ve already found a relatively safer solution. If I hadn’t advanced to The Fool so quickly, you would’ve been able to enter Sefirah Castle in the best state to resolve everything sometime later. And now, you have no choice but to bring this plan forward. There’s definitely a very serious problem with you.

“You took the initiative to throw out the price of becoming half-crazy to, on the one hand, make me think of countermeasures in

this direction so as to lay a deadly trap in key areas, and on the other hand, you also wanted to divert attention and use this opportunity to conceal other problems.

“You’re not half-mad at all.”

Amon quietly listened to Klein’s words. Rather abnormally, “He” didn’t interrupt him, nor did “He” attempt to attack. Only when Klein was done did “He” say with an odd expression, “You’re crazy.”

Chapter 1386: Narrow Path

Upon hearing Amon's "you're crazy," Klein raised his head and laughed out loud.

"I just gave up according to your arrangements. It's just that it's more complete than you think."

As he spoke, an illusory brand appeared on the forehead of the ice-cold and bizarre mask he was wearing.

It was a strange door of light that was tainted with bluish-blackness.

As for Klein, he was also enveloped in something similar.

Under the translucent dark-colored cloak, more and more slippery and sinister tentacles appeared. They were densely packed and extended until they occupied the nearby sky.

As his dark eyes flashed, Klein looked at Amon and said with a smile, "For me, instead of you becoming the Lord of the Mysteries, wouldn't it be better if we let the past 'Him' revive?"

After his mental state stabilized and he figured out the key to Amon's surprise attack, Klein's thoughts of "giving up" removed his resistance towards the Lord of the Mysteries's will in his body, allowing "Him" to further revive.

It was precisely because of this that he was able to control Sefirah Castle at critical moments and borrow the power of

“Error” to avoid the collapse of the space created by Amon.

Without waiting for Amon’s response, the corners of Klein’s lips curled up as he said with a smile, “After you were corrupted by Sefirah Castle and showed signs of madness, you immediately recovered and could use Sefirah Castle to create the effects of ‘Blind Stupidity.’ After releasing the suppression of the Lord of the Mysteries’s will in you, you didn’t enter a half-crazy state, as there are external powers helping you.

“You should have an extremely key important avatar. It might even be like Pallez’s choice to lower ‘His’ level. It’s sleeping at Adam’s place, and it allows a Visionary like ‘Him’ to personally protect your mental state. As long as the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries’s will doesn’t exceed the limits of what Adam can withstand, you won’t go crazy here if you don’t lose control there.

“Therefore, your most serious problem is that you have to maintain a normal connection with that body. Once it’s interfered with, your condition will be in trouble. And this connection is actually very weak under Sefirah Castle’s isolation effect.

“You deliberately showed a half-crazed state for two reasons. Other than luring me to find an opportunity in this direction and stepping on the trap you set up, you were also hiding this fact so that I won’t be able to target this aspect while engaging in a battle with you.

“Of course, there are plenty of problems outside these ones. After all, you aren’t fully prepared. If I had discovered these problems earlier, even if I was a King of Angels with the Uniqueness, there’s no way for me to defeat you.”

Amon listened quietly and raised “His” hand to adjust the crystal

monocle in “His” right eye. The corners of “His” lips curled up as “He” let out a sigh with a smile.

Upon seeing this, Klein smiled and shook his head.

“You truly are powerful, cunning, and terrifying, truly worthy of the title of ‘God of Deceit.’ If it wasn’t for the fact that I had long considered what I would do when forced into a corner by you and had no other choice, I definitely would’ve hesitated just now. And if I hesitated slightly, I would’ve already died.”

In that case, Amon would completely control Sefirah Castle, preventing Klein from returning from the fog of history for a resurrection.

Amon stared at the increasing number of sinister tentacles extending out from under Klein’s dark-colored cloak. “He” slowly took a deep breath and said with a smile, “The Lord of the Mysteries in you is about to truly awaken.”

Klein’s smile had a nerve-wracking feeling to it.

“You can also compete with me on this point.

“Our next battle is very simple: It’s a competition of who awakens the Lord of the Mysteries’s will to a greater extent, a competition of whose control over Sefirah Castle is deeper. 50%, 70%, 90%, until we reach 100%. Then, with a bang, we explode and ‘He’ returns.

“What do you think? Are you going to take the bet? Let’s see who can’t hold on any longer first? It’s very thrilling, very interesting, and very suited to your preferences. It’s like the roulette that’s

popular in Feysac. Two people, each having a revolver and a bullet inside. They take turns pulling the trigger at their temples. Whoever gives up first results in his opponent winning. And if no one gives up and persists until the end, there won't be a winner. 'He' will be the winner."

Amon's brows pricked up as "He" smiled without saying a word.

Klein looked at "Him," and said with a smile, "Although you've always been pursuing thrills and are known to be a risk-taker, you achieve your goals most of the time. Not only do you not lose much, you often gain a lot. And in the few failures that you do experience, you only lose some of your avatars and some items. You've never suffered any serious injuries or been placed in a desperate situation.

"Your every action is a product of meticulous planning. Even if you fail, you will have a way out.

"Does this mean that you value your life more than I imagined? You do like thrills and seek it for pleasure, but to do so regardless of the price is just an image you portray. How can a real God of Deceit wager a bet with 'Himself' at stake?

"Of course, this is just my own guess. Perhaps it's wrong. Anyway, do you want to take the bet?"

Amon stroked the crystal monocle and made a tsk like Medici.

"You're really crazy."

Klein replied with a smile, "In the eyes of others, this is indeed insane.

“But to me, it’s just a choice.

“Compared to you, I’m more willing to believe in the former Lord of the Mysteries. ‘He’ is a true Great Old One, looking down on the Universe from high above and treating most of the living beings as insects. This would make ‘Him’ distance ‘Himself’ from reality.

“Besides, I should still have time to get the Genie to be my witness. I’ll get the Lord of the Mysteries to promise me certain things. To ‘Him,’ it’s very simple and worthless.”

Having said that, the corners of Klein’s mouth curled up as he said,

“I won’t lose too much, just myself.

“There are always some things that are more important than others.”

Amon maintained “His” smile but didn’t say a word.

Klein then surveyed the area and found the Magic Wishing Lamp and Trunsoest Brass Book among the floating fragments of the wilderness.

He immediately laughed out loud.

“Look, I didn’t get punished. This means that I’m not lying. I’m telling the truth.”

In fact, the laws set up by the Trunsoest Brass Book had long been abolished since the divine kingdom was destroyed during the star's descent. Later on, the Amons dared to attempt to use "Steal," but Klein's main goal wasn't to prove anything, but to show his determination, firmness, or perhaps madness.

Of course, what he said was the truth. He was indeed willing to put them into practice. Otherwise, there was no way he could hide it from Amon or exert enough pressure on "Him."

Amon smiled and said without a hint of panic, "Sounds interesting."

"Isn't it? Let's begin," Klein replied without hesitation as his eyes turned darker.

Amon's smile froze as "His" palms suddenly gathered together.

Beneath "His" classical black robe, there were also slippery and sinister tentacles.

"His" aura changed a little as "His" body seemed to have a dark cloak on it.

At that moment, Amon became more like the Lord of the Mysteries.

However, "He" wasn't competing with Klein in the progression of the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries. Instead, "He" was using this to deceive Sefirah Castle to create a corresponding "Bug" and creating a chance to escape.

If the authority of the Error were to take effect at the same level, it would often have different preconditions:

First, the medium and target had to be similar enough; second, there was a certain connection between the two; third, there were certain logical contradictions between certain matters or objects; fourth, some of the rules were indeed incomplete; fifth, while not directly affecting the target, construct an “Erroneous” environment as a divine kingdom...

In this aspect, the restrictions of “Fooling” were even fewer, but once an “Error” satisfied the conditions, it would be difficult to defend against or terminate it.

Amon now wanted to take the initiative to disguise “Himself” and satisfy the first category.

This was similar to the invasion of a virus. First, it had to make the other party believe that they were on the same side to avoid detection and then paralyze any defenses to achieve their respective goals.

When a fruit looked like a strawberry, smelled like a strawberry, tasted like a strawberry, then it would basically be considered as a strawberry.

But in reality, there might be an exception.

At this moment, Amon’s appearance resembled that of the Lord of the Mysteries. “His” aura was like the Lord of the Mysteries, and “His” powers were like the Lord of the Mysteries. “His” mental imprint was also similar to the Lord of the Mysteries. With the authority of an “Error,” it would naturally make Sefirah Castle believe that “He” was the Lord of the Mysteries.

Suddenly, Klein's damaged The Fool divine kingdom completely collapsed. The grand and ancient palace and the mottled table inside appeared.

The grayish-white fog beneath Sefirah Castle rose and enveloped the space.

The grayish-white fog split into two waves. They clashed fiercely in a particular spot, producing vortexes one after another. They tore open a gap that led to reality.

The power of Sefirah Castle was at odds with itself in this second. It was as though it didn't know which Lord of the Mysteries to obey.

Amon's figure immediately vanished, using Door's authority to rush out of Sefirah Castle.

Just as "He" touched the edge, "His" body paused before being sent flying backward.

At The Fool's seat, the corners of Klein's lips curled up as he sat there. His glabella and the strange door of light around him became more obvious, as though they were corporeal.

This released an immense convergence force that reached an unimaginable level. It was like an invisible hand that pulled Amon back!

Amon's body suddenly split apart, transforming into countless "selves."

And in front of every Amon, an illusory astral door appeared.

Silently, the astral doors opened at the same time, but in the endless darkness behind the doors, slippery and sinister tentacles appeared, blocking Amon's escape.

At the tip of the tentacles, resplendent starlight lit up as they instantly enveloped the Amons.

The Amons couldn't help but gather together, turning into a conceptual cluster.

These concepts included but weren't limited to pointed hats, classical black robes, monocles, fate, time, keys, doors, bugs, and trojan horses.

Klein slowly stood up and smiled at the conceptualized Amon who was now in a passive state.

"You can also awaken the Lord of the Mysteries's will further, but this is different from death. It'll definitely affect the body at Adam's side."

A conceptualized Amon rapidly gained a physical form. "He" relied on the "Door" authority to escape from "His" current state.

The corners of "His" mouth curled into a smile, but "He" didn't respond to Klein. "He" seized this opportunity to use the "Error" authority to deceive; using an avatar outside that "He" had prepared ahead of time, it could be used to replace "Him" and swap places with "Him."

This was similar to the swapping of marionettes in the Seer domain, but at this level, the principles were different. It wouldn't be affected in most situations.

However, Amon still failed.

"He" realized that "His" "Error" authority had been forcefully suppressed.

As Klein slowly got up, more slippery and sinister tentacles appeared around him. The smile on his face became more exaggerated.

Right on the heels of that, Amon's eyes glazed over and the smile on his face froze as the crystal monocle lost its luster.

At the same time, the cold, bizarre mask on Klein's face squirmed.

The "Blind Stupidity" effect!

In the next second, he "Grafted" himself to a certain concept in the cosmos, and he used his authority to influence the corresponding environment.

The surrounding slippery tentacles aimed at Amon, like revolvers.

In Amon's eyes that were still glazed over, a supernova exploded.

An unimaginable sea of scorching light surged out, shattering

“His” monocle and drowning “His” body.

Chapter 1387: Method

Behind the endless curtain of darkness, in the darkness with aqueous light ebbing gently.

A young man with black hair, black eyes, a broad forehead, and a thin face suddenly sat up as though he had experienced a nightmare.

Dressed in a classic black robe, “He” stretched out “His” right hand, attempting to take out a crystal monocle from the void and wear it over “His” right eye.

But this time, “He” didn’t obtain anything.

“His” right hand paused in midair for two seconds before “He” retracted it and pinched the right eye rim.

At this moment, “He” heard a gentle but emotionless voice:

“To him, there’s something more important than life.

“To you, apart from yourself, there’s nothing worth caring about.

“When the matter develops to a point where one’s life is put on the line, it would imply your loss.”

The corners of Amon’s mouth curled up as though “He” wanted to smile and reply, but “He” ultimately didn’t say anything.

The voice continued:

“Born as a Mythical Creature, your lack of normal anchors is also a problem.

“This makes you know what courage and sacrifice are, but it’s hard for you to understand.”

Amon’s expression changed as “He” stood up from the slightly glistening darkness.

“He” looked at the human-skinned glove that was thrown to the side before but seemed to be very happy. “He” retracted “His” gaze and curled the corners of “His” lips.

“This seems very interesting.

“I plan to leave this place and enter the cosmos. That place is much more exciting than the real world. Perhaps I’ll understand the two things you mentioned as a result of this.”

“That’s very dangerous. Once you enter the cosmos, and before I succeed, I won’t be able to provide any help. However, this will let you avoid ‘Him’ at least,” the calm and indifferent voice replied without any emotion.

Amon didn’t say another word. “He” raised “His” hand and pinched “His” right eye rim and vanished from the endless shadow screen.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

As Amon was completely obliterated under the power of a supernova, Klein couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief.

If he had a choice, he naturally didn't want to sacrifice himself to revive the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. He hoped to personally protect this world and seek out the meaning of life again.

Of course, if he didn't have a choice, he wouldn't hesitate to awaken the Celestial Worthy. He was certain that he could do this, and Amon was also aware of this. Therefore, "He" didn't force him, and only attempted to escape.

In the battle just now, it had developed into a battle of courage towards the end. The one who wasn't afraid of true death would yield the absolute advantage.

Clearly, Amon wasn't prepared to sacrifice "Himself" for this matter.

After heaving a sigh of relief, Klein's face under the cold and bizarre mask suddenly grimaced.

Under his translucent dark-colored cloak, the slippery and sinister tentacles that extended out were either hitting the ground or rising up high. It was completely out of his control.

He could feel that the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings in his body was rapidly waking up, and it seemed like he couldn't stop it.

Even if Klein directly died with his will and relied on the powers of a Miracle Invoker to revive, he wouldn't be able to escape, as the Lord of the Mysteries also wielded the authority of "Miracles."

At that moment, Klein recalled the words of Dark Angel Sasrir, which was also from the ancient sun god:

"The Primordial One had awoken in my body..."

In the next second, at the spot where Amon's body had shattered, beams of light were pulled by a vague invisible form of gravity as they charged towards Klein.

Some were Worms of Time with twelve rings, some were insects made of resplendent starlight, while some were just large numbers of light dots...

Klein wanted to stop the Beyonder characteristics from fusing with him, but the increasingly powerful Celestial Worthy's will prevented him from succeeding.

His body swelled into a balloon, and then suddenly became thin as paper. This repeated itself in an endless loop.

The mask on his face became brighter and more bizarre. The slippery and evil tentacles that extended out from under his cloak increased and became more uncontrollable.

One Worm of Time Beyonder characteristic, one Key of Star Beyonder characteristic, and one... Klein's mind felt like he was being devoured by an invisible monster, producing excruciating pain.

Finally, a pair of eyes, which seemed to be formed from pure starlight, formed from layers of illusory doors and crystal monocles, rushed towards Klein's face, straight for the mask's eye sockets.

Almost at the same time, the strange door of light that was tainted with bluish-blackness appeared on Klein's body again.

Sefirah Castle!

At that moment, Klein, Sefirah Castle, Door's Uniqueness, and Error's Uniqueness, all had a strong inclination to congregate.

Once they fused together, the Lord of the Mysteries would completely awaken and complete "His" resurrection process.

Klein suddenly used his right hand to cover half of his face.

His entire body bent down as if he was fighting with another "self."

With the anchoring and image disruption from his anchors, Klein finally slowed down the awakening of the Lord of the Mysteries's will, reducing the power of convergence by a little.

The starlight eyes and the crystal monocle stopped in front of Klein's face, floating only a few centimeters in the air like planets revolving around the sun.

Klein believed that he couldn't maintain this extreme imbalance for too long. Perhaps a few minutes or even dozens of seconds later, the convergence would continue without restraint,

bringing about an unbearable change.

“Haha, this can be considered a form of fusion.” Klein laughed in an unstable manner.

Then, he “Fooled” the Trunsoest Brass Book, allowing it to enter a sealed state and fly into the junk pile.

Right on the heels of that, Klein left Sefirah Castle and arrived in the astral world formed from symbolism and authority.

This place seemed similar to the cosmos. It was dark and vast, but in fact, there were many unique aspects to it. For example, even though there was a sun-like star hanging in the distance, emitting normal light and heat, if one tried to get close to it, without getting injured, one would realize that the astral world there was like a black curtain. The sun was directly painted with pastel colors, and there were a bunch of concepts and symbols surrounding it.

Furthermore, the drawing of the sun wasn’t that nice, like a child without any foundation in art casually scrawled about. It was both comical and frightening.

From another perspective, this might be a manifestation of the chaos and madness that underlay everything.

As soon as Klein entered, he immediately sensed invisible gazes.

Some of them came from areas protected by the world barrier, while others came from broader areas with obvious malice.

The corners of Klein's mouth couldn't help but curl up. He suddenly turned his head and looked outside the world barrier, raising his slippery and sinister tentacles.

This pair of eyes that seemed forged from starlight and the crystal monocle also moved.

All of a sudden, all the attention from the cosmos shrank back. Only the hand-drawn crimson moon was left hanging there as it flashed with light.

"Haha." Klein laughed as he came to a dark kingdom filled with night vanilla and slumber flowers.

At the same time, the Evernight Goddess appeared at the borders of the divine kingdom in a layered, star-speckled dress. "Her" face was covered in a translucent black veil.

"She" didn't transform into "Her" giant form as "She" looked at him at eye level before raising "Her" right hand and revealing the bird-shaped, golden accessory.

At the head of the bird-shaped, golden accessory, a series of illusory doors appeared in the bronze-like eyes, allowing a drop of colorless water that had a strong aura of eternal stillness to land on Klein's cold and bizarre mask.

The will of the Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings entered a state of eternal slumber. Likewise for a majority of Klein's consciousness. All he had was a tiny bit of lucidity.

Under such circumstances, he made the mask retract, and he

transformed the cloak into a black windbreaker.

Then, he made the crystal monocle turn into a pair of black gloves, making the eyes forged from starlight to turn into a cane inlaid with star speckles.

This was only a change in appearance, but it didn't change anything in reality. Once the two items were separated from Klein, they would return to their original state. Of course, if Klein stabilized himself, he could accommodate them and change their corresponding concepts and symbols over and over again, allowing them to change their forms forever.

"This can't be sustained for too long. It just delays the matter for a while." The Evernight Goddess gently reminded him. "If the River of Eternal Darkness's water is used repeatedly, the Lord of the Mysteries will awaken even faster. This is because 'He' will trigger some unknown changes and adjust 'His' condition. Similarly, the specialness of Sefirah Castle and my blessing will gradually be erased, allowing you to enter a state of eternal slumber."

It was as though Klein wasn't discussing his own matters. He smiled and nodded.

"Got it."

The Evernight Goddess said in a tone that seemed to be comforting Klein's psyche,

"Regarding this matter, the method Amon used, and the actions 'He' did had exceeded my expectations. 'He' is indeed the true God of Deceit.

“It’s not that you have no chance at all in what comes next. You can first try to completely control Sefirah Castle and pull the will of the Lord of the Mysteries to enter a state of eternal slumber. In the dream, you can resist and fuse with ‘Him.’ I can bless you, but the most important thing is still left to you.

“Becoming a Great Old One doesn’t have any rituals involved. No ritual can change the awakening of the Primordial One’s will, but the ancient sun god believes that the order to accommodate them can increase one’s self-awareness to a certain extent, increasing the success rate of the matter.

“First become a Sequence 0 of a pathway, then control and fuse with the sefirah. Only then do you accommodate the other Uniquenesses. That’s the best order.

“Become a dual-pathway true god and then controlling and fusing with a sefirah is an order that isn’t good or bad.

“Only fusing with the sefirah at the final step will be the worst choice.”

Klein smiled and said, “That’s a good idea. As long as one wakes up, a Lord of the Mysteries will be born.

“This might be ‘Him,’ or me. Yes, after completely controlling Sefirah Castle and entering a state of eternal slumber, I should be able to weaken the seal of the Western Continent, creating a weak spot that allows one to enter and exit.”

The Evernight Goddess didn’t say a word when “She” heard Klein’s words.

Klein continued smiling.

“This is my choice.

“I had anticipated this day a long time ago. I will finally face ‘Him.’”

Chapter 1388: A Sudden Gathering

The Evernight Goddess nodded and didn't say anything else. "She" reached out "Her" palm and grabbed a corner of the void and tugged lightly.

A thin layer of a "night curtain" gently floated down, covering Klein's body as it silently seeped in.

Klein silently took in the blessings from the dream for two seconds. He pressed his hand to his chest and bowed.

He took two steps back and left the astral world.

The Evernight Goddess stood at the borders of the divine kingdom as "She" watched him leave.

In the next second, Klein landed in the projection of the Giant King's Court in the ruins of the battle of gods.

Then, like Amon, he walked to the edge of the grayish-blue door and raised his hand to create a blue illusory door.

Through the door, Klein entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Following the guidance of fate, he "Wandered" straight to the peak of a mountain range.

There was a huge crucifix erected there, one covered with a faint shadow.

Klein stared at the shadow for a few seconds before sighing slightly. He bent down and picked up an ancient silver mirror that was placed near the huge cross.

Then, he turned around and vanished from the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At the same time, the Worms of Spirit, who didn't need to be on duty in Sefirah Castle, informed him of Queen Mystic's current location. Klein raised his hand and took out the Magic Wishing Lamp from the junk pile. Using the ownership connection between it and Bernadette, he used another "Wandering" to appear on a rather hidden island where Emerald City was.

Bernadette was flipping through the latest album catalog from Intis. Just as she sensed something, she saw Gehrman Sparrow hand her the Magic Wishing Lamp.

"Thank you," Klein said in a very normal voice.

Bernadette pursed her lips as though she wanted to say something, but at that moment, her eyes flashed as though she had seen something and prophesied something. Hence, she silently reached out and took the Magic Wishing Lamp.

Klein then took out a metal cigar case that had signs of corrosion on its surface.

"This is your payment."

Even without the Eye of Mystery Prying, Bernadette could sense that the iron cigar case was extraordinary. She could roughly guess what kind of corrosion had happened to it.

However, she didn't choose to accept it because of that reason, but she suddenly felt that she had no reason to reject it.

She hesitated for a moment before taking the iron cigar case.

If he was still in a rather crazy state like before, Klein definitely would've smiled and said in an exaggerated manner the moment Bernadette hesitated. "This is a gift from Uncle. Take it!"

But now, he was only left with that last bit of lucidity. He had to put in a lot of effort to prevent himself from falling asleep and not having the impulse to act like a clown.

After leaving Bernadette's Emerald City, Klein seized the opportunity to "Wander" to Backlund, to Dr. Aaron Ceres's home.

Will Auceptin, who was sitting in a pile of toys, raised his head and looked at Dwayne Dantès in front of him. His tears suddenly streamed down as he choked.

"I finally feel the opportunity."

"He" was referring to the opportunity for accommodating the Fate pathway's Uniqueness.

Klein squatted down and said without any expression, "I am here to help you accommodate it.

"I'll steal your childhood and youth and allow you to instantly grow up. Then, by relying on a level of Above the Sequences but below that of a Great Old One, I'll forcefully help you to accommodate the Die of Probability.

“Of course, that alone won’t be enough. It will require an additional ‘Fooling’ and use of a ‘Bug.’”

The tears that Will Auceptin dripped down suddenly stopped. “He” muttered in astonishment, “So the two choices are actually the same.”

Typically speaking, the accommodation of a pathway’s Uniqueness required one to be naturally born with it, seek an existence at the level of a Great Old One to help, or rely on a simplified advancement ritual to complete it. There was no other possibility.

The Snake of Fate, Will Auceptin, clearly wasn’t born with the Uniqueness, and only had the two options left to consider.

“His” focus had been on holding a simplified ritual, which was to wait for the opportunity of fate. Who knew that this opportunity was actually when Klein was approaching the level of a Great Old One. In essence, it was the second method.

With this in mind, the chubby child, Will Auceptin, cried even harder. He felt as though he had been deceived by fate.

“Let the Life School of Thought’s demigod send over the Die of Probability. Normally, with your luck, the Die of Probability should be by your side.” Klein ignored Will’s crying. “Let’s begin as soon as possible. I don’t have much time left.”

Will stopped and looked at Klein for a moment before he said, slightly choking, “Forget it, let’s wait for the next opportunity.

“Given your current state, it would be a huge burden for you to

forcibly help me accommodate it. Perhaps you would lose control on the spot. I don't want to face the Lord of the Mysteries.

"Okay, next time. I have a premonition..."

With that said, Will looked into Klein's eyes and said, "I have a feeling that the next opportunity will be better."

Klein maintained his reverie-like expression as he said in a low voice, "Is this a prophecy?"

Will Auceptin's tears flowed again.

"No, it's a blessing."

Klein nodded slightly, stood up, and took a step back.

During this process, his figure gradually faded away and soon disappeared.

He returned to Sefirah Castle and sat on the high-back chair, allowing the grayish-white fog to envelop him.

After surveying the area and confirming the states of the crimson stars, Klein leaned back in his chair in exhaustion and slightly raised his right hand.

This time, he didn't create the fake World again.

On the two sides of the long mottled table, crimson beams of light shot out at the same time, freezing into the members of the Tarot Club—The Hanged Man, The Sun, The Hermit, The Magician, and the rest.

This sudden gathering was clearly beyond Audrey's and company's expectations. It left them surprised and alarmed.

Before that, although they had come to Mr. Fool's divine kingdom on occasions that weren't a Monday afternoon, it was all planned. They knew in advance that they would be dragged here—they would've either applied for a mini gathering in advance, avoid the full moon ravings, or treat Mr. World with psychological problems.

It could be said that, apart from the first time, this was the second time they were summoned by Mr. Fool without any warning.

This made even the slowest members of the club catch the hint of uneasiness and feel the air freeze.

Thinking back to The World Gehrman Sparrow's visit and the words of Mr. Fool's Blessed, Audrey, Alger, and Xio simultaneously had similar thoughts:

Is it finally here?

Audrey subconsciously turned her head and looked down at the bottom end of the long mottled table. There was no one there.

Although she was already mentally prepared, Audrey couldn't help but be stunned as emotions of uncontrollable sadness

surged within her.

In her heart, The World Gehrman Sparrow's image had long since turned from a crazy adventurer and an extremely dangerous Beyonder to a person who wore a cold and tough facade but was a gentle, powerful, loving, mysterious, and lonely man who was burdened with many friends on his back.

She believed that amongst the Tarot Club members, she knew The World the best apart from Mr. Star.

And now, this friend seemed to have encountered some misfortune, leaving behind only an empty seat.

The Tarot Club lost its first official member.

Where did Klein go... Leonard suddenly felt a little flustered.

In this world, he was the only one he could befriend.

Previously, when Klein suddenly appeared in the Southern Continent and threw the gold coin into the cathedral's donation box, Leonard had already had a strange premonition. He had the feeling that Klein was about to receive the judgment of fate and was bidding farewell to the past.

This was the same as the time back in Tingen when they decided to step out together and face Megose.

Old Man's recent silence has been a little bizarre... Could something really have happened to Klein? With Mr. Fool's level and status, as long as there's a chance, he should be able to be

saved... Leonard's heart tightened as he suddenly turned his body and cast his gaze at Mr. Fool at the top end of the long mottled table.

This mighty existence was still enveloped by the grayish-white fog, preventing others from seeing "His" condition.

At this moment, Emlyn, Cattleya, and Derrick also discovered Mr. World's absence.

Coupled with the suddenness of this gathering, they were both shocked and puzzled. They didn't know what had happened, but their instincts told them that it wasn't a good thing.

As a Clairvoyant who had recently advanced, Cattleya even felt that there was a certain problem with Mr. Fool.

Mr. World isn't here... Xio had previously mentioned that Mr. Fool and "His" few Blessed were about to face a major challenge, and it's very likely that they would suffer a bad fate... Fors was also somewhat alarmed, inevitably having a strong fear due to some unknown change.

She had once thought that she would sigh in relief because of Mr. World's disappearance, but from the looks of it, it wasn't like that. Instead, she found her heart heavy and a little horrified.

Only then did she realize that at some point in time, The World had become the pillar of support for the Tarot Club outside of Mr. Fool. It made everyone feel at ease when they saw him.

Of course, some fear was unavoidable.

As Justice Audrey and company turned around and looked at the top end of the long mottled table, Klein, who was already the real Fool, said in a low voice, “This is a last-minute gathering.”

Mr. Fool is very exhausted… Audrey, who sensed this, felt her heart tighten.

She looked around and stood up as usual.

After the members of the Tarot Club stood up one after another, Audrey lifted the ends of her skirt with a heavy heart and curtsied at the end of the long mottled table.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fool.”

Chapter 1389: The Fool's Commission

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fool."

The other members of the Tarot Club appeared rather solemn as they followed Miss Justice's usual greeting.

After they sat down again, The Fool Klein surveyed the area and slowly said, "I will be entering a state of slumber."

Upon hearing this, Alger, Audrey, Xio, and Fors felt like their speculations had finally been confirmed. Leonard, Emlyn, Derrick, and the other Tarot Club members felt their hearts sink as they became increasingly flustered and filled with puzzlement.

Of course, they weren't that surprised. The abnormal last-minute gathering and the abnormality of The World's absence seemed to indicate that something important had happened today.

Klein maintained his last bit of clarity and said in his previous tone, "This involves a war that's at the level of 'Above the Sequences.' It has something to do with the apocalypse to a certain extent."

Indeed... Alger acutely caught the words "Above the Sequences."

He had long suspected that there was another level above Sequence 0: the one occupied by the ancient sun god when "He" had eight Kings of Angels.

Now, Mr. Fool had finally confirmed his guess and resolved many of his doubts.

Cattleya and company also noticed the hidden message in Mr. Fool's words. Those who had similar guesses like The Hanged Man felt enlightened, while the ones who had never had such guesses were inevitably surprised and confused when they heard it. However, they quickly combined what they had learned from the past and came to a realization.

The Fool Klein continued, "Only after you become an angel do you have the right to know the exact situation. Otherwise, just understanding it will bring corruption."

This made the Tarot Club members think of the words "underground" and "cosmos." They were momentarily unable to contain their thoughts.

Klein looked at the end of the long mottled table and said, "My Blessed, The World, has entered a deep slumber. It's unknown when he will wake up."

Then what should be done? Leonard nearly blurted out, but he could clearly sense that Mr. Fool hadn't finished his sentence. Therefore, he forcefully held back his urge.

The Fool Klein swept his gaze across him.

"Next is a long-term commission for all members:

"Spread my name more widely, but don't clash with the orthodox Churches. When necessary, you can choose to use a more concealed method to proselytize.

“This will aid in my awakening.

“Also, spread the news of The World being my Blessed, and record it in the Church’s Holy Bible. Of course, do not include information that involves his personal information.

“Remember one sentence: The awakening of The World spells The Fool’s return.”

Klein wanted to increase his number of anchors. This might be useful in the battle with the Lord of the Mysteries in his dream.

At the same time, he wanted to mold The World into a saint of the Church of The Fool, an angel beside the divine throne, so that this image could also greatly share an image with the believers and obtain his own anchors.

To put it simply, Klein planned on having a believer contribute two sets of anchors. After all, to him, be it The Fool or The World, all of them were just an identity of his. Furthermore, the image created by anchors wouldn’t be uniform. They were different and wouldn’t affect him.

At the level of The Fool, the Church would spread the name of the deity, The Fool’s Sacred Emblem, and all kinds of religious teachings without any concrete images. As for The World, he had quite a number of identities, such as Gehrman Sparrow, Dwayne Dantès, and Merlin Hermes. It wouldn’t fixate on a single image.

“The reward is the convenience you have enjoyed in the past, the responses you received, and the corresponding help given to your future prayers,” The Fool Klein said without a change in tone. “After I begin my slumber, I can still respond to my prayers in a certain way, but not every time. If there’s something very important that needs help, pray a few more times.”

He could tell from Antigonus's state of eternal slumber, that dreams could be projected outside. As long as the correct method was used, a sleeping deity could make use of the dream to a certain extent to respond to prayers.

Regarding this situation, the members of the Tarot Club weren't stumped by it at all.

On the one hand, most of them were either openly or secretly spreading the faith of The Fool. On the other hand, it was very common to pray to deities without receiving a response. Mr. Fool's responses from before were considered extremely rare. They had almost never heard of anything like this happening elsewhere.

To be able to receive a response through repeated prayers on important matters was better than most of the clergymen of the orthodox Churches!

"Yes, Mr. Fool." The Tarot Club members didn't hesitate at all as they accepted the long-term commission.

Among them, Leonard was the one that answered from the bottom of his heart. He was most eager and impatient.

To him, spreading the faith and biblical canon of Mr. Fool was to awaken Klein.

This made him instantly find the motivation to do something else other than his usual work.

At this moment, The Fool Klein nodded slightly and cast his gaze at Cattleya.

“The previous commission—to gather all the information regarding the Hidden Sage suddenly coming to life—is still effective.

“If you wish to take the risk, then go further and investigate the present state of the Hidden Sage.

“This will be very dangerous. You can reject it, and the reward is a wish.”

Cattleya thought for a moment and said, “Honorable Mr. Fool, is this related to awakening you? Is it related to surviving the apocalypse?”

“Perhaps, perhaps not. I can’t give you a definite answer right now. I just see some visions.” This time, Klein didn’t deliberately create a high-level persona of The Fool, because he was already The Fool. “Also, watch over all your subordinates that are Beyonders of the Earth and Moon pathway.”

Cattleya fell silent for a moment before slowly saying, “I’ll accept this commission.”

The Fool Klein cast his gaze to the other side and said to Derrick, “Your mission is to protect the New City of Silver and New Moon City and protect the Rorsted Archipelago. The more believers I have and the safer they are, the higher the chances of me waking up.

“On this foundation, think about how to expand the Church and spread the faith.

“Your payment is to become my Blessed.”

Derrick's eyes suddenly burned as he recalled the encouraging gaze he had received from the Chief when he pushed open the final door of the Giant King's Court.

He took a deep breath and said in a firm tone, "Yes, Mr. Fool!"

Klein nodded and looked at Fors.

"You need to protect the Abraham family well to prevent them from suffering the temptation of the cosmos.

"Also, gather more information regarding the Fourth Epoch and figure out Mr. Door's condition at that time. Uncover some of the latent problems of the Abraham family."

"That's something I wish to do." Fors hesitated for a moment, but she still expressed that she would do such things even if she wasn't given the commission.

The Fool Klein didn't give his approval or disapproval. Instead, he said, "If you're willing, you can write down biographies and stories of The World's different identities using different aliases.

"The reward for above is that when you have a chance of becoming a Planeswalker and have to head to the cosmos, you will receive my blessings."

Although Klein knew that he could use a dream to give a response to a certain extent in his sleep, he wasn't sure if he was the one who had the upper hand or the Lord of the Mysteries. Therefore, he wished to use verbal contracts of providing a reward after the completion of a mission on more important matters. When the time came, even if he was at a disadvantage,

he would be able to make use of this sort of invisible promise to give an ingenious response.

Planeswalker? Fors was taken aback.

To be frank, she had never considered this problem before. What she was worried about was the digestion of the Secrets Sorcerer potion and the Wanderer ritual.

Soon, she composed herself and said, “Yes, Mr. Fool.”

Klein then cast his gaze at Emlyn.

“The besiegement of the Rose School of Thought involves preparations for the apocalypse. It’s rather dangerous. Even if an angel is participating in it, you have to pay attention to your own safety.

“Your commission is to try your best to gather blessings, auras, and items given by the Primordial Moon to ‘Her’ believers in the Rose School of Thought. These might be more dangerous than a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact.”

At that moment, although Klein still maintained The Fool’s tone, there were hints that resembled a friend’s warning.

This made Audrey, who had stabilized her initial mental state, sense something different.

Recalling what Mr. Fool had said to the other members, she sighed inwardly.

Mr. Fool's humanity seems to have become richer just as "He" is about to enter a deep sleep...

While Emlyn was slightly surprised and puzzled, Klein continued, "Apart from participating in the besieging of the Rose School of Thought's mission, I hope that you can form a pharmaceutical company and perform research on how to mass-produce the medicine with magical effects."

"If it's mass-produced, there's no way the products can be equipped with a magical effect," Emlyn replied instinctively.

The Fool Klein nodded.

"Seek out a compromise.

"Your main goal is to spread my name through this pharmaceutical company.

"The reward will also be a wish."

This isn't a matter of danger, but whether it's possible... The simplest solution is to give me a thousand Apothecary potions. I can form an Apothecary factory for mass production... Emlyn mumbled inwardly before replying seriously, "Yes, Mr. Fool."

Klein looked to the other side and said to Xio, "The apocalypse is approaching. Be it the Red Priest or the Demoness pathways, they will become active. Your mission is to rely on the official factions to investigate the whereabouts of the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness of the Red Priest pathway. If there's a chance, find a clue to confirm the Primordial Demoness's present condition. It's very dangerous."

Klein didn't mention the payment, because he had already paid for it.

Xio had her wish fulfilled by holding a ritual and becoming a Sequence 4 Imperative Mage.

As for the three Sequence 1 Conqueror Beyonder characteristics of the Red Priest pathway, Klein had previously learned that one was in the hands of the Sauron family—the former Intis royal family—the other in the hands of the Feysac's Einhorn royal family, and the other was in the hands of the Loen's Augustus royal family. Later, as a reward, it was given to the Demoness Sect.

Of course, this was only a preliminary answer. The corresponding situation could very well have changed:

The Sauron family had already been in decline since Roselle's era. It might not necessarily be able to keep the Conqueror's Beyonder characteristic or corresponding Sealed Artifact under its control. Klein even suspected that it might have been obtained by the Iron and Blood Cross Order;

The failure of the war had significantly damaged the Einhorn family. Klein didn't rule out the possibility of the death of a high-level angel or the loss of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

The location of the Conqueror Beyonder characteristic that the Augustus family gave to the Demoness Sect was currently the clearest. However, Klein knew that the Red Angel evil spirit, Sauron Einhorn Medici, had been eyeing it all this time. Perhaps "He" had succeeded, or perhaps "He" was carrying out whatever plans "He" had.

There were no clues to the corresponding Red Priest Uniqueness

at the moment. The last time the mysterious world knew of it was at the end of the Fourth Epoch, during the Pale Disaster.

Chapter 1390: Questions and Answers

Xio had always been looking forward and uneasy as to what her mission was.

She looked forward to it because she had already chosen to accept Mr. Fool's gift, so she definitely had to pay the corresponding price. Knowing the mission earlier allowed her to prevent unnecessary second-guessing due to the unknown, guesses that only led to greater fear.

She was uneasy because she knew that the remuneration she received was too generous. She believed that the final mission wouldn't be simple and would definitely be filled with danger.

At that moment, after hearing Mr. Fool's words, her heart finally settled. At the same time, she secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Investigating the three Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics and the Uniqueness of the Red Priest pathway and their locations, and even confirming the present state of the Primordial Demoness was indeed very dangerous. It was a mission that would result in a terrifying corruption if she wasn't careful, but it was at least better than snatching the Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics or directly facing the Primordial Demoness.

If it were the latter, even with the official factions supporting her, Xio didn't think that she could accomplish it. All she could do was write a will, ready to sacrifice herself at any moment. And if it was just the former, she could use a more roundabout method to obtain the information. She didn't need to encounter powerful existences with high statuses. As a Sequence 4 demigod, Xio was confident.

Without any hesitation, she immediately replied, “Yes, Mr. Fool.”

The Fool Klein had planned on looking to the other side. After some consideration, he added, “Be careful of Bansy.”

Without waiting for the Tarot Club members to start making connections, Klein said to Leonard, “Your mission is similar to The Moon’s. During the besiegement of the Rose School of Thought, gather blessings, auras, and items from the Mother Tree of Desire from their members. It’s equally dangerous.”

He only gave a single warning, without saying as much as he did like when he gave Emlyn the mission.

This was because Leonard had a senior angel from the Marauder pathway “Parasitizing” him. “He” knew many secrets and knew how dangerous the Outer Deities were. “He” wouldn’t allow Leonard to act recklessly.

Seeing that Leonard was about to nod, The Fool Klein maintained his tone and continued, “You don’t have to do too much in promoting my name. You can even choose not to do it.”

As one of the twenty-two high-ranking members of the Church of Evernight, as one of the few high-ranking deacons of the Nighthawks, it was very easy for something to happen if Leonard spread the faith of The Fool in private. He would be misunderstood by his colleagues and cause unnecessary conflicts.

Miraculously, to Klein, The Moon Emlyn’s actions didn’t seem to be misunderstood in the same way. To the people and Sanguine around him, anything he did wasn’t too strange.

That's right… Leonard had already recovered from his previous eagerness and realized the cruelty of reality.

However, he still wanted to do something.

At this moment, The Fool Klein added, "You can share the stories of The World with songs and poetry."

Songs and poetry… Leonard instinctively frowned. He didn't immediately respond to Mr. Fool.

Klein then said, "Other than that, try your best to raise your own level to prepare for the apocalypse.

"The reward for all the missions is a wish."

Although many Beyonder characteristics had fallen into the real world when the God of Combat died, bringing with them a batch of Beyonder creatures, mutated monsters, and abnormal lands, Klein didn't know how many Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics the Evernight Goddess had obtained from the Warrior pathway other than the Uniqueness, but at the very least, a number of the Sequence 2 angels of the Church of Evernight had the possibility of becoming a Sequence 1 angel.

At the same time, if "They" had obtained additional Beyonder characteristics, "They" could still switch to the corresponding Sequence of the Death pathway.

This would open a path for the saints to advance, not limiting them to just one pathway.

Of course, not every Sequence 3 saint wished to become an angel, but Leonard was currently only a Sequence 4 Nightwatcher. Furthermore, if the corresponding Sequence 3 Horror Bishop position was limited, he could consider Silver Knight and Ferryman—Klein had one set of the former.

Leonard fell silent for two seconds before he slowly exhaled.

"Yes, Mr. Fool."

The Fool Klein immediately cast his gaze at Miss Justice who had been waiting.

"Apart from promoting my name, you have two missions: One is to assist Judgment and investigate the whereabouts of the Red Priest pathway's Uniqueness and Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, confirming the present state of the Primordial Demoness. The other is to work hard to raise your level."

One of the missions is to increase my Sequence... Audrey was somewhat puzzled about this mission.

In her opinion, this seemed to be telling an ordinary person: Your mission is to earn even more money.

Furthermore, this isn't of any value to Mr. Fool. Could it be that he wants me to treat Mr. World? Just as this thought flashed across Audrey's mind, The Fool Klein added, "The higher your Sequence, the more opportunities you have to awaken The World.

"In this aspect, you can make use of external forces to help. The Psychology Alchemists that Hermes rebuilds will be one of the choices, but you need to be careful and take precautions.

“You have to pay a certain price for this.

“You can give up the reward you received before. This depends on your will and thoughts.”

Audrey no longer had any doubts. After a moment of silence, she nodded solemnly.

“Yes, Mr. Fool.”

Klein’s gaze landed on Alger.

“You will know what your mission is in time to come.”

Klein had already foreseen the corresponding scene.

Without waiting for Alger to speak, he continued, “You can bring the Sea God Scepter, but during this period of time, all the prayers of the Sea God believers will be transferred to The Sun, directly pointing at me.”

Although Alger still couldn’t accurately guess what his mission was, he already had a vague premonition. After a moment of thought, he replied in an upright manner, “Yes, Mr. Fool.”

Klein retracted his gaze and looked around before slowly saying, “After this, on the first Monday afternoon of every month, you can still gather here, but there will be no convener.

“If you need to do a private, mini discussion, pray in advance and wait for a response.”

At this point, The Fool Klein closed his eyes and said, “Let us end today’s gathering here.”

The Tarot Club members couldn’t help but feel a baffling sense of sorrow. It was as though a grand ball was coming to an end.

They stood up at the same time and solemnly bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table.

“Your will is our will.”

Klein waited until they finished speaking before he dispelled his control of them. He watched as the crimson starlight scattered and quickly fell.

After staring at the scene for a few seconds, he conjured a yellowish parchment and a dark red fountain pen.

After some thought, Klein simply wrote:

“Dear Mr. Azik,

“Due to some complicated reasons, I might be sleeping for a long time. I’m sorry, but I might not be able to write a letter to you for a long time…”

With just that sentence, Klein stopped and made the pen disappear.

Although he had conjured that piece of paper, with his current status, level, and strength, he could sustain it for more than a

hundred years—even if it was brought to the outside world.

He closed his eyes again, summoned Azik's copper whistle, and blew it.

At the same time, he released some of the restrictions that came from Sefirah Castle.

The skeleton messenger appeared, and every bone in its body trembled intensely as if it would collapse at any moment.

If not for the letter that Klein had handed over, it might've prostrated itself.

After the skeleton messenger received the letter and left Sefirah Castle in a hurry, Klein rubbed his temples.

This wasn't because the will of the Celestial Worthy had already escaped from "His" state of eternal slumber, nor was it because of the pain from maintaining his lucidity; it was just a habit.

Klein slowly leaned back into his chair and sighed.

On both sides of the long, mottled table, Justice Audrey, The Hanged Man Alger, The Sun Derrick, The Magician Fors, The Moon Emlyn, The Hermit Cattleya, The Star Leonard, and Judgment Xio appeared in the order they joined the Tarot Club.

But this time, they weren't real. They were only projections. They no longer appeared blurry, revealing their images from Klein's memory.

Soon after, more figures appeared. They were:

A mature man with a receding hairline with deep eyes; a beautiful witch with blue eyeshadow and red blush; a middle-aged man with black hair mixed with silver hair, his voice unusually loud and sonorous; a woman in her late forties with ear-length short-hair; a youth that gamed on his phone while eating delicacies; a happy young lady who kept giggling; a civil servant who looked old than his age with a high hairline; a young girl dressed in an old-fashioned skirt who focused on machinery; a doll-like lady with a pale face; a teacher with soft facial features and bronze skin; a child licking on ice cream; a madam holding four heads; and an elder looking all serious at a bill...

They either sat or stood, gathering beside the people they knew. In the flickering candlelight on the long table, they discussed different things, followed the music, and danced.

Klein silently watched the lively scene as his expression gradually softened.

After an unknown period of time, he stood up, passed through them, and walked into the depths of this space.

Behind him, the figures, the candlelight, and the music faded away and disappeared.

When he saw the strange door of light above the grayish-white cloud, Klein beckoned for the magic mirror, Arrodes.

At that moment, the transparent or opaque worms and insects that clustered together to form spherical lights in the strange door of light turned bluish-black.

It was like a thick layer of fog that made one unable to see what was behind the door.

After Klein arrived, he didn't immediately enter. He felt as though there was an extremely terrifying monster behind the door, waiting to devour him.

He raised his head and looked at the transparent cocoons hanging above the door of light. He looked at the "modern" humans with different skin colors inside the cocoons.

Closing his eyes to sense them, Klein raised his right hand and closed his five fingers.

The cocoons cracked open as the people inside transformed into specks of light. They flew out of Sefirah Castle and landed in the real world, into the bodies of those who had just died.

After doing this, Klein lowered his head and looked at the magic mirror in his hand.

"Are you scared?"

The aqueous light on the surface of the ancient silver mirror swirled and the pale words outlined itself:

"No."

In the next second, Arrodes raised his own question according to the rules:

“Great Master, are you afraid?”

The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched.

“Yes.”

With that said, he took a step forward with the magic mirror in hand and walked towards the bluish-black fog in the middle of the strange door of light, passing through it.

His figure disappeared behind the door that had the unknown hidden behind.

The cracked “cocoons” were still gently swaying.

Chapter 1391: Facing It

In the dark blue waves that seemed to never stop in the Berserk Sea, the Future was like a leaf, being thrown high up at times and smacking down at other times.

In these waters, there were still some pirate ships that were cruising. They were used to such situations and felt that it was as natural as the sun rising.

After Cattleya returned to the real world, she pondered for a moment before spreading open a piece of paper and writing.

She wanted to ask the Queen what happened recently.

In fact, before Mr. Fool announced that “He” would enter deep sleep, Cattleya had already sensed the impending monumental change.

Whether it was the sudden closing of the doors or the meteor shower streaking across the sky to illuminate the world, it gave her some inspiration as a Clairvoyant, allowing her to see some blurry visions.

Of course, she was limited by her own level, position, and status. She didn’t have enough knowledge of what had happened, and she was unable to grasp what exactly had caused Mr. Fool to choose to sleep. All she could do was ask Queen Mystic Bernadette, who had long advanced to the level of an angel and led a mysterious organization while being in control of many powerful Sealed Artifacts.

Just as Cattleya summoned the messenger and took out the letter she had written, she was taken aback.

At that moment, a purple light was accentuated in her eyes. It became extremely saturated and slowly flowed like a river.

She felt that Mr. Fool had entered a deep sleep.

Unconcealable hesitation, confusion, and sadness arose in the Admiral of Stars' heart.

For some reason, she felt an inexplicable palpitation, and two drops of tears unknowingly slid down her face.

She seemed to understand something, yet nothing. She only knew that it was unknown how much time it would take for Mr. Fool to wake up from "His" slumber.

Taking off the heavy glasses on her nose bridge, Cattleya wiped the corners of her eyes, allowing her emotions to return to normal.

She walked to the window and looked at the deck.

Frank Lee warmly invited the crew to taste his newly brewed beer, but none of the pirates dared to try it.

Thankfully, I sent Cielf to the Queen ahead of time. Now, all I need to do is watch over Frank... Without Mr. Fool's watch, I have to be more careful and pay more attention to him. Yes, I have to find something for Frank to do other than research. He's a first mate, so he can't always be working on something else... Cattleya

thought with a heavy expression.

After considering how to deal with Frank, as well as how to reorganize the small number of pirates from the Earth and Moon pathway onto other ships, and not frequently interact with Frank, Cattleya focused her focus on the Hidden Sage.

Although she was already one of the ten pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order, due to her background and the influence of the Hidden Sage, she had never received the trust of the president and the other higher-ups. She could only be an ostracized person who teetered on the periphery of the organization who had her own circle and respective faction.

From a certain perspective, her relationship with the Moses Ascetic Order was closer to that of a partner. On the one hand, she needed a faction and a powerhouse to project her will over the Five Seas. On the other hand, she yearned to obtain corresponding knowledge and materials.

And to obtain the information regarding the Hidden Sage that represented a deity suddenly coming to life and confirming “His” current state would necessarily require her to become a core member of the Moses Ascetic Order.

With my present identity, there’s no problem with me participating in the internal decisions of the Moses Ascetic Order. Only by truly participating in these will I be able to come into contact with more information and elevate my own status… However, this will be rather dangerous. Even if the Hidden Sage’s condition isn’t right, and doesn’t interfere with the Moses Ascetic Order’s operations, the other higher-ups will also be subjected to the infringement of interests and be in constant suspicion. They will counterattack to a certain degree… There are at least two of the ten pillars that I can’t see through, making me instinctively feel danger…

And confirming the state of the Hidden Sage will be even more dangerous. If anything goes wrong, I'll immediately be corrupted and eroded by "Him"... The more Cattleya thought about it, the more she felt that the mission given by Mr. Fool was difficult.

She had always been teetering at the periphery of the Moses Ascetic Order with her identity as a pirate. In fact, she had her worries about this matter. She was afraid that if she went too deep into the organization's internal affairs, it would expose the fact that she was still in contact with Queen Mystic. She was afraid that the other ten pillars would one day suddenly point her out as a spy and eliminate her on the spot.

At that moment, Cattleya even wanted to abandon Mr. Fool's mission and identity as one of the ten pillars of the Moses Ascetic Order. She wished to return to the Dawn and returned to the Queen's side.

That way, she wouldn't need to worry about this matter anymore—if there were any problems, the Queen would be able to stop them.

Ever since she left the Dawn, she had to shoulder everything by herself. Cattleya had always felt exhausted as her shoulders remained heavy.

However, this thought was quickly given up by Cattleya.

She sighed softly. She understood that she would never be able to return to the time when she was a little girl without worries.

She wasn't only responsible for her own life, but also the fate of Frank, Heath, Nina, and the other crew members.

Furthermore, she had predicted the arrival of the apocalypse. She hoped that she could become the Queen's most powerful helper and do something for this world.

Cattleya closed her eyes and muttered to herself, "Then face it."

To truly integrate into the Moses Ascetic Order and gather the relevant information.

After making this decision, Cattleya no longer concealed her strength. She raised her hands and used a fairy tale magic.

In the eyes of the surrounding pirate ship crew, the Future and its fleet became illusory at the same time, turning into countless bubbles.

The bubbles reflected a dreamy color under the light's illumination.

Then, they slowly melted into the sea.

Just like that, the Future and its fleet disappeared from everyone's eyes.

Many knowledgeable pirates were first shocked and stunned. Then, they had a thought:

A new Queen over the seas has been born.

Queen of Stars!

…

Backlund, in a particular house.

Xio, who had yet to sort out her thoughts after returning to the real world, saw Fors's figure appear in front of her as she shouted, "That mission of yours is too dangerous!"

Xio was taken aback as she instinctively pointed out a problem.

"You didn't knock."

This was the worst part of living together with a demigod of the Apprentice pathway.

Fors first reflected on herself for a second before confidently saying, "You didn't close the door."

She pointed at the ajar bedroom door.

I actually didn't close the door. That's right. This was a last-minute gathering. I wasn't prepared for it before the matter… Xio opened her mouth, but she couldn't say a word.

Both of them looked at each other speechlessly for a long time, but none of them broke the silence.

Finally, Fors decided to forget the accusation and focused on the mission itself.

“A mission that involves Sequence 1 and a Uniqueness is too dangerous.”

With that said, she recalled that Xio had already accepted Mr. Fool’s gift. Her eyes reddened uncontrollably as she couldn’t help but mumble, “Remember to get my help. At the very least… I can help you escape.”

To them, the things they experienced before had involved very few matters at the Sequence 1 level. Apart from Mr. Fool and The World Gehrman Sparrow, at most it was them being watched by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.

At other times, they would at most do trivial matters at the periphery of corresponding matters. They had never faced an enemy that could be addressed as “Him.”

Therefore, when she thought of how her friend’s mission involved Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, or even a Uniqueness and true deity, Fors couldn’t help but feel nervous and worried.

Xio smiled and said, “I’m just seeking clues and investigating the truth. It’s not like I need to face ‘Them’ directly.”

She paused for a second and said, “The apocalypse is approaching. We have to do something.

“Look, even Mr. Fool has fallen into a deep sleep. What’s more, trivial figures like us? If I didn’t quickly become a demigod, perhaps there’s nothing I can do. Now… There’s at least some hope. At the very least, I can try to awaken Mr. Fool.”

Fors had experienced many things and had long understood this principle. She had only been venting her emotions, but now, she had calmed down.

She thought for a moment and said, “What are you going to do next?”

“Just relying on myself to investigate it will definitely be very difficult. I’ll definitely need to use MI9’s intelligence network. I plan on finding a suitable opportunity to let them know that I’m a Sequence 4 demigod. In order to not be suspected, I might need Miss Justice to give me some hints and make some arrangements,” Xio answered seriously.

Fors’s thoughts raced.

“I’ll come up with a script for you. Uh, I’ll act as an antagonist and simulate a lunatic who attempted to advance to Sequence 4 Imperative Mage, and then be defeated by you…”

As she spoke, a story took form. She immediately sat beside Xio’s desk, took out a pen and paper, and started writing.

“After I write up the story, I’ll get Miss Justice to make some amendments and make it appear reasonable,” Fors said as she wrote.

As a Secrets Sorcerer, there was no doubt that she could prevent their conversation from leaking out.

Xio thought for a moment and said, “Isn’t your most important task now to write the biographies and stories?”

“Ha, that’s simple. I’ve already thought of plenty of scenes, and there’s a lot of material on my mind. No, nothing of that sort…” After muttering a few words, Fors placed all her focus on writing a script for Xio so as to gain MI9’s approval.

Seeing her good friend focused on her matter, a smile gradually appeared on Xio’s face.

She then cast her gaze to the ajar door and heard her brother, Dio Derecha, seemingly reciting the ancient Feysac words. This was a requirement for studying law to become a lawyer.

Their mother was instructing two servants to clean up the living room.

Their voices reached Xio’s ears, and her expression gradually became firm.

Although she had no idea what would happen when she faced the MI9 brass, and even though she would encounter unknown dangers when completing Mr. Fool’s mission, as well as the unknown future during the dawn of the apocalypse, Xio knew that if she didn’t do anything or take on certain risks and just enjoyed the pleasant times with her family just like that, she would ultimately be drowned by the floods like most people who were unprepared.

And now, there was at least a path filled with brambles, one that had a glimmer of light at the end of it.

It needed the realization of sacrifice, and to grasp it with courage.

Chapter 1392: Yesterday No More

In a room beside the Evernight cathedral in the Southern Continent, East Balam, Leonard's consciousness returned to the real world.

After a few seconds of silence, he picked up the cup of coffee that had turned cold and took a sip.

The bitter taste filled his mouth, gradually waking his mind up.

"Old Man, what happened today?" Finally, Leonard couldn't help but ask.

After a moment of silence, Pallez Zoroast replied wistfully, *"Error has perished."*

Error... Leonard almost didn't realize which existence Old Man was referring to.

In the next second, he couldn't hide his astonishment as he nearly forgot to whisper, "Amon?"

This was a standard true god!

"Yes." Pallez Zoroast's voice sounded like "He" had aged considerably. *"To be precise, Amon's main body perished."*

Leonard wasn't in the mood to distinguish the subtle meaning

behind Old Man's words. He asked in disbelief, "W-why was there no sign of it?"

He had witnessed the phenomena before and after the God of Combat died. He knew that it was a change that would affect the entire world and bring about many terrifying monsters and dangerous regions.

And just now, the only two abnormalities were:

The doors and windows suddenly closing, and him seemingly forgetting something.

In reality, the latter wasn't strange at all. Most people would encounter something similar during their daily lives.

Pallez Zoroast's tone sank.

"'*He*' *should've perished in Sefirah Castle.*"

Sefirah Castle? Leonard was shocked.

The venue of the gathering he had just attended was inside Sefirah Castle!

A war between gods has just erupted there? Amon actually infiltrated Sefirah Castle? Amidst Leonard's thoughts, his expression gradually turned solemn.

"Old Man, Mr. Fool was injured because of this and had no choice but to enter a state of slumber?"

"Is 'He' about to enter a state of slumber?" Pallez Zoroast asked in return.

"He" didn't seem to be too surprised about this.

Leonard tersely acknowledged.

"The reason 'He' summoned us today was because of this matter."

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a few seconds before saying,

"'His' choice to enter a state of slumber is indeed related to the previous battle of gods and Amon's infiltration, but it's not because of injuries, but because of corruption."

"Corruption?" Leonard blurted out in surprise.

Even at Mr. Fool's level, irreversible corruption can still be encountered by "Him?"

Pallez Zoroast regained "His" previous poignant tone:

"Everything has godhood. By relying on godhood to become a powerhouse, one can never escape the shackles of godhood.

"On this point, it's the same for you and me. Likewise for The Fool. Heh, perhaps 'He' shouldn't be called 'The Fool' anymore. 'He' is equivalent to half a 'Lord of the Mysteries.'"

Lord of the Mysteries... Regarding the problem of the mental imprint in a Beyonder characteristic, Leonard indeed had a deeper understanding of it than demigods at his level. However, he still had several holes in the knowledge on this matter. Even though he had heard Old Man mention the term "Lord of the Mysteries," he didn't understand what it meant.

However, at present, he could confirm that Mr. Fool's level had transcended Sequence 0 according to Mr. Fool's words during the gathering, and what Old Man had just said, "His" strength was enough to kill a true god.

Leonard cleverly didn't probe further. He changed the topic in a deep voice:

"Old Man, why is Klein sleeping as well?

"Are you able to wake him up as soon as possible?"

Pallez Zoroast's tone was somewhat odd.

"How could an old and weak angel like me know about matters at the level of gods?

"As for the awakening, even The Fool has no better solution, much less me?"

Leonard remained silent for a moment. He picked up his coffee cup and took another sip.

After a while, he asked hesitantly, "Old Man, do you have any way of 'Stealing' the artistic flair of others?"

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"The definition of artistic flair is vague with no clear categorization. There's no way to 'Steal' it.

"However, if you change it to natural talent, there's a way."

"...Forget it." Leonard ultimately couldn't do anything about "Stealing" the natural talent of others to help him resolve his problem.

Pallez Zoroast added with a smile, *"If you can't accept this method, then you can find a natural talent that you want of someone who's very poor. Make a deal with him and give him the money he wants to exchange for the corresponding natural talent."*

"It's a little like a deal with the devil..." Leonard commented objectively.

Pallez Zoroast chuckled and said, *"There's another simple solution. That is to spend money to hire naturally talented people to help you resolve the corresponding problems."*

"...Old Man, why didn't you say so earlier?" Leonard instantly saw hope.

Pallez Zoroast scoffed.

"You didn't manage to think of something that simple?

"I thought you had eliminated this option before consulting me."

Leonard ignored Old Man's mockery. After some serious thought, he felt that this idea was indeed feasible.

However, he soon felt a little guilty and uneasy, as if he was avoiding his responsibility.

Regarding this matter, I still have to do something personally... Apart from inviting someone to write songs and poems, I have to write a little... With this in mind, Leonard suddenly stood up and walked to the door.

"Where are you going?" Pallez Zoroast asked in surprise.

Leonard frowned slightly as he said firmly, "I'm going to the nearby bookstore to buy some poem anthologies."

Ever since he advanced to Nightmare, he had given up the collection of poems he had bought in the past, making most of them nothing but decorations. When he became a Spirit Warlock, he began to collect poem anthologies that were suitable for some spirits to read, allowing him to chant the appropriate parts in a battle to create Beyonder effects that worked in concert with him.

Therefore, when he came to the Southern Continent, he didn't bring a single poem anthology book. He only remembered a few of those that he often used in the past.

I never expected that, after becoming a high-ranking deacon, I would need to read poem anthologies again... Leonard sighed inwardly as his steps became firmer.

Pallez Zoroast had never imagined that Leonard's next step would be to buy poem anthologies. After a while, "He" probed, "*Is this an order from The Fool?*"

"Yes, for promoting the corresponding legendary stories," Leonard answered simply as he opened the door and walked out.

Pallez Zoroast fell silent once again before saying, "*Apart from writing poems, you have to pay more attention to the besiegement of the Rose School of Thought.*"

Leonard walked down the stairs and entered the streets. He looked at the pedestrians and nodded gently.

"Yes."

At that moment, as he walked towards the bookstore, he felt as though he had returned to Tingen, back to the time when he was still a Midnight Poet. At that time, he had also walked along the bustling streets, preparing to buy a copy of "Classical Poems Anthology of the Loen Kingdom" and "Selected Poems of Roselle."

...

Backlund, at the Harvest Church south of the Bridge.

After Emlyn White regained his senses, he found himself standing in front of a window.

The sun was already dim outside, and the flowers were flourishing.

His feelings towards Mr. Fool's slumber were slightly different from the other Tarot Club members.

Other than heaviness, poignancy, sadness, and confusion, there was also the confidence that things would end well.

Internally within the Sanguine, some of the Marquises and Earls were rather old. Even though they lived longer than most demigods at the same level, they were still in advanced stages of their lives. At this time, they often chose to sleep and use similar methods to extend their lifespans. The effects were pretty good.

Therefore, Emlyn had long been accustomed to matters regarding slumbers. He knew that it wasn't equivalent to passing away, nor was it equivalent to perishing. He believed that if the correct solution was found, Mr. Fool would have a high chance of waking up.

He looked out the window and muttered to himself, "Mr. Fool has entered a state of slumber, and the Ancestor's revelation is often interfered with. It's obvious that 'She' can't provide help frequently..."

After a brief silence, Emlyn sighed silently.

Indeed. In the end, I have to face it myself and bear it.

This is the destiny of the messiah.

At the mention of the word "messiah," Emlyn clearly smiled with a self-deprecating hint.

He then repeated inwardly, *I can only rely on myself*.

Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Father Utravsky's voice sounded behind Emlyn.

"Time to set off."

Emlyn turned his head and saw a huge sword on the back of the priest dressed in brown priest robes.

The sword's length exceeded Emlyn's height, and its width was close to his waist.

Together with Father Utravsky's hill-like body, the terrifying pressure felt corporeal.

As a Sanguine Earl, Emlyn recovered from his stifled feeling and nodded gently.

"Okay."

Today, they would head to the Southern Continent to participate in the besiegement of the Rose School of Thought.

Just as he replied, Emlyn suddenly recalled something and hurriedly said, "Wait for half a day."

He wanted to gather most of the Sanguine in Backlund to discuss the pharmaceutical company.

Bishop Utravsky didn't ask anything and nodded.

"Come find me when you're ready."

After watching Father Utravsky enter the depths of the cathedral, Emlyn turned his head to the Sanguine that were following him to the Southern Continent.

"Inform all the Sanguine in Backlund to come over. There's something we need to discuss."

"Yes, Lord Earl," the Sanguine replied respectfully.

After they split up, Emlyn turned his head to look at the altar and the Sacred Emblem of Life in front of the cathedral. It was a simply drawn infant that was surrounded by symbols like wheat, flowers, spring water, and other symbols.

This made Emlyn's thoughts suddenly turn adrift.

He had forgotten when he started spending less time in his bedroom, spending less time with his dolls. Even his hobby of studying history became more targeted and efficient.

This change didn't take form in an instant. Instead, it was slowly formed over time. It was something that made it difficult for others to notice. By the time Emlyn discovered it, he had already adapted to this new life.

Emlyn retracted his gaze, raised his chin slightly, and shook his head with a smile.

This is the destiny of the messiah...

Chapter 1393: Where the Dream Begins

After returning to the real world, Alger patiently waited for the mission Mr. Fool had mentioned.

On this day, he, wearing the pontiff's clothes and the silver-black mask, was discussing the internal affairs of the Church of the Sea God with Oracle Danitz when he suddenly saw a bishop enter.

"Your Holiness, the Church of Storms has sent two gifts to congratulate you on becoming a proxy of God." The bishop held a tin box and bowed respectfully.

Danitz, who had been secretly rejoicing over the malfunction of Bayam's telegram, blurted out in surprise, "Where's that messenger?"

"He left after leaving the present," the bishop at the door answered helplessly.

Although the members of the Church of Storms often had impulsive moments, such behavior was still quite rare.

Alger nodded slightly and said, "If they don't view us as enemies, sending a messenger to deliver a gift is enough."

With that said, he raised his right hand and gently made the tin box in the bishop's hand fly over.

After catching the small box, Alger's actions suddenly slowed

down as though he found it heavy.

He slowly opened the container and saw a book made of yellowish-brown goatskin.

On the surface of the book, there was a line of words written in Elven:

“Book of Calamity.”

Book of Calamity... After seeing the words clearly, Alger felt a little dazed as though he was dreaming.

But very quickly, he understood what the mission Mr. Fool was talking about was.

Alger sighed silently and looked at the bishop at the door.

“What’s the second gift?”

“It’s a ghost ship called the Blue Avenger. It has already moored at the harbor,” the bishop answered without any abnormalities.

The Blue Avenger... When Danitz heard the name, he instinctively cast his gaze at the pontiff, Alger.

He remembered very clearly that this was the ship Alger used back when he was a pirate.

This meant that the Church of the Lord of Storms knew that the pontiff Church of the Sea God was once their cardinal!

Is this a congratulation gift, or a challenge to war? As Danitz's heart tightened, he realized that he was rather familiar with the other gift.

It was the extremely sinister Book of Calamity he had seen when he followed Gehrman Sparrow.

"Help me return a letter to the Church of Storms, and thank them for their gifts," Alger composed himself as he calmly instructed.

After the bishop left the room, he turned to Danitz and said, "Oracle, I've received Mr. Fool's revelation. I'll have to complete a mission in the time to come. It will perhaps take me a few years before I return."

"A revelation?" Danitz blurted out in surprise.

At this moment, there was only one thought in his mind:

Why don't I know about this?

Alger nodded.

"Mr. Fool is about to enter a deep slumber.

"However, this will not affect responses to your prayers."

"..." Danitz was so shocked that he couldn't speak.

Alger continued, "Gehrman Sparrow has also entered a state of slumber.

"After I leave, the Church's matters will be handed over to Elder Derrick Berg of the New City of Silver. You need to cooperate with him and write into the bible that the Sea God is Mr. Fool and get all believers to accept it.

"Our faith is key to Mr. Fool's awakening. You are 'His' Oracle, and you have to make an example in this aspect.

"Of course, 'He' will give you a new revelation at any time and give you other missions."

Danitz was a little dizzy and confused when he heard that, but he still understood the seriousness of the matter.

He hesitated for a moment before nodding heavily.

"Okay."

After settling the matter, Alger stood up and returned to his room with the Book of Calamity.

He looked at himself in the mirror and laughed. He slowly removed the papal tiara from his head and removed the silver-black mask on his face.

A few days later, at the crowded Bayam Harbor.

Alger raised his head and looked at Derrick, who was taller than him, and said with a smile, “You’ve been doing very well recently. The Church of the Sea God has been running smoothly.”

Derrick subconsciously wanted to raise his hand to scratch the back of his head, but he ultimately held back. He said with some melancholy and reluctance, “Mr. Hanged… Your Holiness Wilson, when will you return?”

Alger shook his head and said, “Everything ahead is still uncertain. No one can tell.”

Without waiting for Derrick Berg to respond, he said, “You’re already mature and reliable. I don’t have any advice for you.”

Having said that, Alger paused before saying, “If the Rorsted Archipelago encounters a disaster you cannot stop, don’t sacrifice yourself in order to protect it.”

“Ah?” Derrick was stunned.

This was the most important place of worship for Mr. Fool. It was the new home of the City of Silver, so how could he give up just like that?

Alger had already expected Derrick’s reaction and explained with a serious expression, “To Mr. Fool, the most important thing is the believers here, not these islands. To the City of Silver, the most important thing is the people, not the city.

“As long as you can protect Mr. Fool’s believers and protect the citizens of the City of Silver, migrating them away in time. Even if we lose Bayam, the New City of Silver, and the Rorsted

Archipelago, we can rebuild a new city elsewhere and rebuild a new home.

“Remember, don’t lose sight of the forest for the trees.”

Derrick was deeply moved when he heard that. He grasped the crux of the problem.

He replied sincerely, “I understand. Thank you, Mr. Hanged… Your Holiness Wilson. I will protect Mr. Fool’s believers and the citizens well.”

Alger didn’t say a word as he turned around and walked towards the Blue Avenger that was moored at the dock.

The ghost ship was a three-masted sailboat that was still behind the present era era, no different from before.

Alger looked at it and looked at the crew members on the deck. He suddenly felt something and looked down at himself.

He was wearing a linen shirt, brown jacket, and trendy pantaloons. He had a custom-made belt around his waist. Attached to it were a dagger and a scepter made of bone.

The corners of Alger’s lips curled up as he took a step forward and landed on the deck of the Blue Avenger.

He then turned his head to look at the boundless blue sea, raised his right hand and said in a deep voice, “Set sail!”

...

Backlund, Empress Borough, inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey sat on a comfortable sofa and watched her father, Earl Hall, her brothers, Hibbert and Alfred, discuss the recent developments of the kingdom. She watched as her mother Lady Caitlyn constantly convene the butler and footmen to make final preparations for the ball.

She didn't say a word. She wore a faint smile as she quietly observed this common scene in her daily life.

After some time, Earl Hall smiled and looked over.

"What is our little princess thinking about?"

Audrey pursed her lips and replied with a faint smile, "Guess."

"I'm guessing you're thinking about which dress you'll be wearing today, and what kind of hair and makeup you'll be matching it with," Hibbert said casually on behalf of his father.

Audrey smiled and said, "Correct, but there are no rewards."

She slowly stood up and said to her parents and brothers, "I'm going upstairs to change into my gown."

Earl Hall smiled and nodded.

“There’s no hurry. Everyone believes that you’re worth the wait.”

Audrey bit her lower lip and maintained her smile as she walked towards the door.

When she was about to leave the room, she paused and looked back.

Her parents and her two brothers continued with their discussion or arrangements.

Audrey’s gaze froze as she slowly retracted her gaze.

She walked out of the room and went upstairs to the bedroom.

Susie was already waiting there.

Audrey inhaled indiscernibly and raised her right hand. She used her index finger to draw lines of faint light.

They seemed to come from the deepest part of a dreamscape.

A few seconds later, the faint glow turned into a blonde, green-eyed, abnormally beautiful girl—Audrey Hall.

But unlike Audrey, this girl still carried a little childishness and a slight romantic bearing.

“Good evening, Miss Justice~” The girl greeted her cheerfully.

Audrey smiled and replied, “Good evening, Miss Audrey.”

After the last-minute Tarot Gathering, she finally made up her mind to advance to Dreamweaver and prepare to split an identity to accompany her family. She would stay away from them and not let the various dangerous matters she had attracted affect them.

After staring at her for two seconds, she turned to look at the golden retriever beside her and said, “Susie, are you sure you want to follow me?”

“Yes, we are friends forever,” Susie replied seriously.

Audrey didn’t say another word. She split off a Virtual Person and entered Susie’s Body of Heart and Mind which she opened up for Audrey.

Then, she raised her hand again and outlined another Susie in midair.

The moment Susie formed, she opened her mouth and let out a woof.

Audrey retracted her gaze and looked at herself.

After a moment of silence, although she knew that their thoughts and ideas were synced, she couldn’t help but say to the blonde girl in front of her, “I-I’ll leave it to you in the future.

“Remember to wheedle to Father often and get him to not be so busy. He’s not young anymore, so he needs to be mindful of his

health. He can hand over many things to Hibbert and Alfred or the butlers.

"Also, slowly counsel Mother and tell her that she doesn't have to pay too much attention to the opinions of others. She doesn't have to maintain a perfect image at social events. It would be very tiring.

"Yes, don't forget about Hibbert. Cheer him up often and don't let him be so gloomy. He shouldn't complicate matters too much from overthinking things. Alfred won't threaten his position.

"Alfred, Alfred, he needs a good wife to stop him from taking any more risks...

"Oh, why are you crying? We've already grown up. We can't be little girls anymore."

Audrey lowered her eyes slightly and smiled at her crying self.

"I know, I know." After Audrey said that, she pursed her lips tightly and nodded heavily with a sad expression.

Audrey retracted her gaze, picked up her cloak, and draped it over her.

Then, she led Susie out of the bedroom and into the corridor.

The hall below was lit with lights, and the guests came one after another to attend the ball. Lord Hall, Lady Caitlyn, Hibbert, and Alfred were already at the door.

Audrey stood behind the railing and watched silently for a while.

She then lifted the ends of her skirt and slowly and solemnly bowed to her parents and brother from a distance away.

After maintaining such a posture for two seconds, she straightened her body and raised the hood from her dark blue cloak to cover her face.

To her side, behind her, there were bright lights and a bustling din. In front of her, many dark lights formed a sea of collective subconscious.

“Let’s go,” Audrey said hoarsely to Susie.

With that said, she walked into the dark illusory sea.

Audrey rushed out from the bedroom and cried out with a sobbing tone, “You must come back!”

Audrey didn’t turn back. She raised her right hand and waved it, indicating that she understood.

The figure wearing a blue cloak gradually disappeared into the distance amidst the deep, silent darkness.

Chapter 1394: A New Journey

In a room of an abandoned castle, sunlight shone through the gaps in the thick curtains, illuminating a pitch-black coffin.

Suddenly, the lid of the coffin creaked and slowly moved to the side.

With a thud, it fell to the ground.

A few seconds later, Azik Eggers sat up, looking rather lost.

At that moment, he was wearing loose pajamas that had been popular in Loen years ago. He resembled a noble who had woken up in his manor.

After a while, Azik narrowed his eyes slightly. He looked around in confusion as though he didn't know who he was.

He then saw the brilliant sunlight that penetrated through the cracks and saw the dust dancing in the sunlight. He saw letters scattered on the table, ground, and coffin lid around him.

They were like giant snowflakes that blanketed half the area.

Azik got out of the coffin. With a puzzled expression, he bent down to pick up a letter and began reading.

As he read, the confusion on his face disappeared a little, as if he

had remembered many things from the past.

Azik immediately found a chair and sat down, allowing all the letters to fly in front of him to stack up like a mountain.

He opened the letters one by one, reading them one after another. There would be pauses in between as he fell deep in thought as if he was seriously recalling something.

The sunlight that passed through the gap in the curtains gradually dimmed. After a long time, it shone inside again.

At that moment, Azik finally finished reading all the letters and completed the long contemplations that resembled Cogitation.

“He” looked at the letters that had been stacked on the table and slowly let out a long sigh.

Following that, he took out a piece of paper, a fountain pen, and some ink that he could still use. He wrote with a warm expression:

“...I’ve already woken up and received all your letters. They made me recall who I am and who you are. I also remember many memories of the past.

“Your experiences, no matter how complicated and exciting, have exceeded my imagination. It also makes me understand some of the problems that previously plagued me.

“I can feel your joy, your exhaustion, your faith in life, and the heavy responsibility that you have borne from your letters.

“I can roughly guess why you ultimately made that choice. If it were me, I might not even be able to make such a decision.

“From the beginning, you’ve been a guardian. You mimicked others until you were mimicked by others.

“Next, I will begin a journey to pursue the past and witness the changes in this world.

“You seem to still be asleep, but it doesn’t matter. I’ll write to tell you about the interesting things that I’ve encountered, the interesting traditions, and interesting people.

“I think I should be able to send these letters to you via sacrifice…”

The tip of the golden pen reflected the sunlight as it rustled on the white piece of paper, continuously penning down more content.

…

Backlund, in a solarium of a terrace house.

Melissa walked in with a girl who was clearly less than ten years old.

“Aunt Melissa, why here?” the little girl asked, puzzled. “All the stories I heard had mysterious rituals held in the basement.”

With her hair tied up, the bespectacled Melissa smiled and said,

“Those are unconventional mysticism rituals.”

She pointed at the altar that had been set up and the unlit candles and said, “You may begin.”

“Really?” The little girl tilted her head to look at the bright sunshine outside the window. “Do we need to draw the curtains?”

“There’s no need. It’s pretty good this way.” After Melissa answered, she smiled at the little girl while she awkwardly mimicked her usual method of holding rituals in a clumsy and unfamiliar manner.

During this process, she would instruct her from time to time and even personally help her to complete the pre-ritual preparations.

“Alright, repeat after me.” Melissa took a deep breath as her expression gradually turned staid.

“Yes, yes.” The little girl tried her best to appear stern.

Melissa looked at the candle flames on the altar for a few seconds before slowly reciting in ancient Hermes, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

“Da Pool that dun pelong to diz ela…” The little girl had never learned ancient Hermes before. Although she tried her best to imitate her aunt, she still didn’t know what she was saying.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog…” Melissa continued

reciting.

“Da Mesterwes luler apove the gway pog…” the little girl recited in all seriousness.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…” After Melissa finished reciting, the candle at the end didn’t wait for the little girl to imitate her. It immediately burgeoned to the size of a human head.

In the large flame, a slippery tentacle with a somewhat sinister pattern extended out in an indiscernible manner. It was extremely slow.

The little girl was stunned. She retreated and hid behind her aunt.

Melissa pursed her lips and said with a gentle smile, “Don’t be afraid, go greet him.”

The little girl timidly poked her head out from behind her aunt and saw the terrifying, slimy tentacle gently swaying in the brilliant sunlight that shone through the windows. It seemed to be attempting to swat away the dust or was waving at her.

“Go, don’t be afraid,” Melissa repeated.

The little girl finally mustered her courage and stood in front of the altar.

She recited the incantations she had just invented before revealing a sincere smile and raised her palm.

The slippery tentacle whose patterns had disappeared paused for a few seconds. It seemed hesitant and somewhat out of practice.

Then, it raised its head and curled up slightly, lowering itself inch by inch.

Amidst the sunlight, it high-fived that tiny palm.

—The End—

Afterwords (Part 1)

Originally I was planning on taking a rest, and start writing this tomorrow. But maybe because this is a sensitive time period (due to the recent developments). Many friends private messaged me with all kinds of text message and mails, asking me questions. I was thinking of having a good afternoon nap, relaxing the excitement that I built up from writing the conclusion, but my phone kept going verrrrrr.....

^&&%^ I....Do you guys want me to sleep or not.

Ending before June is something that has been planned ahead a long time ago. I've stressed this point quite early, it's just that at the time I could not predict it exactly, so I said it very vaguely, stating no later than June. After all, I have to leave out enough room for flexibility, right? If it weren't for the Corona virus, I probably would be packing my things and going on a tour in Spain in the next few days.

Also, my contract was signed at the end of 2016. And the contract ends at early 2022. There's one more book (under the contract) left, and it's going to be about 3,000,000 words. This new book is definitely going to be released on Qidian.

Now that we finished the unrelated topics, let us get back to the book itself.

If we talk about the tail end part of Volume 7, where I chose the more logical development (Adam not waiting for Klein), leading to the story suddenly speeding up, unable to have more detailed and fulfilling development. Then it really was my fault in Volume 7. But, in Volume 8, starting from chapter 1 of this volume, everything is within my control, as I've made up my

mind beforehand. Which chapter should write what? Where to have a twist? How to wrap up the end? I've finished thinking about all those things. So the problem of “story suddenly speeding up”, and “too many side quests/branches getting cut off” don't exist.

This ending, I have already decided on ending it this way before I even started writing LoM 1. Every Member of the Tarot Club, after experiencing a myriad of Passive-ness, hope/expectation, Lose/ confusion, and stagnation/hesitation, finally escape from each of their own comfort zones, to face this world, to face all types of difficulties. And for Klein and Azik, they achieved a reincarnation and cycling on their roles.

When the ending arrived (Klein's Niece), Eerie Mysteries and Innocence, Dimmed light and Blazing sun (the room and the window), Darkness and Rebirth becoming vivid comparisons. Forming a scenery that's rather unique and amazing, a mix of Cthulhu vibe and warmth at the same time. At the same time it pointed out the detail and fact of — “Klein has achieved initial stage of waking up”. This makes sure people know that this book series isn't “eunuch-ed”.

As for the hidden storyline buried by the five gold coins, each Tarot Club member's experience and stories, and every other hole that I dug in LoM 1 that wasn't a part of the Main Storyline (Klein's Story), they are of course material left purposely for LoM 2. I really really was very blatantly clear with my writing, that this last part is both an ending, but also a prologue.

Mmh, LoM 2 story is going to be set in-between “Klein Sleeping or even a little bit before he went to sleep” and ends with “He wakes up”.

Even this time frame setting about LoM 2 was something that was decided before LoM 1 was even written. Why did I consider a second book when doing my settings? For one, I feel my world

setting is too huge and detailed, there are way too many things to write about. If I were to dump everything into one book, then inevitably there will be a confusion of Main storyline and Side storyline; Unnecessarily long Side Storyline; Scattered and Boring; Structurally Bloated to an unsightly degree. Secondly, the growth curve of the Tarot Club Members cannot keep up with our MC Klein. If I gave them too many Side Quests and more stories, for the sole purpose of justifying and making their "improvement" logical enough, then it will crash against the Main Story's structure. This will also cause the problem of confusion of Main/Side Storyline. If I don't give them those extra quests and stories in LoM 1, and still let them grow, making the Tarot Club members exert critical influence and usefulness at crucial moments, then it will only make the readers feel cheap. There will be a great number of readers/friends who will feel that the Tarot Club members just rode on the Klein Train and sucked off of the Main Character's plot armor aura. They will feel that the Tarot Club members obtained everything "too easily" or "Because they are main side characters needed to defeat Error, etc., etc."

So, after balancing all my options, combining all situations from different perspectives, I made the final decision and oath to at least MUST write an LoM 2. In this way, LoM 1 could leisurely walk its Main Storyline, doesn't have to go "dungeoning" and "farming exp" all over the world map, keeping the focus in one country, in Backlund. And Tarot Club members are only finishing up their life's first half, completing metamorphosis and growth, and leaving their comfort zones. They will go to LoM 2 to demonstrate to us, an even grander, more amazing, and more exciting life and story.

For me, this is also a challenge. How to, after a few years later (remember it won't be until AT LEAST 2022 for LoM 2), to bring every reader back into this world. How to allow new readers, who never read LoM 1, to also smoothly read LOMT 2 without any difficulties and limit. Before LoM, I don't have experience with writing series/trilogy type books. I don't have the experience of writing a second book under the same world setting. On one side, I didn't even think about going "series" when making the setting for the previous few books, lacking the appropriate

amount of space to expand. Secondly, I was afraid to repeat the formulas and cliches of “the first book” in “the second”, unable to make breakthroughs in my writing ability. But this kind of fear is also a self-limit in of itself, now I feel confident enough to try challenging it, as I have already found my own writing philosophy.

I said in the past, my favorite saying..no..my motto is:

“Never satisfied, always challenging.”

For LoM2, I haven't decided on the Main Character, and how this character is going to cut into the story. but right now within my mind some story scenes have already popped up:

It will be Hidden Storyline composed of: Every single member of the Tarot Club, and their many attempts at awaking Klein; Using the five gold coins and the iron cigar box to represent different characters.

The Main Character of LoM 2 may encounter a Hunter Pathway who light up a cigar and talk about the past; He may occasionally peek/be shown a beautiful, half-covered face; He may hear about a NEW CONTINENT being discovered abroad; He may interact with the Kings and Queens of the Five Seas; He may go on an adventure to explore those remaining, shrouded legends of treasures; He may come into conflict and interaction with “Transmigraters” of all kinds (released from cocoon), and “infiltrators” of all kinds; As for the exact “genre”, I will have to decide on it later. All in all, from a world setting perspective, I left a crap-load of space for LoM 2. I am absolutely not worried about not having anything to write about.

As for The Apocalypse, it's not something that can be solved with one book. And in order to make The Apocalypse in the second book more “Pressing” and “Choking”, I decided to give Mother

Goddess of Depravity a mythical grade upgrade and reinforcement. Joking! Anyways, using a Chinese novel synopsis written in comedy style, I want to say: Why are male pigs pregnant? Why is a man having a bloated belly? Why did a rock give birth to a child? Behind all these incidents, was it the distortion of human morality? or the corruption of virtues?.....As for how this upgrade is done, it will probably be put into LoM 3 that is about the Western Continent. But I might not write that book, Serious Face.

Western Continent related settings — I actually didn't create these settings beforehand, all I did was leave an “electric outlet”, an opening ready for connection at any time. The remaining 7 Sefirot that are stuck there, the very few beyonder characters there (There's no Sequence 1 BC and Uniqueness on Western Continent - cuttlefish word), what kind of world would this situation create, and what kind of power system would that isolated continent have?

I recently confirmed my fundamental ideas for the Western Continent, I know what kind of setting I will be making, hehehe.

Mhh, Western Continent will have Orthodox Sect system with the Sefirot as the core; And the Alternative/Demonic/Freelancer sect system that uses the 9 through 2 beyonder characteristics as the basics and foundation; And the Lower/Third Grade “Normie” Sect system who has to use a mixture of Sefirot and Beyonder Characteristics to level themselves.

The Sefirot as Orthodox Sect is inspired by Daoism's concept of “Ordained”, and created following that line of thinking. Mmmh, “Ordained” means if you are recognized by the “Heaven Palace” (Sefirot), you will become a part of this system, and you can happily summon “Servant God” to help you fight. For those who aren't ordained by a divine realm, when they want to summon “Servant Gods”, why would these summons even give a fuck about you? So this create a “class separation” between the ordained and the un-ordained. Those who are “ordained” are

basically “within the political system” per se. After that, if I change the “Heavenly Palace” and “Sacred Land” in Cultivation genre into Sefirot. Tada ~ the whole setting of this cultivation-ish world becomes eerily mysterious and lively.

I've written this much Afterwords, now I'm hungry. My wife is pushing me along and wants me to go out to buy food right now....after all, this Afterwords was a sudden decision. Mmmh, I should finish writing it right here, I will continue this Afterwords tomorrow. I will talk about this Book — LoM 1's thoughts and lessons after creation. I will talk about my writing and creation methods and philosophies.

Also, extremely grateful to XXXBig Boss's donations, when I opened up Qidian Reader just now I was almost scared by the surprise. Also, after this, I will release a bonus 20,000 to 30,000 words bonus chapter as a fixed schedule update. Then from that point onward, future bonus chapters will be irregular, non-fixed time updates.

Originally I wasn't planning on writing these bonus chapters. But then I discovered that there are so many things I could write that don't involve contents in LoM 2. For example, Klein's dreams when he's sleeping. Fragments of stories and tales from the 4th Epoch, etc., etc.

In regards to how *Lord of Mysteries*' revival backup plan using cocooned people was disrupted, causing Both Evernight and Rosselle to get out without much trouble, and only started self-correcting by the time Klein was released (and he was helped by Evernight to escape that correction in Volume 1 chapter 1). I have already done a certain amount of hidden hints and allusions:

“Magic Mirror” Arrodes, as an existence that came out of the Sea of Chaos, why does it insist on 100%, must follow Klein around? Why did Klein bring Arrodes with him when he decided to go to sleep against LoM?

Also, the physical published version of the book's revised edition is out. This time the cover is a cover that I liked personally. The content also corrected some words that don't exist in dictionaries or online dictionaries, such as the “HIM” for gods. For the detailed way of purchase, you can look at my Weibo. For the release time for the irregular Bonus Chapters, you can subscribe to my Wechat official account. The Wechat official account ID is “wuzei1985”, the one with an anime avatar as profile icon.

Mmh huh, tomorrow we will continue with Afterwords (Part 2).

CL Note: No one has translated the Afterwords (Part 2) yet. I'll add the Part 2 once it is translated. In the meantime, you can try the raw version and read it using *Google Translate*.

End of Volume

Lord of Mysteries

Pathways Guide

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

Lord of the Mysteries

"Lord of the Mysteries;
King of Space-Time;
Beacon of Destiny;
Embodiment of Sefirah Castle;
Dominator of the Spirit World"

Sefirot : Sefirah Castle

Lord of the Mysteries

~ Fool Pathway ~

The Fool Pathway seems to be about fooling perceptions and reality. It specializes in illusions, changing appearances, controlling other people a marionettes, divination, a strong muscle and facial expression control.

Lord of the Mysteries

~ Door Pathway ~

The Door Pathway
has many abilities that all
to pass obstacles.
They can teleport, perfo
divination, phase through
objects, evade with tricky
spells, record and use oth
Beyonders' powers.

Lord of the Mysteries

~ Error Pathway ~

The Error Pathway can deceive and steal all sort of things.
They can trick others wi their eloquence and throu illusions, steal their targe Beyonder or mundane abilities, steal thoughts and intentions.

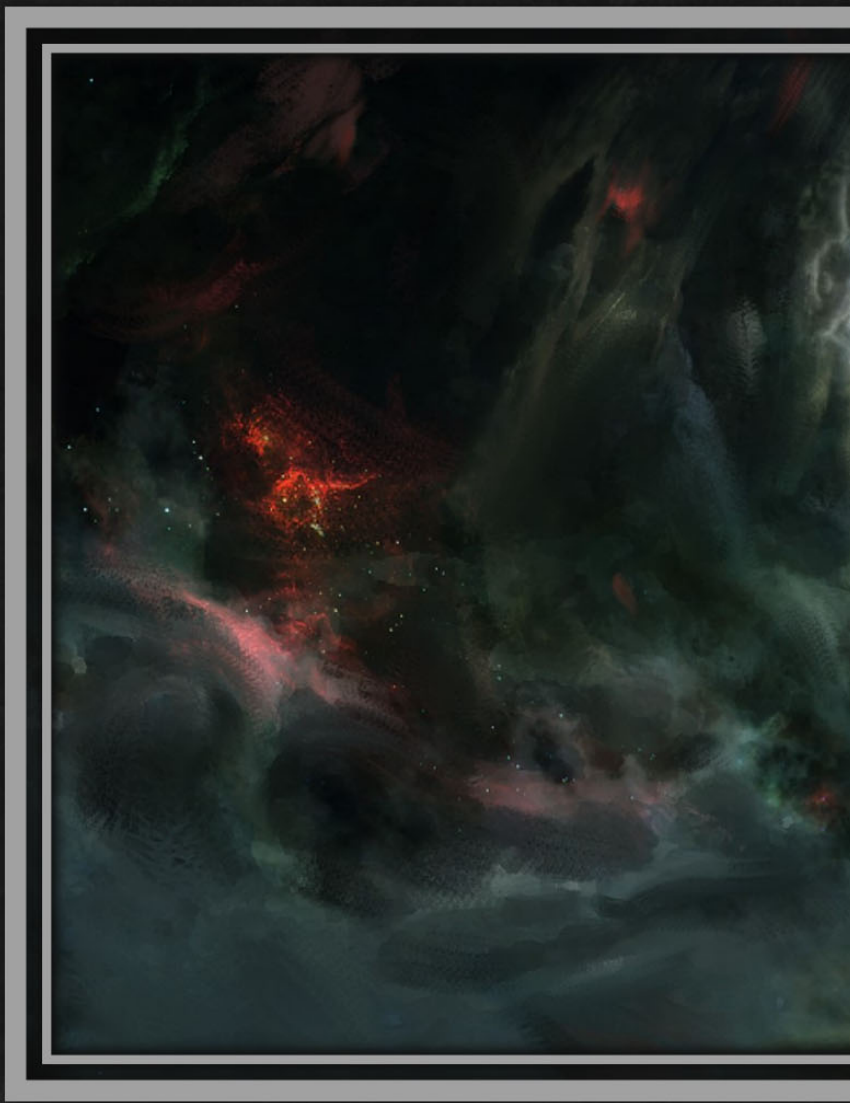
Lord of Mysteries

Image Gallery

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

愚者
詭秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Klein Moretti
- The Fool -

– Spir

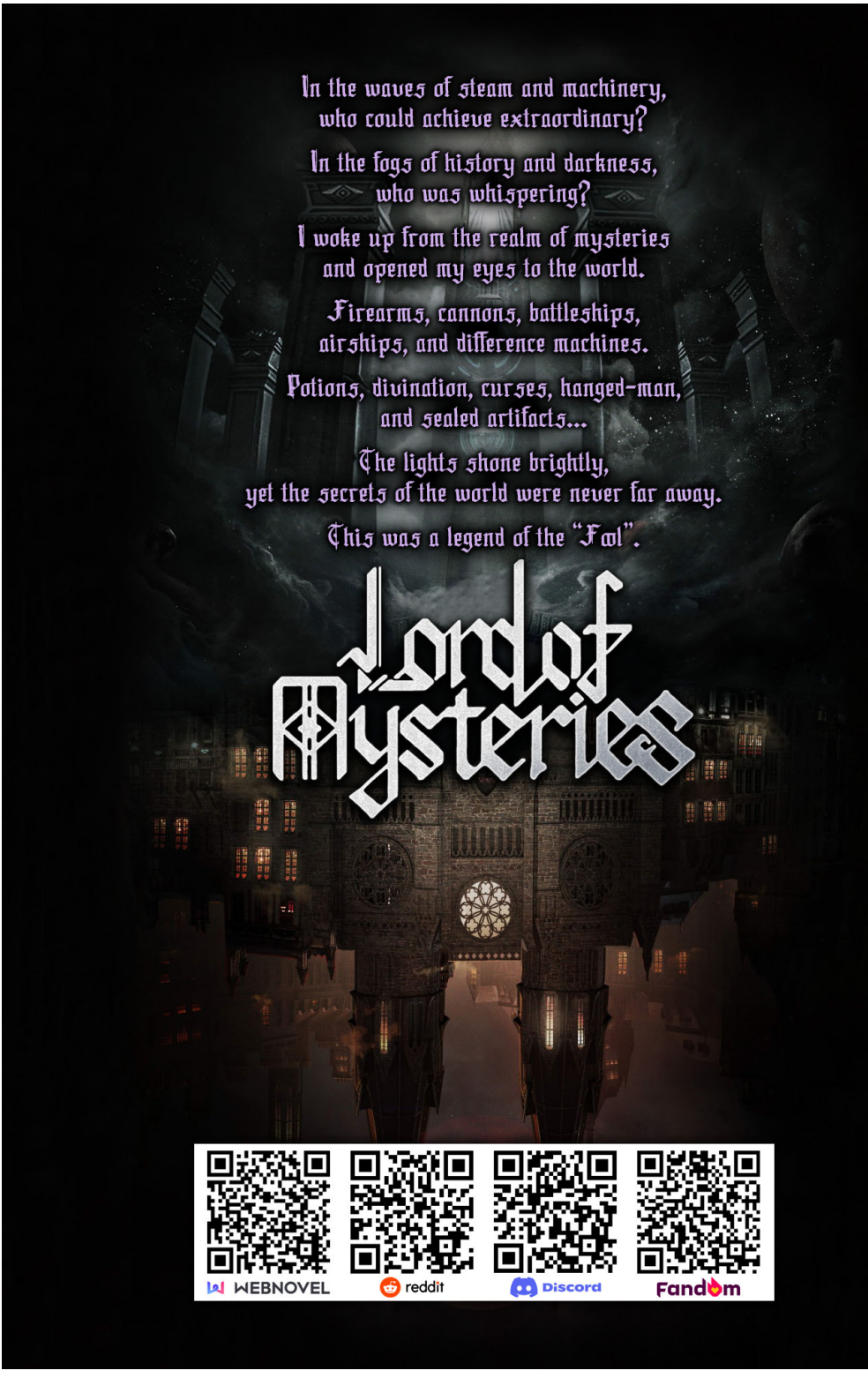


– Sefirah Castle a

– Sefir

– Above the Gr

Also Read...


In the waves of steam and machinery,
who could achieve extraordinary?
In the fogs of history and darkness,
who was whispering?
I woke up from the realm of mysteries
and opened my eyes to the world.
Firearms, cannons, battleships,
airships, and difference machines.
Potions, divination, curses, hanged-man,
and sealed artifacts...
The lights shone brightly,
yet the secrets of the world were never far away.
This was a legend of the "Fool".
Lord of Mysteries
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